Mar. 13, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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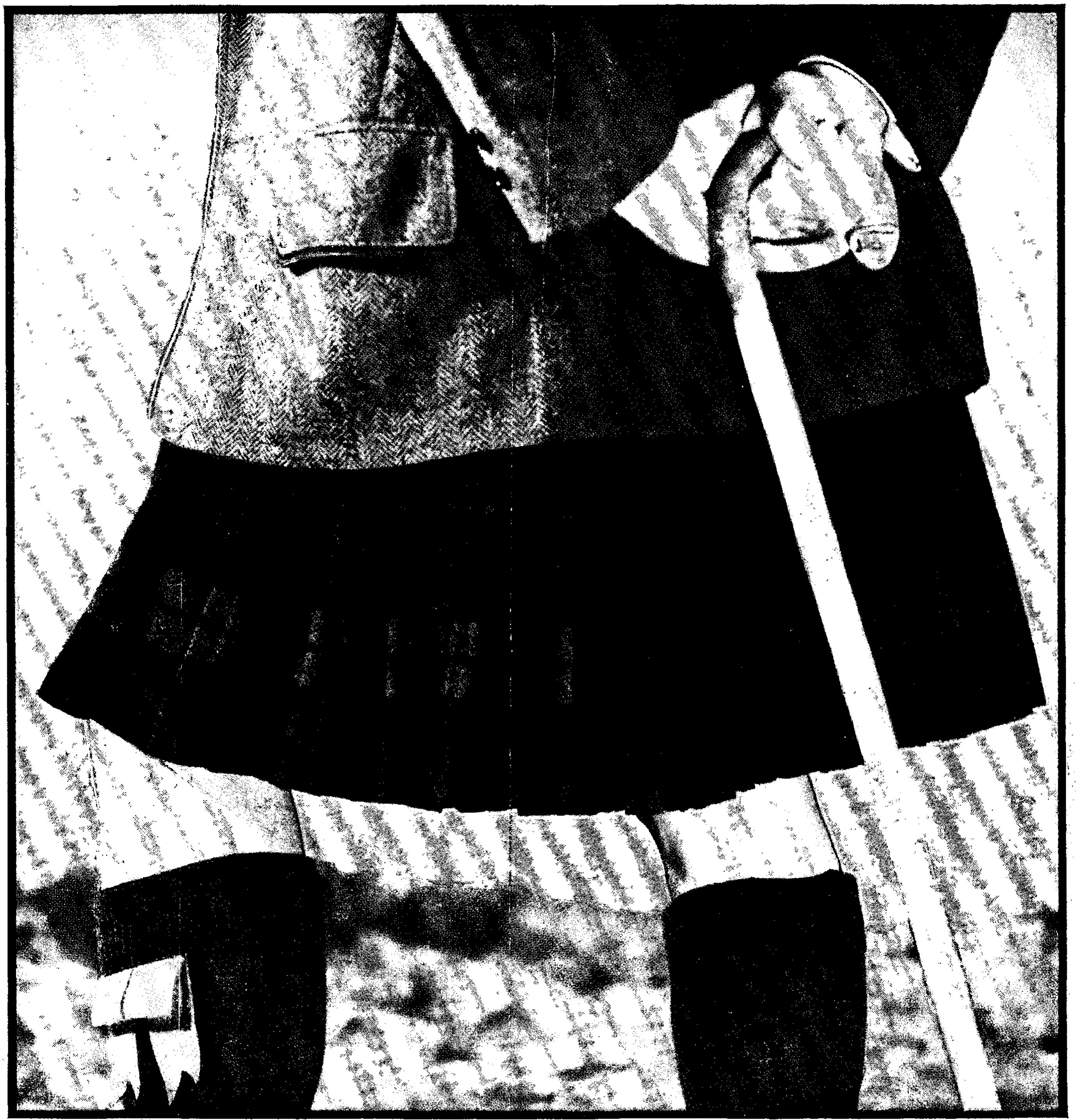

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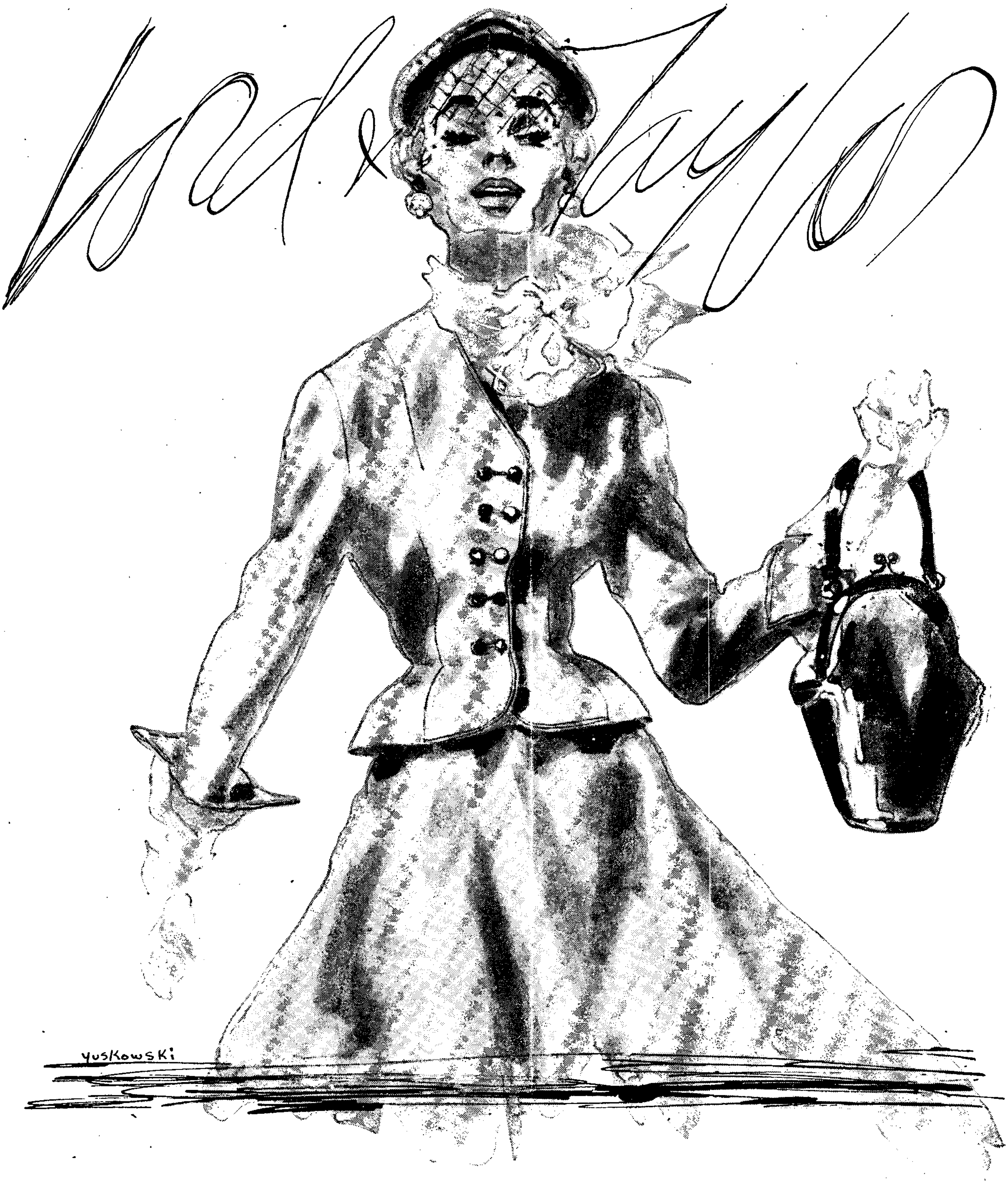

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Burning Glass—Charles Morgan's debate about the proper uses of modern scientific miracles is a curious mixture of popular fiction on the subject and old-fashioned melodrama. A good cast, including Cedric Hardwicke, Maria Riva, Isobel Elsom, and Walter Matthau, struggles heroically, but the odds are against them. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Herman Wouk's condensed dramatic version of his novel is as impressive as "Mister Roberts," Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious, and the acting is all magnificent. Henry Fonda, Lloyd Nolan, and John Hodiak head a cast that also contains Charles Nolte, Russell Hicks, Ainslie Pryor, and Robert Gist. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Confidential Clerk—T. S. Eliot's special blend of elementary farce and poetic reflection will probably enchant his admirers, but others may find neither ingredient altogether satisfactory. Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood head the excellent cast, which has been directed by E. Martin Browne. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Ruth Draper—The celebrated monologuist in a widely varied and fascinating series of impersonations, most of which you've probably seen before. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

His and Hers—A slight comedy by Fay and Michael Kanin about a pair of playwrights. Its chief virtues are the performances of Celeste Holm and Robert Preston. The cast is rounded out by Elizabeth Patterson, Howard St. John, and George Voskovec. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

The Immoralist—Ruth and Augustus Goetz have adapted Gide's novel about homosexuality with dignity and reticence, and Louis Jourdan and Geraldine Page give exemplary performances, but the total effect is rather thin and clinical. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kind Sir—Mary Martin and Charles Boyer operating in a play that is, unfortunately, totally innocent of thought, wit, or surprise. The stars are very handsome, though, and the others in the cast—Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Douglas McLean—do all they can. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 27.)

Lullaby—Although Mary Boland brings all her famous gifts to this comedy about the battle between a mother and a wife for possession of a thirty-eight-year-old man, the story itself is familiar and rather cheap. She is assisted by Kay Medford, Jack Warden, and Al Ramsen. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Franchot Tone as a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net. Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden are those who conspire to complicate his life in Edward Chodorov's cheerful and expert comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ondine—Without Audrey Hepburn, this Giraudoux fantasy, adapted by Maurice Valency, probably wouldn't amount to much; with her, it makes for an entrancing couple of hours at the theatre. Miss Hepburn, who moves to some pleasant incidental music by Virgil Thomson, needs, and gets, only slight support from Mel Ferrer, who is co-starred with her. Directed by Alfred Lunt. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Prescott Proposals—A Lindsay-Crouse drama that deals, in rather rudimentary style, with some tricky maneuverings at a session of the United Nations. Katharine Cornell is the earnest heroine of the piece and her colleagues are Felix Aylmer, Ben Astar, Minoo Daver, and Lorne Greene. The play has been elegantly mounted by Donald Oenslager. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—Burgess Meredith, as the hero of Liam O'Brien's very lively farce-comedy, has eight children in Wilmington and nine in Philadelphia, and you can see how confusing that might be. Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager are also in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—This sociological document by Samuel Taylor, which has something to do with a romance between a millionaire and the daughter of a chauffeur, stars Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten, and they are both quite appealing. The supporting cast includes John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—A pertinent and spirited satire on the business world of today. Josephine Hull is, as usual, the girl of everyone's dreams, and Loring Smith is excellent as a magnate whose weakness is reciting "Spartacus to the Gladiators." The play is the work of George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, and Miss Hull has the further assistance of Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—Deborah Kerr, as an understanding older woman, and John Kerr, as a sensitive boy accused of homosexuality, are both compelling in this thoughtful but not altogether convincing play written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan. Also in the cast are Leif Erickson, John McGovern, and Dick York. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's diverting comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne is happily all over the place as a resident Oriental, and John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, and William Hansen are some of the transient Occidentals. There is also an interesting contribution by Mariko Niki, who plays a geisha. Directed by Robert Lewis. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Winner—Elmer Rice's play about a young woman and a disputed will is uncomfortably balanced between comedy and tragedy and never quite succeeds at either. Joan Tetzel, Tom Helmore, and Frederick O'Neal are prominent in the cast, which was directed by Mr. Rice. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this play having to do with the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **picnic:** William Inge's play about the shattering impact of sex on a Kansas town. Prominent in the cast are Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, Peggy Conklin, and Arthur O'Connell. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the seven year itch:** Tom Ewell has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl while his wife is away for the summer. Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Girl in Pink Tights—Jeanmaire is always enchanting as a Parisian ballerina in Old New York, but she gets almost no assistance from the Chodorov-Fields book, and not much more from Don Walker's arrangement of the Sigmund Romberg score. Charles Goldner

MATINEE TODAY
Wallace

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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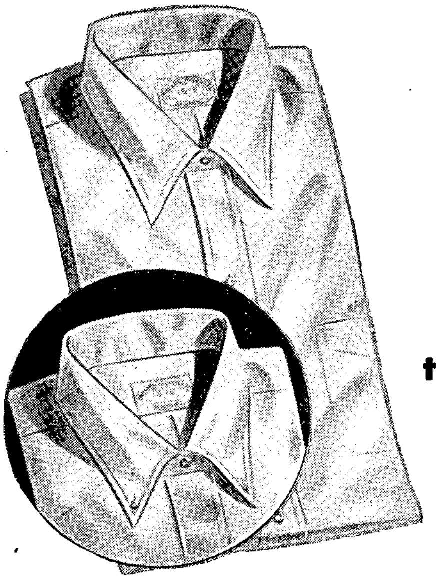

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and Brenda Lewis furnish some useful comedy, and Alexandre Kalioujny appears to excellent effect in the Agnes de Mille dances. The scenery and costumes were designed by Eldon Elder and Miles White, respectively, and Shepard Traube is responsible for the direction. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—Five very funny sketches are the highlights of this potpourri, which features the comic gifts of Hermione Gingold, Billy De Wolfe, Alice Pearce, and Orson Bean. Among the singers and dancers are Harry Belafonte, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. The sketches are by Jean Kerr, Lauri Wylie, and many others; and Richard Adler and Jerry Ross furnished most of the songs. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—Alfred Drake cuts a spirited and dashing figure as the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin; Charles Lederer and Luther Davis fixed up the book; Jack Cole did the choreography; and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and sets. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN:** Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Peter Cookson, Gwen Verdon, and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is the King in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:25. Closes Saturday, March 20.) . . . **ME AND JULIET:** A billet-doux to the theatre, tendered by those constant swains Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken are in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 3.) . . . **WONDERFUL TOWN:** Life and love in Greenwich Village in the mid-thirties. The music was composed by Leonard Bernstein, and the cast is headed by Rosalind Russell. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, March 12-14: "Faust." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, March 19: "The Barber of Seville," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays and Friday, March 12, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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Cherry Lane Theatre—"The Wise Have Not Spoken," Paul Vincent Carroll's play, is competently acted, but its substance may be a little too Irish for the average theatregoer. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—"The Girl on the Via Flaminia," an adaptation of Alfred Hayes' novel about an Italian girl who hates herself for loving one of her country's invaders, has some quality, but the central performance leaves a good deal to be desired. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—A musical, "The Golden Apple," with book and lyrics by John Latouche and score by Jerome Moross. Norman Lloyd staged the production, Hanya Holm directed the dances, and the cast includes Priscilla Gillette, Stephen Douglass, Kaye Ballard, and Jack Whiting. Presented by T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton. Opens Thursday, March 11. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. GR 7-0713. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," for which Marc Blitzstein has done a new English libretto based on the original by Bert Brecht. Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill head the cast. Staged by Carmen Capalbo and produced by Mr. Capalbo and Stanley Chase. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday, March 11: "Con Amore," "The Five Gifts," "Harlequinade," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Friday, March 12: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "The Five Gifts," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13 through Sunday, March 21: "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians—Twenty-five Japanese dancers and musicians who are appearing for the first time in this country. The five-week engagement is being sponsored by S. Hurok, with the coöperation of H.I.H. Prince Takamatsu and the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Saturday, March 27.)

Jean Léon Destiné—With his company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Katherine Litz—With her group, in a program of dances. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, March 17, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Agnes Moorehead—In a series of dramatic sketches. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band perform decorously for dinner and supper dancing in the Trianon Room, and William Adler's violin discourses in the adjoining Rotunda at cocktail time. No music in either room on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his ensemble make soft music "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing, just listening.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba group.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has installed a new ice show, which is akin to putting new wine in old bottles. The show goes on at dinner and supper, and Steve Kisley's orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Nelson Eddy, less inclined now to stand on his Founding Fathers dignity, is doing a Movietone newsreel of all his old Hollywood hit tunes, occasionally in concert with an ample soprano named Gale Sherwood. They're in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band take care of the guests' athletics. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ A small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Lisa Kirk, a cool customer indeed in sea-green satin, is giving her hand-picked songs a nice, shiny, sea-green lacquer to match. The eminent Ted Straeter (a cheerful tenor on the side) draws magnificent sounds from his virtuoso dance band, and Mark Monte's quintet adds to the merriment. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's cocktail music is audible in the Palm Court every day but Monday. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Except Sundays, the Grill affords dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which ambles along at a God-fearing, Shetland-pony pace.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—

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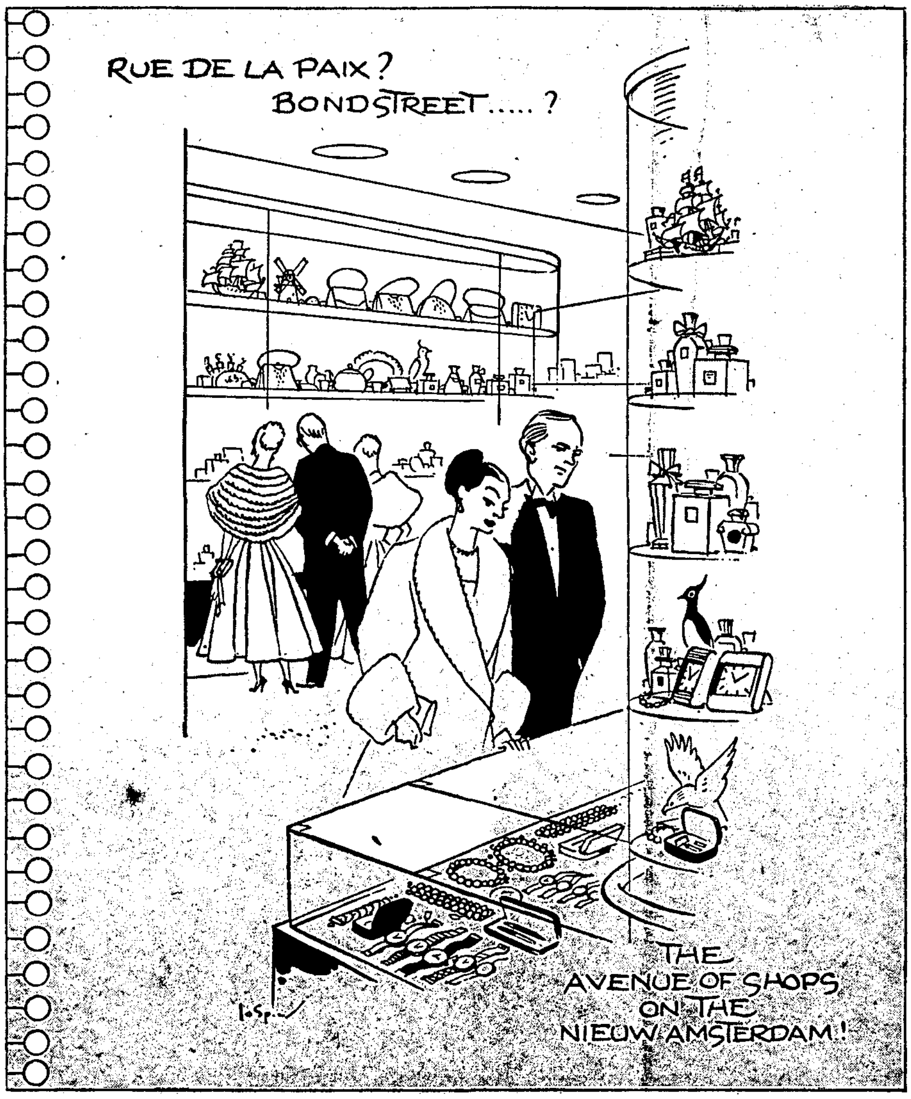
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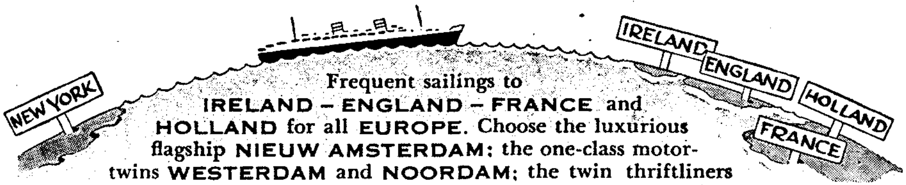

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Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening except Monday.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a parade ground for some of the most fetching couples in town, vibrates mildly to practically surreptitious dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, Horace Heidt and his juggernaut of bandsmen, singers, dancers, hog callers, sword swallowers, peanut venders, lion tamers, and bird walkers cut loose at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A musical-comedy version of life on a great metropolitan daily, in which tomorrow's news (or what passes for it) is manufactured right before your unbelieving ears. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, a definitely errant nymph, is having the time of her life in the miniature, and not always cerebral, George White extravaganza in residence here. Lou Nelson, Georgie Kaye, and Don Liberto are very funny, too, and there are luxuriously upholstered girls like Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard to fill in the moth holes in the script. Salvatore Gioè's band and Panchito's rumba men whip up dance music after nine.

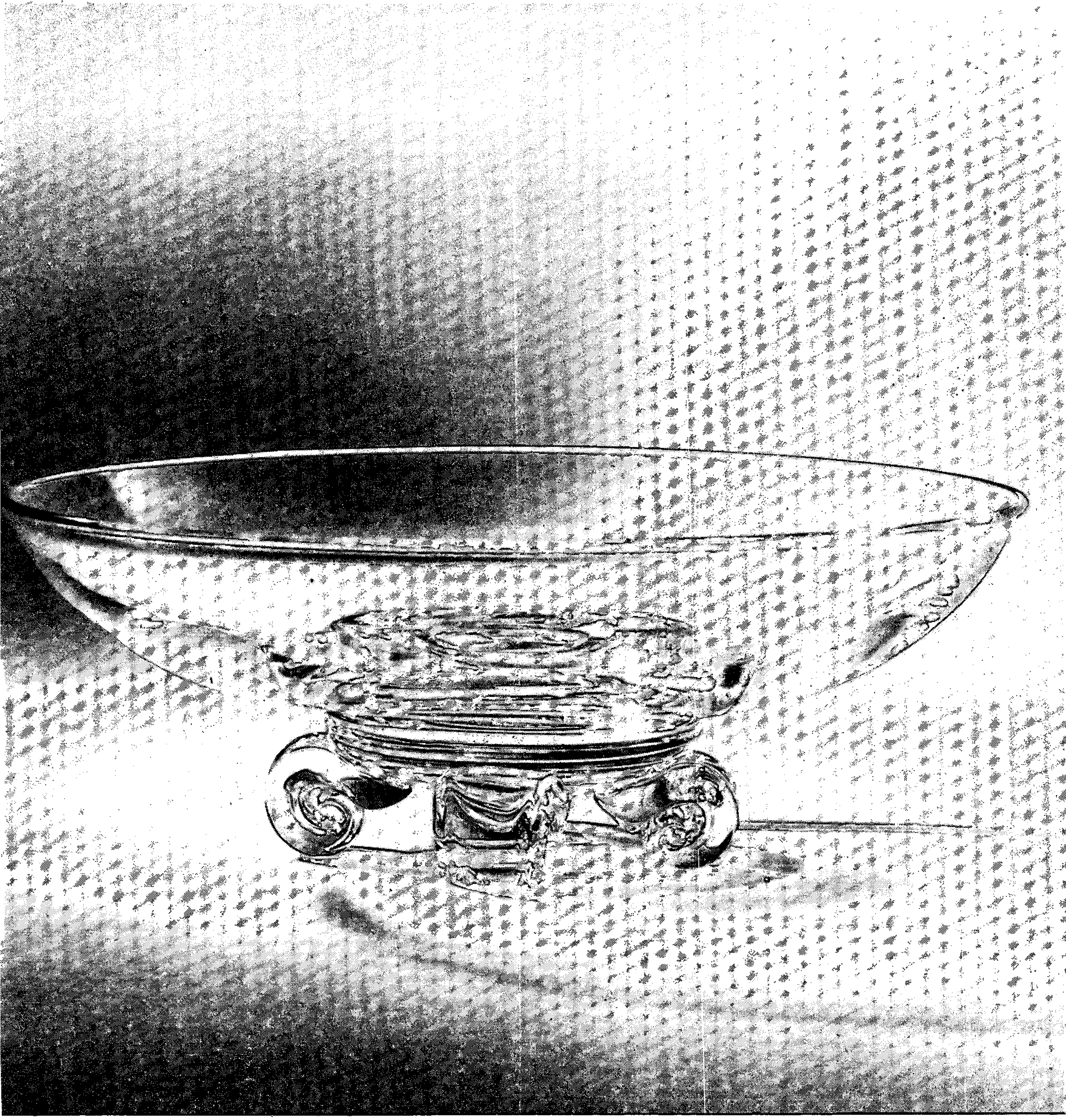
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Martha Wright, the cheerful earful who is singing at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, is just a pretty, personable, well-adjusted, companionable girl; i.e., Man's Best Friend. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra dishes out an excellent grade of dance music. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty pours forth casual, relaxed piano off and on from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing from eight-thirty to one. On Sundays, another group takes over all chores.

Note—The sky-high conning tower called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and an occasional swatch of music, one may study Hoboken, Union City, Long Island City, Staten Island, Welfare Island, and other escapists' paradises. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The imperishable Eddie Davis still bows over his violin at all the old, imperishable faces. His tiny band is in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A touch of Park Avenue, a touch of "Pal Joey," and some of the best piano in town. The dinner music is by Johnny Mehegan, one of the leading junior executives in the avant-garde genre. At supper he's spelled by Ralph Strain, who applies his romantic touches to old favorites only he can remember all the way through. No music Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): In a commodious sort of indoor breezeway, Cy Walter presides from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, playing the sort of offhand piano that sounds easy until you try it yourself.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sunday is his day of rest.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after ten for East Side patrons unto the second and



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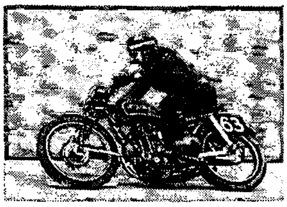

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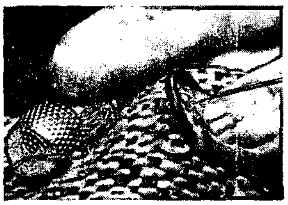

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

third generations. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine, Jim Mahoney starts his brisk but nostalgic piano recital in this quiet, well-run dining room. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Herman Arminski's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of practically mobile décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): This old favorite of the small fry is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz plays piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet functions for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **THE EMPRESS**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Norbert Faconi, violin at the ready, stalks these premises most of the night, trailing schmalz behind him. Closed Sundays.

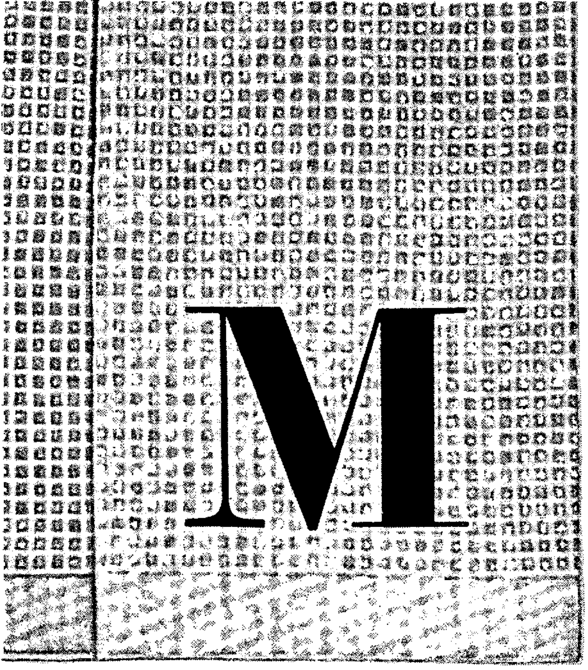
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The wonderful warmth and sincerity of the song recital by Helen Traubel, who is making a temporary descent from Olympus, persuades every last ringsider here to look and listen. Joey Bishop is a comedian who shouldn't risk the gambit of stop-me-if-you've-heard-this-before. On Thursday, March 18, a new show, headed by the singing Ames Brothers. Dancing. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): A very busy two-ring circus. The onstage one is topped by Harry Belafonté, who doesn't start in on his rare but well-done Americana ballads until midnight. Dancing if there's room.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): This house has three aces in the hole—Burl Ives, who is still able to make folk music seem entertaining rather than merely compulsory; Felicia Sanders, who gives the most tenuous boy-and-girl song a tremendous lift; and Orson Bean, Harvard '49 and "John Murray Anderson's Almanac" '54, who has no trouble being honestly funny on almost any given subject. The freshman member of the cast, Channing Pollack, is a remarkably nimble and comic magician. The backdrop is the subdued but fervid tone poems of Jimmy Lyons' trio and Bart Howard's piano. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A brace of youngsters who quite clearly know where they're going—Trude Adams, a thing of beauty and a lyric joy, and Arte Johnson, whose approach to the customer's funny bone is literate and yet lively, too. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Kirkwood and Goodman and their Walrus-and-Carpenter conversations are back on the old lot. Jonathan Winters, a strolling character actor who never forgets a facet of his rural American types; Dorothy Louden and Leigh Roberts, who sing rather prettily for their supper; Julius Monk, the local headmaster; and the incomparable Norman Paris and his trio are also around. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Every night but Monday, Jimmy Komack, a free-lance poet of the city streets, sings odd but often amusing songs about the possible and impossible people he encounters. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play vigorous double piano, and Hazel Webster is, as always, the solo pianist. Bygone movies are added to the show on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the best young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the ap-



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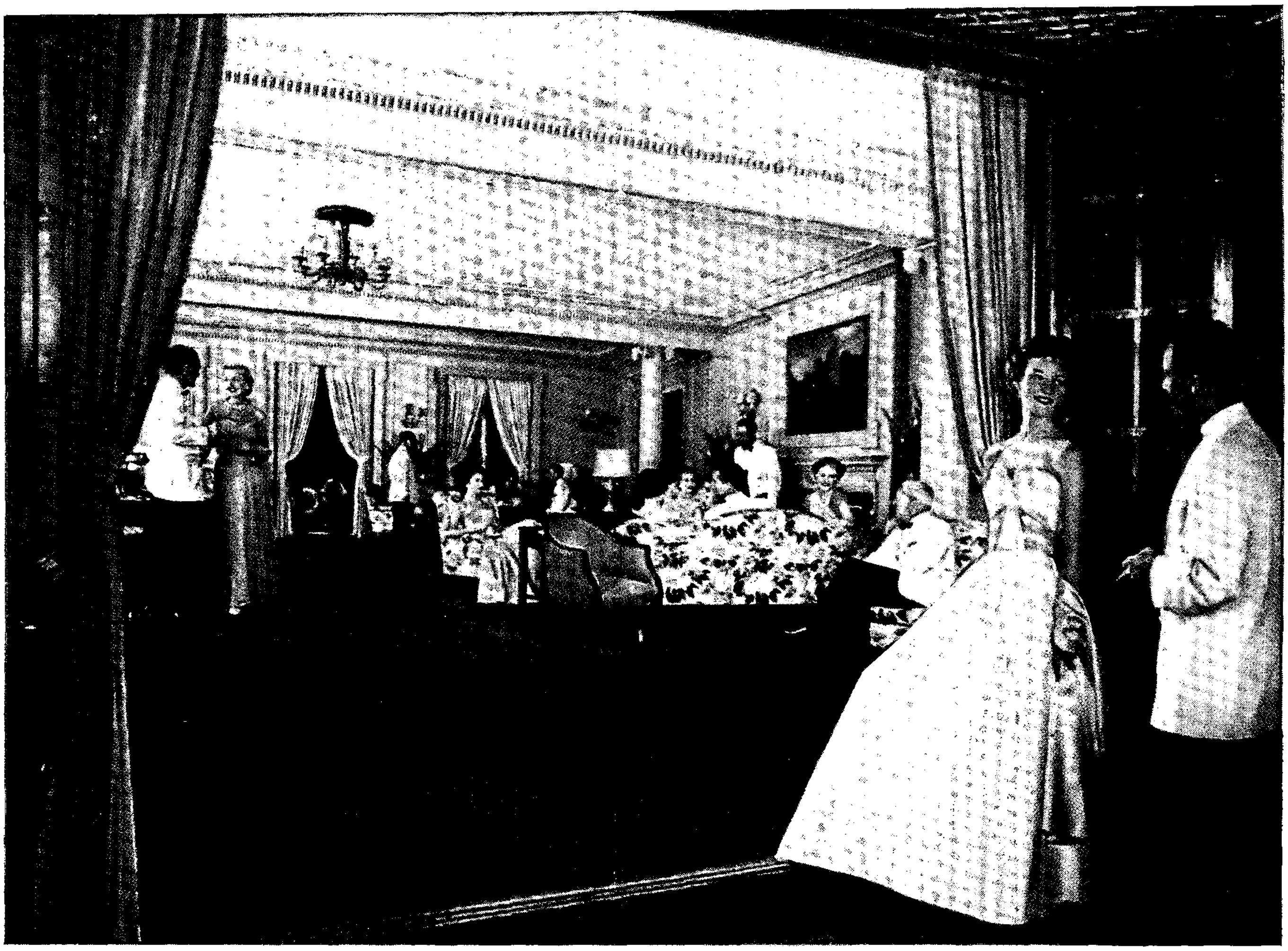

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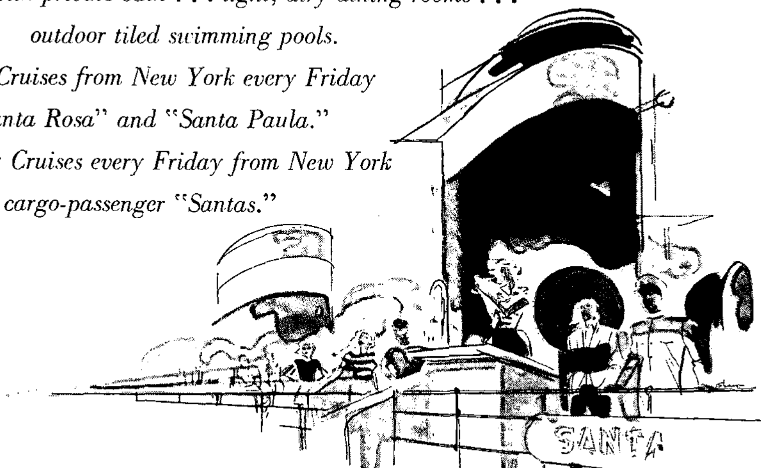

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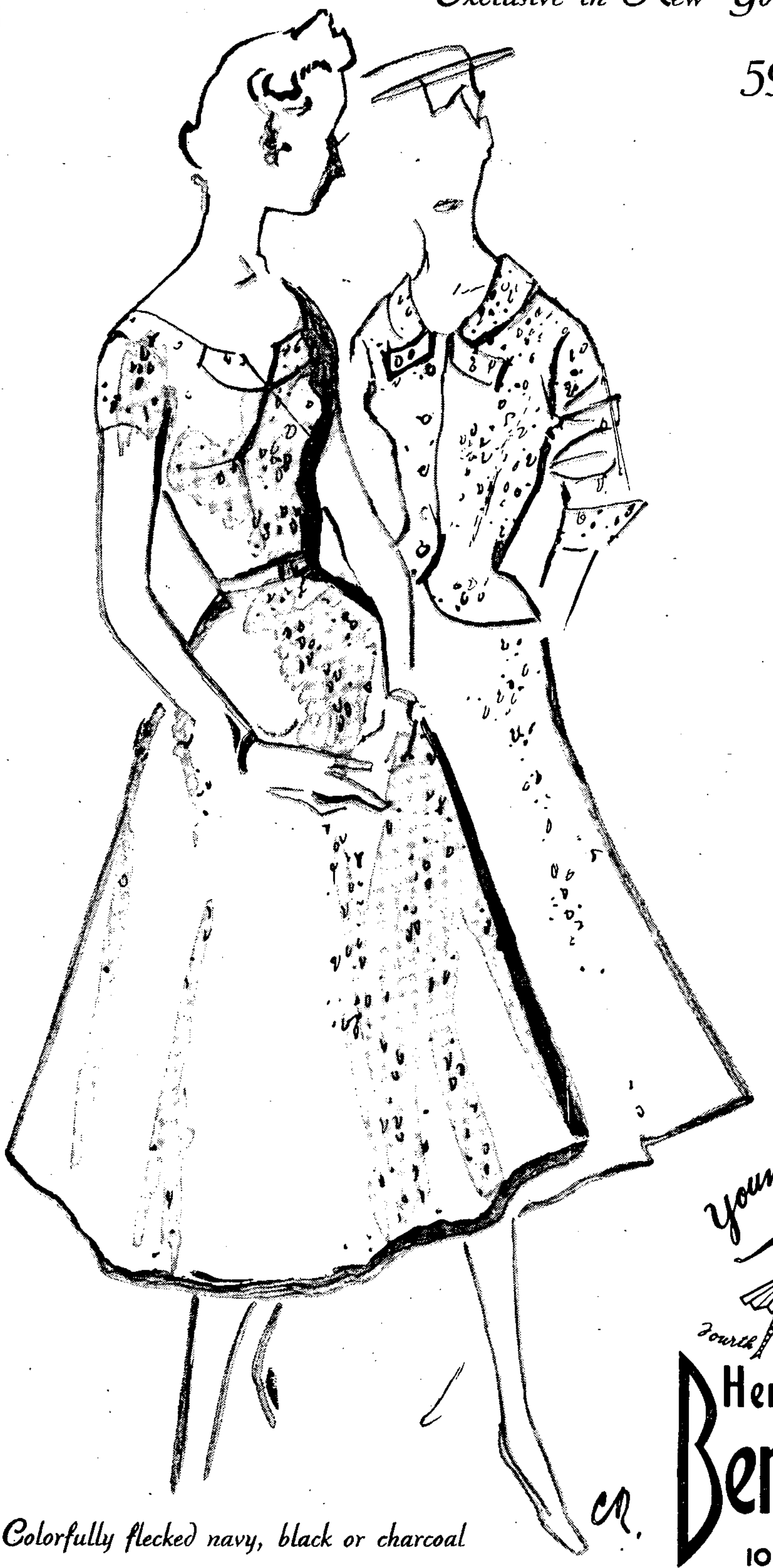
propriate setting. The place is over the frequently raucous Show Spot Lounge. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Perpetual motion (and commotion) brought just about to its peak. The participants are Jimmie Daniels and his Left Bank lyrics; Norene Tate, singer of sad songs and player of blithe piano; the polyphonic music of the Three Flames, who are paced by Tiger Haines; the Three Riffs, whose sleight-of-words ditties are sheer nonsense; Oliver Wakefield, speaker of the house on any or no subject at all; and Bruce Kirby, the local fall guy. On Friday, March 12, Dana and Wood, who are very bright talkers for their tender years, take over from the Three Riffs; on Tuesday, March 16, Kaye Ballard, a wild and woolly wit, returns to the fold. Closed Mondays. . . . **BEAUX ARTS,** 186 W. 4th St. (OR 5-9852): A fairly neat reproduction of rumpus-room Village Bohemia, dominated by Stella Brooks, whose wit is as sharp as a serpent's tooth, and Maggie MacCorkle, a comedienne in her own right. Not for growing children, but for admirers of cogent, if quite offbeat, humor.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison lovingly polishes his cornet until it's white hot. He gets noble backing from Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Don MacLean, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays his splendid four-hand jazz piano during the intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding passel of guest fusiliers. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): From nine to three every night, music for moderns is dished up in reasonably plush surroundings. Weekdays, the deservedly legendary Erroll Garner and his trio alternate with Alex Kallao's threesome. Sundays, the principal listening pleasure is the piano, by turns warm and wistful, of the young and decorative Barbara Carroll, who heads an exemplary trio. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five act as happy as if they owned the joint, on which by now they ought at least to have squatters' rights. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Zutty Singleton, Sidney de Paris, and Omer Simeon, prove that Dixie had a definite contribution to make to American culture. Don Frye is solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The quartet of Dave Brubeck, one of the white hopes of the Pacific Coast progressives, is scheduled to be in operation here along with Slim Gaillard's bop talks. Mondays, when the regulars are off, are jam-session nights. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Reopens Friday, March 12, with Louis Armstrong's band, which includes Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Billy Kyle, and Kenny John at the machinery and Velma Middleton at the vocals. Paul Bley's trio will play for dancing. The two groups will be off Mondays, when there will be jam sessions. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis's tailgaters fill this vasty deep with music Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, March 14, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, Jimmy McPartland's volunteer firemen will join the local boys in a jam session. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the trio belonging to Marian McPartland, a new-school piano player with a mind and a touch of her own, goes into a rewarding huddle in the center of the bar. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, there'll be a wholesale uproar, probably by Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Lou McGarity, Claude Hopkins, Cliff Jackson, Pop Foster, Cozy Cole, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second



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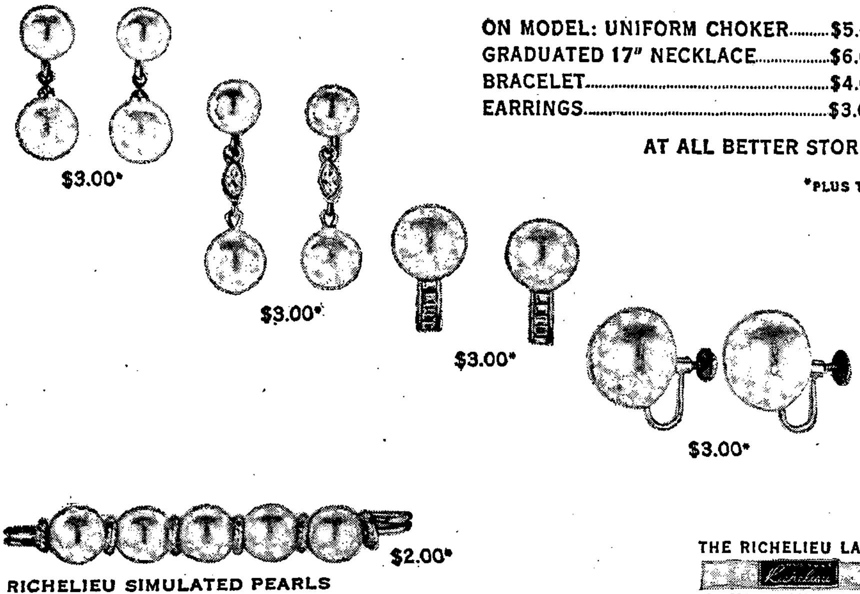

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, there'll be a free-wheeling barbecue by (it is reported) Red Allen, Billy Butterfield, Buster Bailey, Willie the Lion Smith, Sonny Greer, Danny Barker, and Arvell Shaw. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Cuno Amiet—The first exhibition in this country of paintings, post-Impressionist in style and very capably executed, by a leading Swiss artist, now eighty-six; through March 16. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Jean Arp—Sculptures, wood reliefs, and collages, done with his usual emphasis on fantasy; through March 27. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

William Baziotes—A set of new oils, painted in his familiar and effective style of fanciful abstraction; through March 13. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Stuart Davis—Twelve abstractions completed during the last three years and taken from contemporary American themes; through March 27. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Fritz Glarner and George Vantongerloo—Abstract oils by the former and transparent plastic sculptures by the latter, in an exhibit of their latest work; through March 27. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Emeryc Gomery—Semiabstract paintings, a little harsh in color but full of movement, in a first one-man showing that has considerable appeal; through March 19. (Artisans, 32 W. 58th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Marsden Hartley and A. H. Maurer—A comparative exhibit of landscapes painted between 1907 and 1931 by two Americans who worked in Europe; through March 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Fannie Hillsmith—About twenty still-lifes and interiors painted since 1949; through March 13. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

René Magritte—Dadaism and Surrealism predominate in this show of some of his early paintings, called "The Word vs. the Image;" through March 20. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Charles Oscar—Abstractions in casein—a curious but generally effective combination of misty backgrounds and sharp, vertical forms; through March 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Dwight Shepler—Twenty-five recent water colors, mainly of New England landscapes, ski scenes, and harbors; through March 31. (Kennedy, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Landscapes, treated in a mixture of the Pointillist and the abstract that is lively and colorful, if at times a bit too kaleidoscopic; through March 13. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Jack Squier—Sculptures showing strong totemic and other primitive influences; through March 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings, somehow suggesting a tormented Miró in their abstract stylizations, by a leading Mexican artist; through March 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Contemporary Arts**, 106 E. 57th St.: A show commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of this gallery, with works by all thirty-six members of its active group, among them Edward Betts, John Pellew, and Ellis Wilson; through March 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **National Academy of Design**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: The American Watercolor Society's annual show, smaller this year than usual, with about two hundred examples by the late Theodore Kautzky, Ogden Pleissner, Edward Schiwetz, and others; through March 15. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **34th Street Gallery**, 115 E. 34th St.: Sensitively handled graphics by Seong Moy, plus a series of other works, many showing substantial talent, by a group of college

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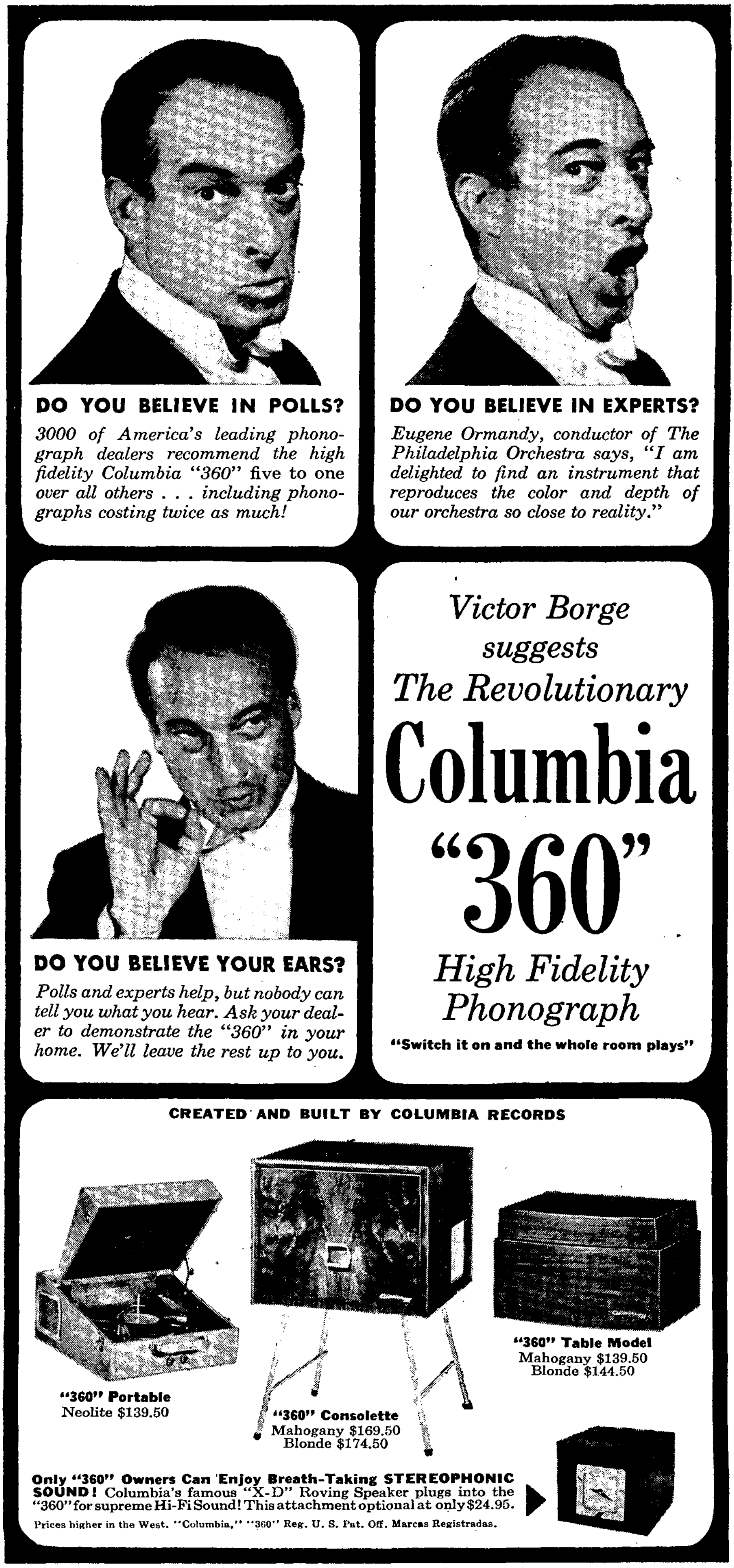

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

undergraduates; through March 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **American-Scandinavian Foundation,** 127 E. 73rd St.: The late Prince Eugen of Sweden; through April 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 2 to 4:30.) . . . **Borgenicht,** 61 E. 57th St.: Lee Gatch; through March 27. . . . **Cadby-Birch,** 21 E. 63rd St.: Vieira da Silva; through April 17. . . . **Carstairs,** 11 E. 57th St.: Georges Rouault; through March 27. . . . **Crespi,** 205 E. 58th St.: Norma Morgan; through March 20. (Weekdays, 1 to 6, and Thursday and Saturday evenings until 9.) . . . **Durlacher,** 11 E. 57th St.: Hyman Bloom; through April 3. . . . **Midtown,** 17 E. 57th St.: Group show of drawings; through March 27. . . . **Parsons,** 15 E. 57th St.: Walter Murch; through March 27. . . . **Perls,** 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French paintings; through April 10. . . . **Rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Renoir; through April 3. . . . **Saidenberg,** 10 E. 77th St.: Paul Klee; through April 30. (Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A travelling loan show from Bogotá, Colombia, comprising eighty objects of art by pre-Hispanic goldsmiths, including a complete set of adornments for a Calima chieftain, a life-size conch shell made from sheet gold, and Quimbaya cinerary urns; through April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, textiles, gold and silver pieces, featherwork, pottery, and quantities of other artifacts in a show called "Ancient Arts of the Andes," covering the period between 1200 B.C. and the sixteenth century; through March 21. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's biennial exhibit of oils, sculptures, water colors, and graphics by Brooklyn artists—almost a hundred of them this time; through April 4. . . . ¶ Color lithographs of Brooklyn Bridge at the time of its opening, in 1883, and of Brooklyn amusement centers during the nineteenth century, along with etchings of Brooklyn Heights in the nineteen-twenties; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group of oils from the Museum's collection on the first floor; through March 31. . . . ¶ A thoughtful, if rather spotty survey of the younger European painters on the second floor; through April 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-five oils, temperas, and drawings based on religious motifs by Meyer F. Lieberman, a thirty-year-old New York artist; through April 15. . . . ¶ Drawings and etchings from the Abbo Ostrowsky collection by former students of the Art School of the Educational Alliance, including Philip Evergood, Iver Rose, and Joseph Kaplan; through April 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The American Abstract Artists' yearly display of paintings, water colors, and sculptures, together with other abstractions by ten Japanese guest artists; through March 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's annual exhibition of recent American sculptures, water colors, and drawings, with pieces by, among many others, Paul Cadmus, Edward Hopper, and Theodore Roszak; starting March 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Fedora Barbieri, Hilde

Gueden, Kurt Baum, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Dolores Wilson, Jean Madeira, Cesare Valletti, Gerhard Pechner, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Eleanor Steber, Nadine Conner, George London, Eugene Conley, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Jean Fenn, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Frank Valentino, Clifford Harvuot, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Monday, March 15, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Herta Glaz, George London, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 17, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Margaret Harshaw, Astrid Varnay, Blanche Thebom, Set Svanholm, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Kurt Baum, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Eleanor Steber, Jan Peerce, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Faust," with Nadine Conner, Mildred Miller, Jussi Bjoerling, and George London. (A benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call EL 5-3131.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, March 11, at 8:45, and Friday, March 12, at 2:30 (both with Jascha Heifetz, violin). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 13, at 8:45 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Mr. Cantelli conducting on Sunday, March 14, at 2:30 (with Jascha Heifetz, violin); and Thursday, March 18, at 8:45, and Friday, March 19, at 2:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Richard Burgin conducting, with Doriot Anthony, flute. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Charles Münch directing Berlioz's symphony "Roméo et Juliette," with Mary Davenport, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Yi-Kwei-Sze, bass; and the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 16, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and Elizabeth Gould, piano, in a program of music by Clifton Williams, Holon Matthews, Lukas Foss, Miss Gould, and Daniel Gregory Mason. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 5:30. For reserved seats [free], call MO 2-0231.)

The Concert Choir—Margaret Hillis directing a program of vocal chamber music; the third in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Vytautas Bacevicius—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

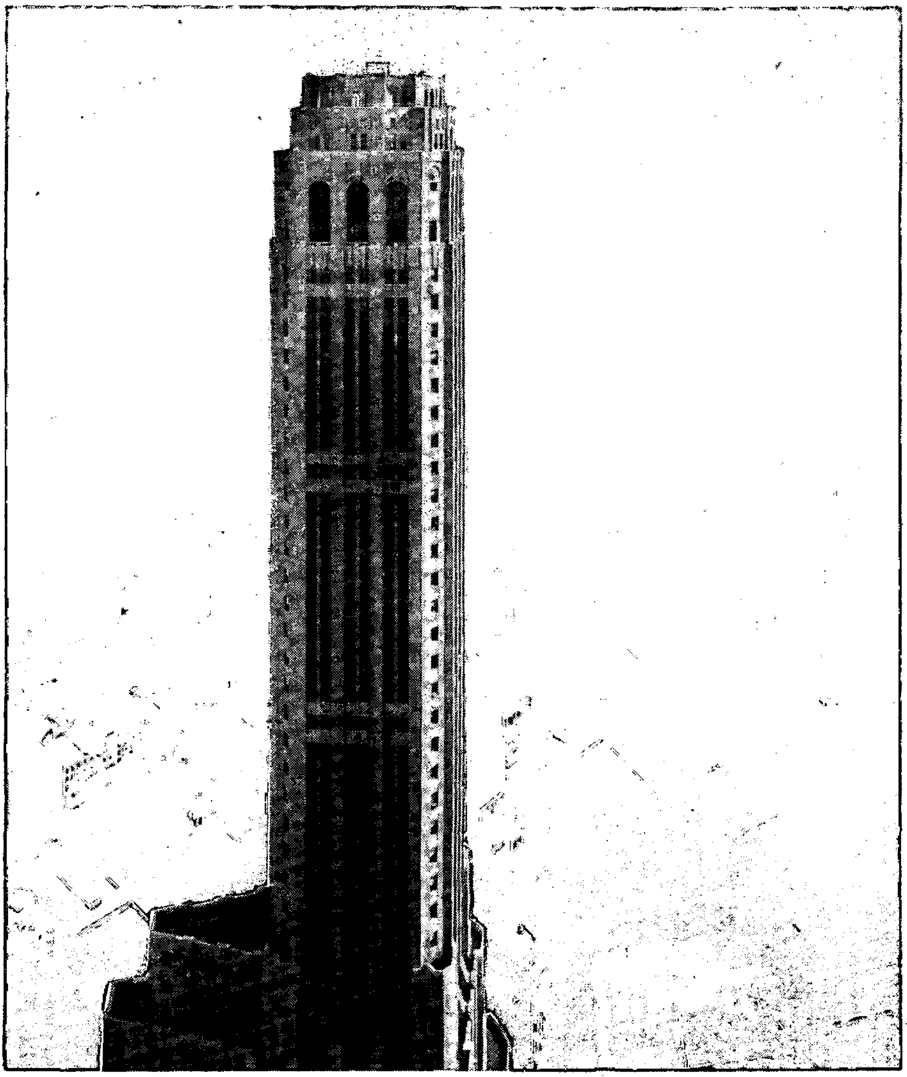
Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos; the last in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 14, at 8:40.)

Musicians' Guild—The Kroll Quartet; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Leonard Rose and Bernard Greenhouse, cellos; and others. The last in a series of four programs. (Town Hall. Monday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Rey de la Torre—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Carroll Glenn and Mack Harrell—Violin and baritone. A benefit for the Juilliard Alumni Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall,



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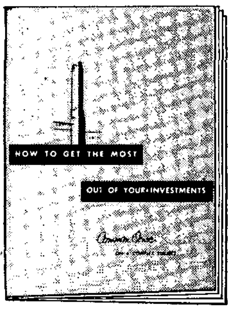

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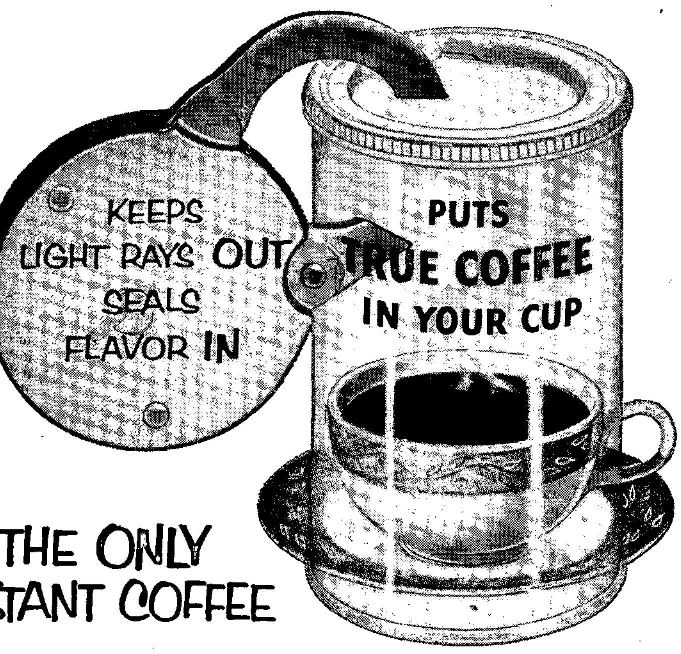

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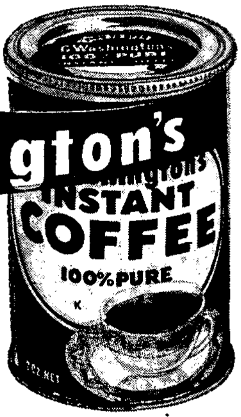

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 33. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, in a program of études. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 3.)

New Music Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Erica Morini—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Stuart Fastofsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Carib Singers—A group of West Indian singers, dancers, and musicians in a calypso program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 13, at 8:40.)

Benefit Concert—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, directed by Otto Seyfert and Leonard Temme, with Frank Valentino, baritone, and Josephine Caruso, piano. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and four other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call LE 4-0880.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 12: Nino Valdes vs. James Parker, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19: Joe Giardello vs. Willie Troy, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Fencing—All-Eastern Intermediate Championship, Men's Individual Foil. (Y.M.C.A., Grand Central Railroad Branch, 224 E. 47th St. PL 5-2410. Saturday, March 20, at 1.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—A match in the National Twelve-Goal Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Sunday, March 14, at 3:30.)

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 20, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Final children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 20, at 11.)

Plays—By the **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE:** "King Midas and the Golden Touch." A benefit for Friendship Among Children and Youth. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 13, at noon. For tickets, call MU 3-6966.) . . . **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Snow White." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 20, at 3.)

Ballet—The Merry-Go-Rounders presenting three story ballets: "Forest Adventure," "The Goops," and "Tyrolean Wedding." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 14, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

Exhibition of Dolls—Over a hundred of them, dating from the early nineteenth century to the present day, with a large doll house as the background. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ Walt Disney's "Peter Pan" and "Water Birds." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 13, at 3.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council and of various commissions and committees, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Saint Patrick's Day Parade—With Mayor Wagner at the head of the line as Grand Marshal, starts at noon on Wednesday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 96th Street.

International Flower Show—A hundred and eighty thousand square feet of springtime in the Bronx, with everything from orchids to garden hose, including bouquets, palm trees, a waterfall, violets grown under fluorescent lights, a greenhouse, and even clothes to wear while puttering in your patch. (Kingsbridge Armory, 29 W. Kingsbridge Rd., at Jerome Ave., the Bronx. Daily, 10 to 10; through Saturday, March 13.)

National Antiques Show—Time again to go rummaging around in one of the biggest attics in town. You'll find a great deal of furniture, of course, as well as a hundred-year-old washing machine, sixteenth-century guns, old cigar-store fixtures, Renaissance chessmen (four and a half feet tall), carriage lamps, and much, much more. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 14, from 1 to 7.)

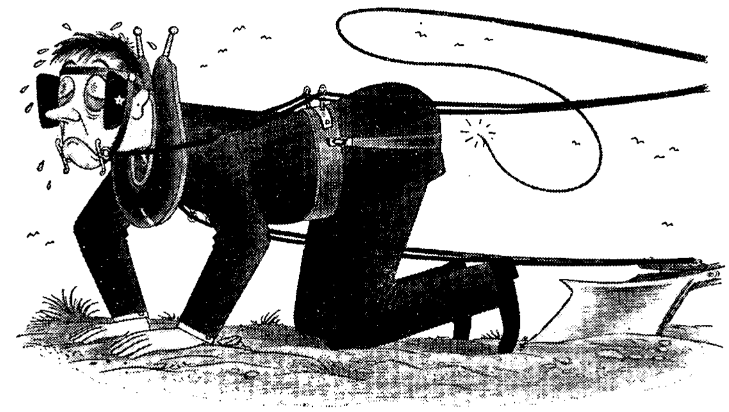
German Book Illustration—About fifty books containing illuminations, miniatures, engravings, and the like that trace the last six centuries of art work in German literature. Included are a monastic prayer book written in 1459, Dürer's woodcuts for the "Life of the Virgin," and the first illustrated edition of Goethe's collected works. Through June 16. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Early Developments in Typography—One of the three extant copies of the Constance Missal, which is believed to be the oldest printed book; a Gutenberg Bible; and a number of other examples of European typography of the fifteenth century. Through June 30. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Our Neighbor Worlds," deals with Mars, Venus, and Mercury. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, at 1:45: Georgian furniture (chiefly Sheraton and Hepplewhite); American paintings by, among others, Dennis Malone Carter and Robert Street; a group of nineteenth-century British sporting pictures; Baccarat, Clichy, Sandwich, and St. Louis paperweights; and a variety of other decorative objects. The property of Agnes Clarke, of Oxfordshire, England, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 8: Modern prints and drawings by such artists as Bonnard, Chagall, Toulouse-Lautrec, Modigliani, and Matisse; from the collections of the New Gallery and Harold Kaye.

WORKING LIKE A HORSE ?



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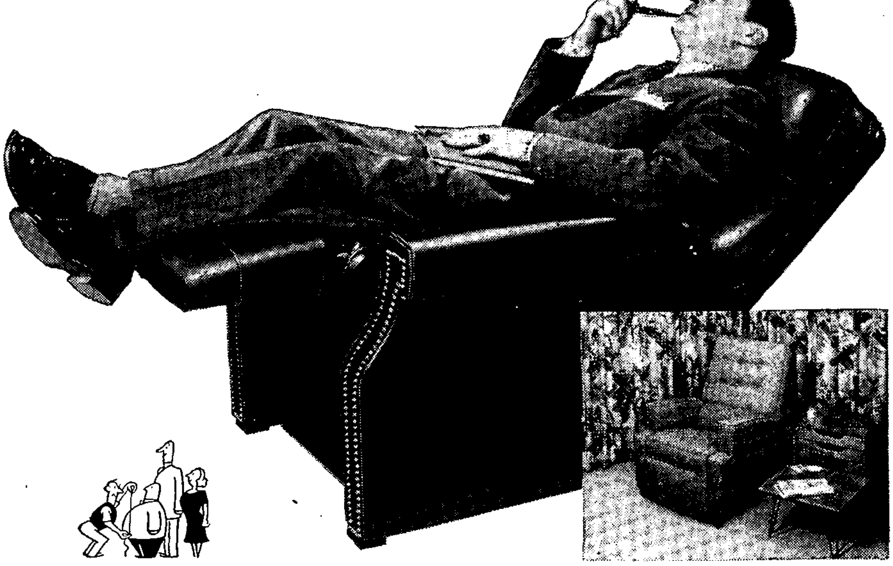

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EXIT
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MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annapurna—An exciting chronicle, in color, of the French expedition that succeeded three years ago in reaching a twenty-seven-thousand-foot peak in the Himalayas—a triumph immediately followed by disaster on the way down. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 16.)

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. The ladies Mr. Guinness takes to wife are Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo, who serve as admirable foils for him in this comical English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Cease Fire!—A movie made in Korea that purports to describe the adventures of a United States infantry platoon on the last day of fighting. Employing real soldiers as actors, the film develops an air of authenticity, but it seldom goes deep into the motives of its characters. For all that, a worth-while attempt to show how an army operates in combat. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting March 17.)

The Conquest of Everest—More about mountain climbing. This is a fascinating movie about the British expedition that went to the top of the world last May. The picture is in color, and has a powerful commentary by Louis MacNeice. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Genevieve—A thoroughly likable English film in which a pair of ancient-car fanatics try a run from London to Brighton and back with astonishing results. One of them takes his wife, the other takes a friend, and all four are pleasant people. With John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Heidi—An affectionate and charming adaptation of the Johanna Spyri tale about the adventures of a small Swiss girl who is persuaded to leave her Alpine home, where she lives with her grandfather, and take up residence in Frankfurt. A Swiss film with English dialogue that has been superimposed on the sound track with better results than usual. Shown on the same program is an excellent French film called "White Mane," a short but vivid story of a boy and a wild stallion. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through March 15.)

Julius Caesar—A West Coast cultural endeavor that moves with a tread so stately it sometimes seems to be making no progress at all. However, the film does have the virtue of employing James Mason, as Brutus; John Gielgud, as Cassius; and Edmond O'Brien, as Casca, all of whom are apt in their Shakespearean readings. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Little Fugitive—An unpretentious film that catches with wonderful precision the emotions of a small boy on the loose at Coney Island. Richie Andrusco is utterly captivating as the boy, and Morris Engel, the man principally responsible for the film, has surrounded him with some fine photography. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 13.)

Martin Luther—An eminently satisfactory review of the career of the great German reformer. Niall Mac Ginnis is highly persuasive as the monk from Wittenberg. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through March 12.)

New Faces—Rather larger than life in CinemaScope, this intimate revue with Eartha Kitt, Ronny Graham, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary still has a lot of the charm that made it so attractive on Broadway. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; March 11.)

Roman Holiday—Audrey Hepburn makes something quite delightful out of a trite story about a royal princess who sneaks away from her entourage in Rome. Gregory Peck is on hand as an American newspaperman, and it's all good fun. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 14, tentative.)

REVIVALS

The Best Years of Our Lives (1947)—The postwar troubles of three veterans. With Fredric March. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 17.)

An Evening Alone (1938)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 17, tentative.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 17.)

Les Misérables (1935)—Harry Baur as Jean Valjean, in a French treatment of the classic. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 11.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 17, tentative.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 13. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 16.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 13. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 16.)

The Tramp (1915)—A Chaplin one-reeler from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 17, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 14: "Decision for Chemistry" (1953), directed by Sidney Meyers for the Monsanto Chemical Company; and "American Frontier" (1953), directed by Willard Van Dyke for the American Petroleum Institute. . . . ¶ March 15-17: "Feeling All Right" (1947), directed by Fred Lasse for the Southern Educational Film Production Service; and "Working and Playing to Health" (1953), directed by Willard Van Dyke for the Mental Health Film Board. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through March 15: Theatre closed.
From March 16: "La Ronde" (in French), Anton Walbrook, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, revival.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through March 17 (tentative): "Go, Man, Go!," Dane Clark, Sidney Poitier.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Dangerous Mission," Victor Mature, Piper Laurie.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through March 17 (tentative): "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Money from Home," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
March 11: **NEW FACES.**
From March 12: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Saskatchewan," Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"La Lupa" (in Italian), Kerima.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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14	15	16	17	11	12	13

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 16: "Times Gone By" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida, Aldo Fabrizi.
From March 17: "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood; and "The Sun Shines Bright," Charles Winninger, Arlene Whelan.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
March 11: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.
March 12-16: "Beat the Devil," Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones; and "The Stand at Apache River," Stephen McNally, Julia Adams.
From March 17: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 16: **ANNAPURNA**; and "The Paris Express," Claude Rains, Marta Toren.
From March 17: "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood; and "The Sun Shines Bright," Charles Winninger, Arlene Whelan.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through March 16: **TOP HAT**, revival; and **STAGE DOOR**, revival.
From March 17: **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers, Leo Coleman, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through March 14: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming
March 15-16: "Sea of Lost Ships," John Derek, Wanda Hendrix; and "Champ for a Day," Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter.
From March 17: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GENEVIEVE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
March 11: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.
March 12-16: "Beat the Devil," Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones; and "The Stand at Apache River," Stephen McNally, Julia Adams.
From March 17: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Intimate Relations," Harold Warrender, Marian Spencer.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"The Holly and the Ivy," Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through March 12: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger; and "Half a Hero," Red Skelton, Jean Hagen.
March 13: "My Cousin Rachel," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Richard Burton; and "Bogus Bandits" (formerly called "The Devil's Brother"), revival, Laurel and Hardy.
March 14-15: "Criss Cross," revival, Yvonne De Carlo, Burt Lancaster; and "Meet Danny Wilson," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters.
March 16-17: "Stranger on the Prowl," Paul Muni, Joan Lorring; and "When I Grow Up," revival, Bobby Driscoll, Robert Preston.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 12: **MARTIN LUTHER.**
March 13-16: "The Titfield Thunderbolt," Stanley Holloway; and "Project M.7," James Donald, Phyllis Calvert.
From March 17: "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood; and "The Sun Shines Bright," Charles Winninger, Arlene Whelan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 14 (tentative): **ROMAN HOLIDAY.**
From March 15 (tentative): "Mogambo," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 14: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.
March 15-16: "Sea of Lost Ships," John Derek, Wanda Hendrix; and "Champ for a Day," Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter.
From March 17: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 17 (tentative): **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; **AN EVENING ALONE**, revival; and **THE TRAMP** (silent), revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
March 11: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger; and "Half a Hero," Red Skelton, Jean Hagen.
March 12-15: "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef" (in CinemaScope), Terry Moore, Robert Wagner.
From March 16: "The Eddie Cantor Story," Keefe Brasselle, Marilyn Erskine; and "Highway Dragnet," Richard Conte, Joan Bennett.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 13: **TOP HAT**, revival; and **STAGE DOOR**, revival.
March 14-16: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.
From March 17: "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
March 11: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.
March 12-16: "Beat the Devil," Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones; and "The Stand at Apache River," Stephen McNally, Julia Adams.
From March 17: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 14: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.
March 15-16: "Sea of Lost Ships," John Derek, Wanda Hendrix; and "Champ for a Day," Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter.
From March 17: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
March 11: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger; and "Half a Hero," Red Skelton, Jean Hagen.
March 12-15: "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef" (in CinemaScope), Terry Moore, Robert Wagner.
March 16-17: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 17: **FANFAN THE TULIP** (in French), revival; and "Justice Is Done" (in French), revival, Claude Nollier.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 14: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.
March 15-16: "Sea of Lost Ships," John Derek, Wanda Hendrix; and "Champ for a Day," Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter.
From March 17: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 13: **LITTLE FUGITIVE**; and "The Man Between," James Mason, Claire Bloom.
March 14-16: "The Sea Around Us," a documentary film based (more or less) on the book by Rachel Carson; and "Night Without Stars," David Farrar, Nadia Gray.
From March 17: "Three Forbidden Stories" (in Italian), Eleonora Rossi Drago, Gino Cervi; and "The Reluctant Widow," revival, Jean Kent, Guy Rolfe.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
March 11: "Cowboy and the Girl" (formerly called "A Lady Takes a Chance"), revival, Jean Arthur, John Wayne; and "Fighting Man of the Plains," revival, Randolph Scott, Jane Nigh.
March 12-16: "Beat the Devil," Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones; and "The Stand at Apache River," Stephen McNally, Julia Adams.
From March 17: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through March 13: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger; and "Half a Hero," Red Skelton, Jean Hagen.
March 14-15: "China Venture," Edmond O'Brien, Barry Sullivan; and "Storm Over Tibet," Rex Reason.
From March 16: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 17 (tentative): "A Queen's Royal Tour," a documentary film of Queen Elizabeth's and Prince Philip's visits to New Zealand, Fiji, and Tonga.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"April 1, 2000" (in German), Hilda Krahl, Josef Meinrad.

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 17: "The Golden Coach," Anna Magnani.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through March 15: **HEIDI**; and "White Mane" (in French), Alain Emery.
From March 16: "La Ronde" (in French), Anton Walbrook, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 14: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.
March 15-16: "Sea of Lost Ships," John Derek, Wanda Hendrix; and "Champ for a Day," Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter.
From March 17: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 11: **LES MISERABLES** (in French), revival.
From March 12: "Murderers Among Us" (in German), revival, Hildegarde Neff; and "Naïs" (in French), Fernandel, Jacqueline Bouvier.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through March 16: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.
From March 17: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 14: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.
March 15-16: "Sea of Lost Ships," John Derek, Wanda Hendrix; and "Champ for a Day," Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter.
From March 17: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
March 11: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.
March 12-16: "Beat the Devil," Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones; and "The Stand at Apache River," Stephen McNally, Julia Adams.
From March 17: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

Germaine Monteil
germaine monteil
on smart lips everywhere—because it is the best!

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE try to keep abreast of everything, including space. A recent collection of lectures on space-flight problems ("Probleme der Weltraumforschung") contains, we note, one by Kurt R. Stehling: "Earth Scanning Techniques for a Small Orbital Racket Vehicle." At first glance we thought we had stumbled on a typographical error—"racket" for "rocket"—but how can we be sure? That little orbital car is assuredly on its way. We can hear it now, racketing round and round, scanning, scanning, scanning.

TIP to cigarette manufacturers who are putting up money for cancer research: Do not confine your investigations to tobacco; investigate also the head of a match. Fumes from a match often form an important part of that first delicious inhalation.

CHILDREN lead the most interesting lives, enjoy the highest ecstasies, suffer the deepest woes, and survive the narrowest escapes. Duncan Wagner, the younger son of the Mayor, discovered, when he was being shown around the Executive Mansion a while ago, a wonderful little room that had three phones in it. Duncan immediately chose this room to be his own, recognizing that here was a communications setup that offered immense possibilities. When the family moved in, Duncan went to his room and found that the phones had been pulled out. A black day for any child. (And a bad day for the New York Telephone Company, too.)

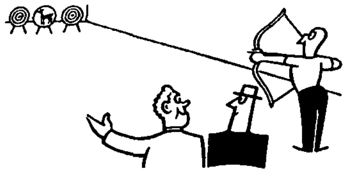
A FEW days ago, the children of P. S. 49, in Middle Village, Queens, experienced one of those amazing near misses that youngsters are forever getting into and out of. In one room of the school, a P.-T.A. meeting was in progress, with Major Peress's wife under fire, with mothers and fathers noisily attacking and defending, all in the highest pitch of controversial razzle-dazzle, and with guilt-by-association raising the tempers and the voices of everyone. Into this turbulent democratic scene, where one hundred and seventy-five years of American history were compressed in a single room by the parents of the scholars, walked Mrs. Anna R. Bigall, the principal of the school, and informed the parents they would have to stop their noise—the children were trying to do their lessons. Thus was contact with history itself avoided by the narrowest of margins, the mere thickness of a wall separating the scholars from the vivid spectacle of the Bill of Rights being acted out by their own mothers and fathers. Had Mrs. Bigall been alert, she would have quickly formed the school into a line and marched them past the open door to view the panorama of freedom-in-controversy, to hear the pleasing sounds of its lustihood and catch the ominous rumble of the threat.

WE hope that in the rush of loud events during recent days, none has forgotten to send his or her contribution to the Director of Internal Revenue, who, whatever the stage of freedom's tide, needs money; and to the American Red Cross, whose deeds need no description by us; and to the American Fund for Westminster Abbey—"that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried" (Macaulay). The Abbey is called "A Royal Peculiar" because of its peculiar position in the realm—part of the Church but under the authority of no archbishop or bishop. Peculiar or not, it's in dire need of repair, and thus is blood brother to the American scene, which is a little peculiar and in need of repair today, too, though not royal.

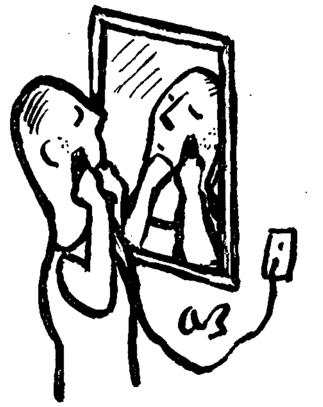
Invitation to Toxophily

OUR man Stanley threw a twenty-eight-inch arrow on our desk the other day and remarked that it could kill a Kodiak bear. We suggested that he take it easy. "You won't believe it, but this arrow came from right around the corner," he said, then added quietly, "Far fields look ever greenest, but he is happiest who dwells at home content with simple things." We told him to stow the guff, whereupon he took umbrage and his leave, and we took his notes. Here they are:

"Man named Victor Soskice, fine, upstanding, white-haired Russian type, told me to drop into his shop, called Trail & Stream, on East Forty-seventh Street, to see only archery range in town. Went into shop, was confronted by swordfish fifteen feet long. Fish hanging on wall but dominating establishment. Clerks busy with wet, dry, and merely damp flies. Customer in rear flourishing shotgun. Asked nervously for Mr. Soskice. When he appeared, he was as full of middle-aged charm as Ezio Pinza. 'You are in lock,' he said. 'Just now, we have archery student. Follow me.' Followed leader to basement—eighty feet long, cement floor, fishing gear along walls, and, at far end, three targets. Two of these the regular bull's-eye kind; the other had full-size pinup of deer in center. Introduced in cellar to Gordon Dean, head archer, and fellow named Walat-



ko, who announced that he used to be an old Alaskan bush pilot and is now chairman of board of company called Northern Consolidated Airlines, which serves Alaska. Mr. Walatko wearing three-fingered leather mitt on right hand and leather arm guard on left. Said he was about to take his third lesson in archery. Handed bow and arrow by Mr. Dean, Mr. Walatko let fly. Missed all targets. Let go again. Struck sharply on overhead pipe. 'Stout fellow,' said Mr. Dean genially. Mr. Walatko looked determined. 'What our friend is working with here,' Mr. Dean told me, 'is a bow with a fifty-pound pull. A twenty-seven-pound bow is fairly standard for indoor target work, but in hunting the bow has a pull of fifty pounds or more. Personally, I think any pull over fifty pounds just wears the archer out, but a lot of them go around hunting deer with bows pulling up to seventy pounds. This, in my opinion, is nonsense. You might be interested to know that in a day's practice with a sixty-pound bow you lift fifteen tons.' Mr. Walatko shot another arrow, which struck the deer in the tail. Said he'd have to be getting along.



"Mr. Dean put on quiver, picked up bow, and laid several arrows into the deer. 'It's a funny thing that the American Indians have such a reputation as archers,' he observed. 'Actually, they were lousy. There was so much game around when they were going strong that all they had to do was sneak into a herd and start shooting. Modern archers would make them look silly.' He snapped his bowstring and an arrow sped swiftly to the end of the cellar, clearing the targets and landing high in a kind of burlap backdrop beyond the range. 'You never know,' said Mr. Dean. 'One time I was giving an exhibition of archery in North Carolina, and somebody moved the targets. It was at the Pinehurst Country Club, as I remember. Anyhow, I aimed an arrow that went right through the backdrop, on through a picture window, and finally smacked into a windshield, which shattered. Hell of a note.'

"Mr. Dean said archery is a widespread sport—statistics unreliable, but probably seven to eight million potting away with arrows—and that it can be taken up for anywhere from nine dollars to Fancy Dan stuff at a hundred dollars and more. Fed me some history: Turks used to be hot as pistols with bows so powerful they had to use their feet to bend them when they strung them. Shot seven hundred to eight hundred yards accurately. French also good. As for English, remember Agincourt. In archery tournaments nowadays, Americans shoot thirty arrows at sixty yards, another thirty at fifty, and another thirty at forty. Six arrows make an 'end,' fifteen ends make a round. All arrows are aimed in the same direction. The English, on the other hand, shoot three in one direction, then turn around and shoot three in the opposite direction. Authority called Captain of the Green has complete charge of proceedings; when ladies are involved, he has an assistant, called Lady Paramount, who prevents hair-pulling. Mr. Dean has taught most of the eminent archers in America; also used to give exhibitions. 'Art Young, a famous archer, brought down Kodiak bear and the like with a ninety-pound bow,' he said. 'But he couldn't do target shooting worth a damn.' Informed me that he has spent life in sport—particularly fishing. Got into archery in 1924, during a convalescence. Met Mrs. Dean while lecturing on archery in Nebraska years ago. Also informed me that Christy Mathewson was cousin of his. 'Put a ball wherever he wanted,' he said. He put an arrow into target and split it with another. Apparently runs in family."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Kabuki Dancers use an electric samisen.

Choice

THIS Sunday is Election Day in the Soviet Union. Candidates for membership in the Supreme Soviet, the legislative body of the U.S.S.R., will be voted on in the fourth general election to be held since the present constitution was adopted, in 1936. These elections, which started in 1937, are held every four years. (The election scheduled for 1941 was cancelled, and the next one got put off a year, because of the war.) Election Day is gala in the Soviet Union. Polling places are decorated with red banners and potted ferns, and voters show up in their very best clothes. By law, elections are held on a non-working day, which with one exception has always been a Sunday. The polls are open from 6 A.M. to midnight, and such is the breadth of Mother Russia that Eskimos on the Siberian coast start voting before the inhabitants of Moscow start having supper on Saturday evening. The government strains to get out the vote. Buses are provided for the accommodation of voters living far from the polls; special voting precincts are set up in hospitals, on ships at sea, and on long-distance trains; and the staffs of arctic weather stations are permitted to cast their ballots by radio. A man away from home on business may vote wherever he happens to find himself on the great day.

Every citizen is put on the voting list when he reaches the age of eighteen. At present, the list contains something over a hundred and ten million names. The Supreme Soviet has two chambers, the Council of the Union and the Council of Nationalities, and a voter votes for a deputy to each. The Council of the Union has one deputy for every three hundred thousand persons in the Soviet Union and the Council of Nationalities has twenty-five deputies for each Union republic (of which there are sixteen), eleven deputies for each autonomous republic (sixteen), five deputies for each autonomous region (nine), and one deputy for each national area (ten). Thus, on Sunday the voters will be electing seven hundred deputies to the Council of the Union and six hundred and thirty-one deputies to the Council of Nationalities. Neither Council is considered more important or, perish the thought, more exclusive than the other.

The Soviet constitution guarantees a secret vote. On entering a polling place, which may be any public building, a voter is handed two ballots—one for each chamber. The standing instructions are to strike out all but the preferred candidate's name on each ballot. This is less of a chore than you might think, for only one candidate's name appears on each ballot. To vote in the candidate's favor, one simply folds the ballot in half and drops it into a ballot box. To vote against him, one must take the ballot into a room set aside for the purpose, scratch out his name, fold the ballot, and drop it into the box. If a voter wishes, he may write in the name of a candidate of his own choosing. In the first election under the present constitution, the candidates received 98 per cent of the votes cast. In subsequent elections, they have improved their showing. In 1950, they received

99.725 per cent of the vote. Stalin, who used to run for the Council of the Union from a Moscow district named in his honor, always polled a gratifying 100 per cent. Molotov is a candidate for the Council of the Union from the Molotov Election District, in Moscow. Malenkov is a candidate for the Council of Nationalities from the Leningrad Election District, which is also, perversely, in Moscow.

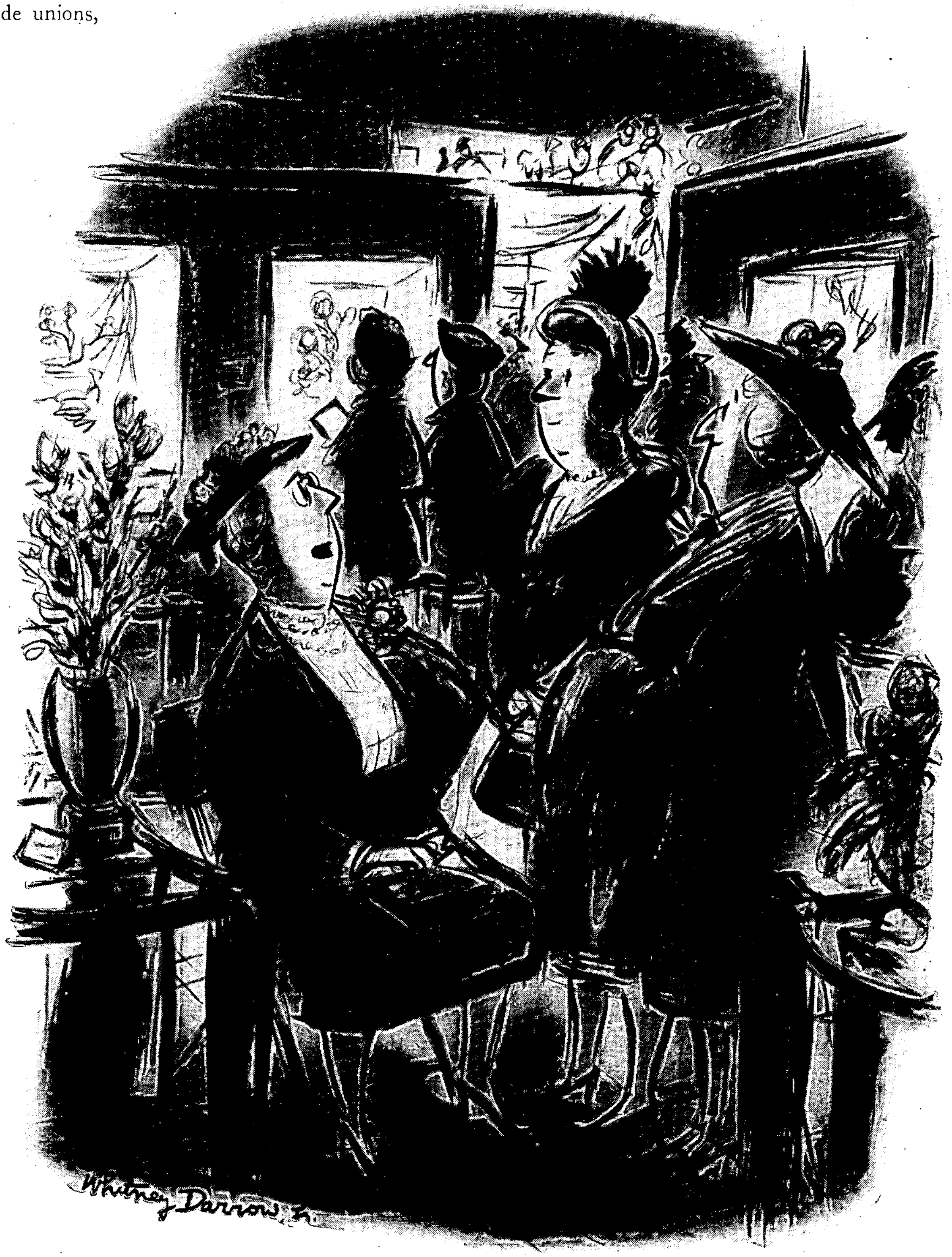
The right to nominate candidates is reserved by the constitution to Communist Party organizations, trade unions, coöperatives, youth organizations, cultural societies, and similar groups. Open meetings are held in factories and clubs and on farms, and a good many names are bandied about. Finally, a candidate is agreed on by all the nominating groups in an election area. He must be at least twenty-three years old but need not be a member of the Party or even a resident of the district that nominates him. One little thing, though—if the area electoral commission, which is partly elected and partly appointed by local authorities, doesn't approve of him, out he goes, and a new candidate is nominated. The most recent Supreme Soviet had two hundred and eighty women deputies. Although the candidates have no opponents, campaigning is vigorous. The Party provides one agitator for every twenty to thirty urban voters; doorbells are rung and meetings are held at so-called agitation points. For eight weeks, the candidates lash out against (on the foreign scene) bourgeois governments, and (on the domestic scene) inattentive store clerks. Invariably, they praise the progress made in the Soviet Union since the previous election. Any mention of production figures brings tumultuous applause. Once elected, the deputies conduct their business with remarkable dispatch, meeting twice a year in sessions of a few days apiece. The fact is there isn't an awful lot to talk about. Most of the legislation is enacted between sessions by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, a smaller and more manageable body.

Wrong Rye

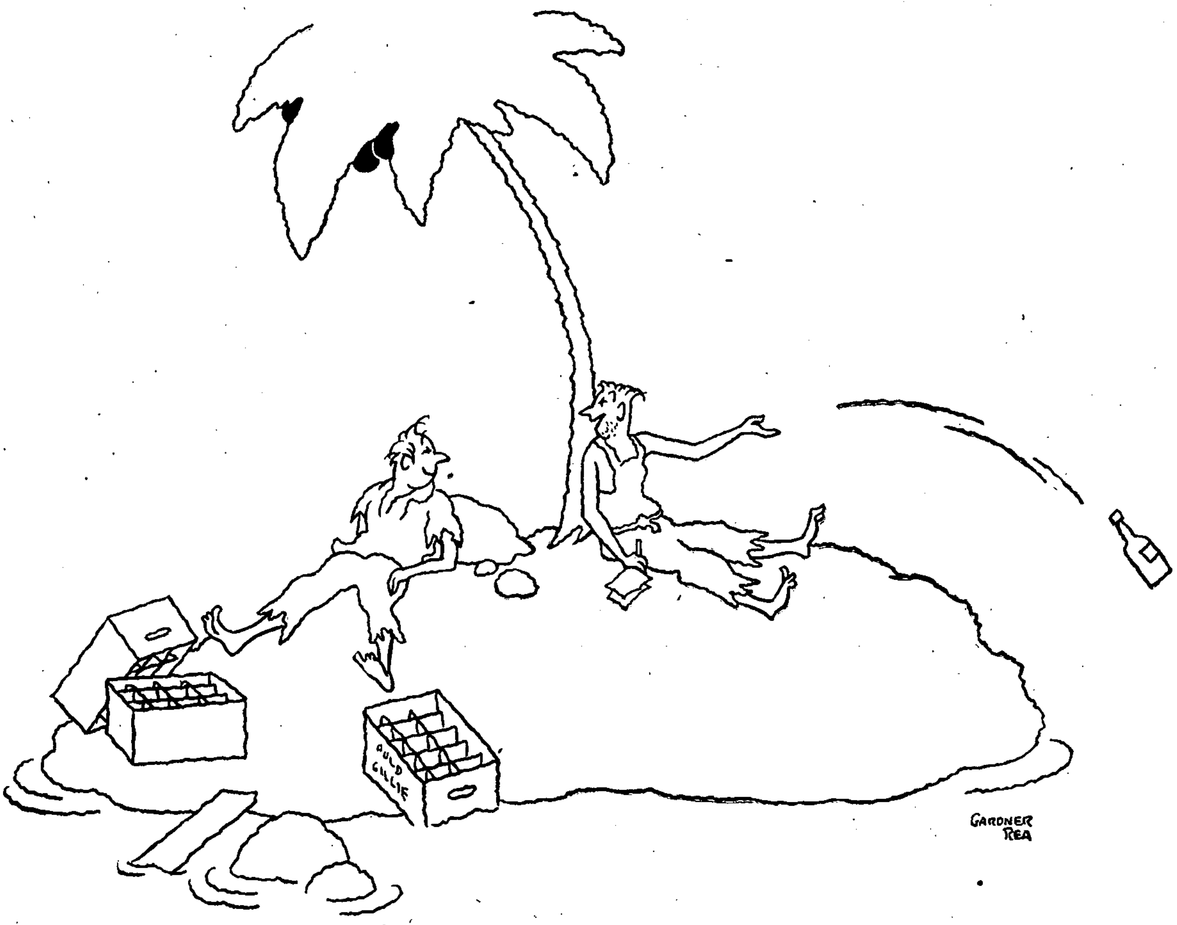
A MAN who lives in Westchester got a call from an old school friend, long domiciled in South America, and asked him out for the weekend. "Get off the train at Rye—as in rye whiskey," he said. He met the train, but no chum. An hour later, the chum showed up at his place with a high reading on his taxi meter. "Only rye I know anything about is Mount Vernon," he explained, after a severe grilling.

Mistletoe and Druids

WE stopped in at a morning rehearsal of Bellini's "Norma," which is considered one of the most difficult of operas vocally and was given at the Metropolitan Opera House this


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I'm glad I didn't win anything. That gardener of mine would have expected a raise."



"Well, there goes the last letter to my congressman."

week for the first time since 1945, with only the fourth Norma it has had since its Metropolitan début, in 1890. From a darkened auditorium, we gazed at a darkened stage, on which several men in mufti were milling about. "Will you tell Mr. Hauch we're setting up for the first act?" said a voice behind us, which we subsequently identified as that of Dino Yannopoulos, the stage director. "If he'd bring in the moon and take away the horizon, we'd appreciate it."

A voice on the stage said O.K.

"It's eleven-thirty," the stage voice said presently. "Let's go, gentlemen. In your places, please."

The curtain then went down, and nothing happened for five minutes.

Mr. Yannopoulos, who unbeknownst to us had shifted his position, now appeared from behind the curtain, in shirtsleeves. "Can we start?" he asked.

No one answered him. Three men in the front of the house began to converse in Italian.

"Ready, gentlemen, please," said a voice back of the curtain.

This rose, exposing a sacred Druid grove, and Fausto Cleva, the conductor, began to conduct a solitary pianist.

A lot of people of both sexes, some with torches or spears, moved onstage.

"We must have *silence* on the stage!" shouted Mr. Yannopoulos, again at our rear.

Mr. Cleva dropped his baton and the pianist dropped his hands.

Mr. Yannopoulos went up an aisle to the stage and asked, "Are the animal heads here?"

Someone said yes.

The company ran through the first scene, and we were joined by Miss Margaret Carson, the Opera's publicity chief. "As you know, an unusually difficult opera," she said.

We asked why.

"Well, I asked Ceroni, the prompter," she said, "and he said, 'Because you have to *sing*.' Wait." She got up, disappeared, and came back with Charles Elson, stage designer for "Norma," and Mme. Zinka Milanov, who was playing Norma.

Our question was repeated to Madame.

"It's the most difficult role for a dramatic soprano there is, but I can't really say why," she said. "I love it. It's a very demanding part. Norma is absolutely a character. I am going to be blond in it, because all season I have been all the time in my own hair, which is dark. I think it's time for a change. It's a complicated story—the Druid priestess, you know, who has been faithless to her vows and has two sons. Her lover loves another. She wants to kill her sons, but she can't. She is too devoted a mother. Oh, well, operas *are* complicated. The last time I played 'Trovatore,' a friend of mine brought her seventeen-year-old daughter, and after it was over the daughter said to me, 'Would you tell me, Madame, what the story of this is?' 'Confidentially,' I said, 'I don't know myself.' "

Madame jumped up, climbed to a platform on the stage, and commenced to sing. Next, she cut some mistletoe from a vine and handed it to some votaries, who placed it around an altar.

"I've put a two-foot piece of obsidian in the altar instead of the traditional idol," Mr. Elson said. "Since we are in the first century B.C., among the Druids, you can do as you want. I prefer the primitive to the Roman influence. Primitive people often worship rare and gleaming minerals. In the second act, I've located Norma in a great rock cavern to maintain the primitive atmosphere. I restrict myself to three shows a year. This season, besides 'Norma,' I've done 'Don Giovanni' and 'His and Hers.' I'm a professor at Hunter College in charge of play production. I feel I'm lucky beyond belief."

There was a break in the rehearsal, and before leaving we buttonholed Mr. Cleva. "In 'Norma,' " he said, "you find a lot of the music of Schubert and Beethoven. Which came first? You also find Chopin in 'Norma.' Many musicians got inspiration out of 'Norma.' It's one of the few Italian operas in which the recitative words are clearly wedded to the music."

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OVERHEARD in the Bavarian Alps, one skier to another: "I tried it once, but we had elephants to help us."

Bubbly

REMEMBER pinwheel beanies—those marvellous caps with plastic propellers on them that took the children of this town by storm a few years back? Well, steady on, for a new wonder is upon us. It's called the Bubble-O-Bill Bubble Hat (a name that, if you ask us, isn't a patch on pinwheel beanie; besides, what an odious pun on the sobriquet of a great man!) and it consists of a saucer-shaped aluminum helmet on top of which rests a small red-and-yellow plastic spaceship filled with a fluid that is blown out through the turret of the spaceship in the form of bubbles, by means of pressure from a blue plastic tube that runs into the wearer's mouth. What could be simpler? The only wonder is that it wasn't invented ages ago. Half a dozen local department stores and countless five-and-tens and toyshops are currently selling Bubble-O-Bill Bubble Hats at a dollar per, when they can get them. The difficulty is that the demand far outdistances the supply. Luckily, we can assure our tiny readers that if they will possess themselves in patience, all will be well. SOONER OR LATER, THEY, TOO, WILL HAVE THEIR BUBBLE-O-BILL BUBBLE HATS. We have been guaranteed this by Joe Weston, advertising director of Mattel, Inc., makers of— of the hat.

We met Weston in Mattel's temporary New York headquarters, at 200 Fifth Avenue. He was, of course, wearing one of his products, and upon sighting us loosed a stream of iridescent bubbles toward the ceiling. "Be a bubble head," he urged us, inevitably. "Learn to blow your top without raising your blood pressure." Having got his two jokes out of the way, he took off the hat and gave us, breathing hard, his happy story. Mattel, a California concern, brought out the Bubble Hat in January. Almost from the very start, it has been falling behind its orders at the rate of ten thousand hats a week. "By September," Weston said, "we'll have sold two million hats, which is all we can hope to make, short of taking over Willow Run. I've never seen such a response to a toy. You know who gave us our first window display in New York? Altman's! A whole window! Mannequins in Bubble Hats—it was so pretty you could cry. We had to split an air-freight shipment between Macy's and Gimbel's, so neither could say it had got Bubble Hats first."

A handsome man in his middle thirties came up and was introduced to us as Elliot Handler, founder and president of Mattel, and the creator of the Bubble Hat. We asked Handler why he didn't increase his production—why *not* take over Willow Run? "We'd do it if we thought Bubble Hats were going to be a staple," Handler said, with a gloomy shake of the head. "The truth of the matter is that Bubble Hats are a hot flash."

"Now, Boss!" Weston said.

"It would take us three months to tool up for new production," Handler said with the air of a man killing the thing he loves. "Bubble Hats will be dead by August."

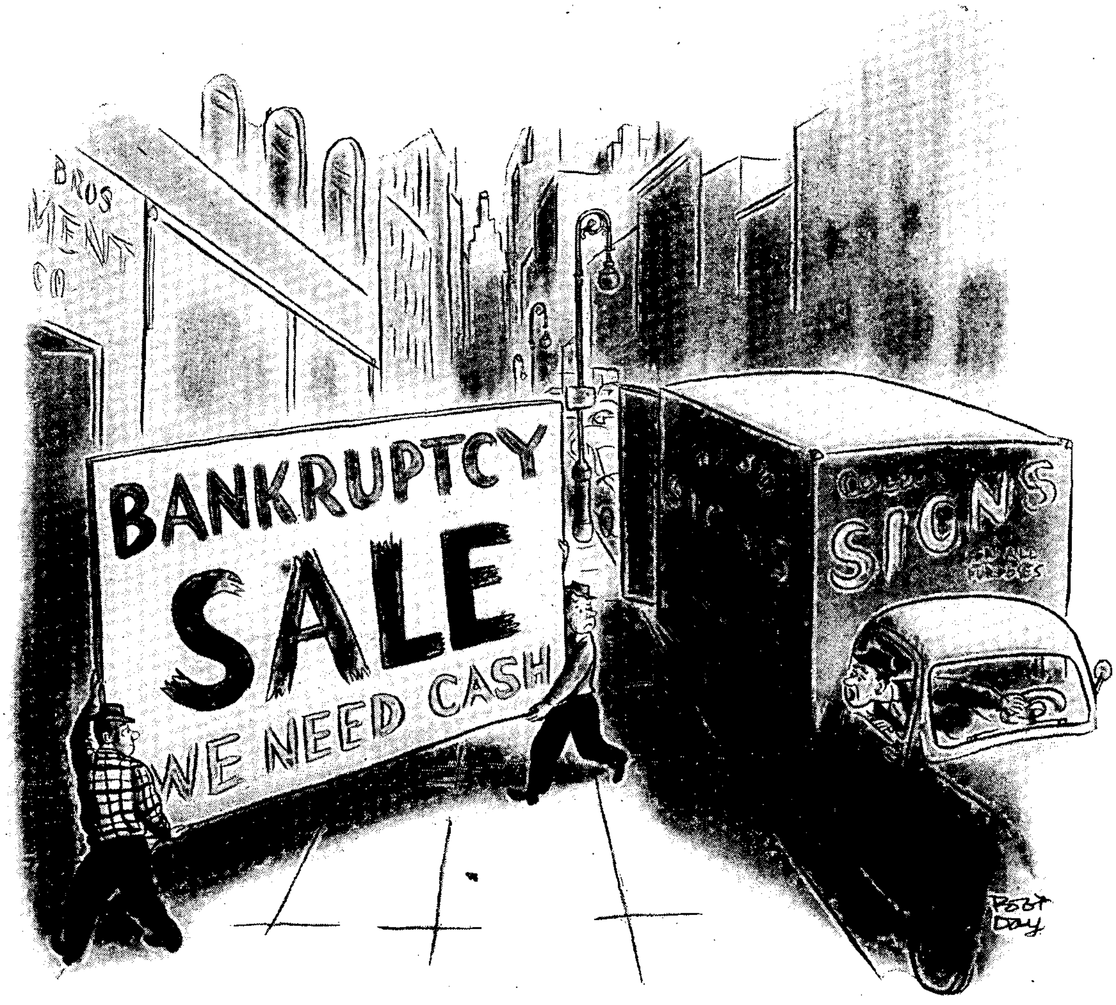
Weston moaned.

"Dead!" Handler repeated, and marched sadly away.

Weston rallied to tell us that Handler had built the hat around a bubble pipe. "Before he thought of the hat, we were turning out pipes," he said. "Sold half a million of them at forty-nine cents, and you know what was wonderful about them? On one filling, you could blow bubbles for three hours straight. We worked out the arithmetic of it, and it comes to forty-five thousand bubbles. You can do just as well with the Bubble Hat, maybe better. That's why I think Handler is wrong. I think this thing is going to last." He slipped on his Bubble Hat and tried a few tentative bursts of bubbles. "Why, it's got everything!" he exclaimed, from behind bubbles. "You don't think the children of America are going to tire of a toy like this, do you?" We wondered where we had heard that question before, and then we remembered—it had been in the office of the pinwheel-beanie kings.

Forehanded Foot

ONE of our readers ran into an elderly gentleman with his foot in a cast painted green, and asked him how come. "For Saint Patrick's Day, of course," he said.



"Remember, now—C.O.D.!"

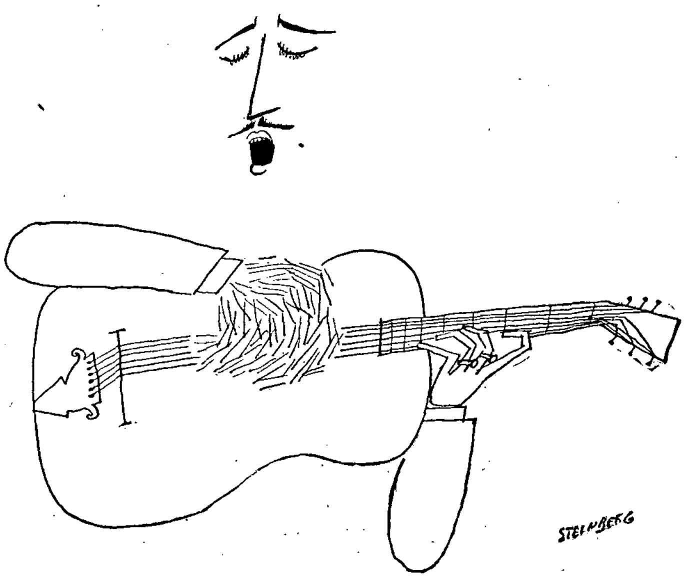
THE SHOOTING AT FORTY-SEVEN

ON the morning of the day he shot a man for the first time in his life, Ted Parker began to come awake a few minutes after eleven. It was a Saturday, and he always slept late on Saturdays. He also slept late on Sundays. He was a moderately successful disc jockey employed by Station NYAS, and on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays he went to the studio at 7:30 A.M., where, after reading over the new texts, and the revisions in the old texts, of the twenty-six commercials he had to recite, or sometimes sing, in the course of the program, he gargled thoroughly with hot salt water, took a quarter-grain tablet of phenobarbital, chewed up and swallowed two anti-acid tablets made of pulverized aluminum, and was on the air at eight o'clock, saying, "This is Ted Parker, bringing you five hours of recorded music from Station NYAS, pronounced 'nice.' Yes, it's *nice* to be here once again at NYAS, because NYAS *sounds* just like what it is—*nice*. NYAS *sounds* nice. NYAS *is* nice."

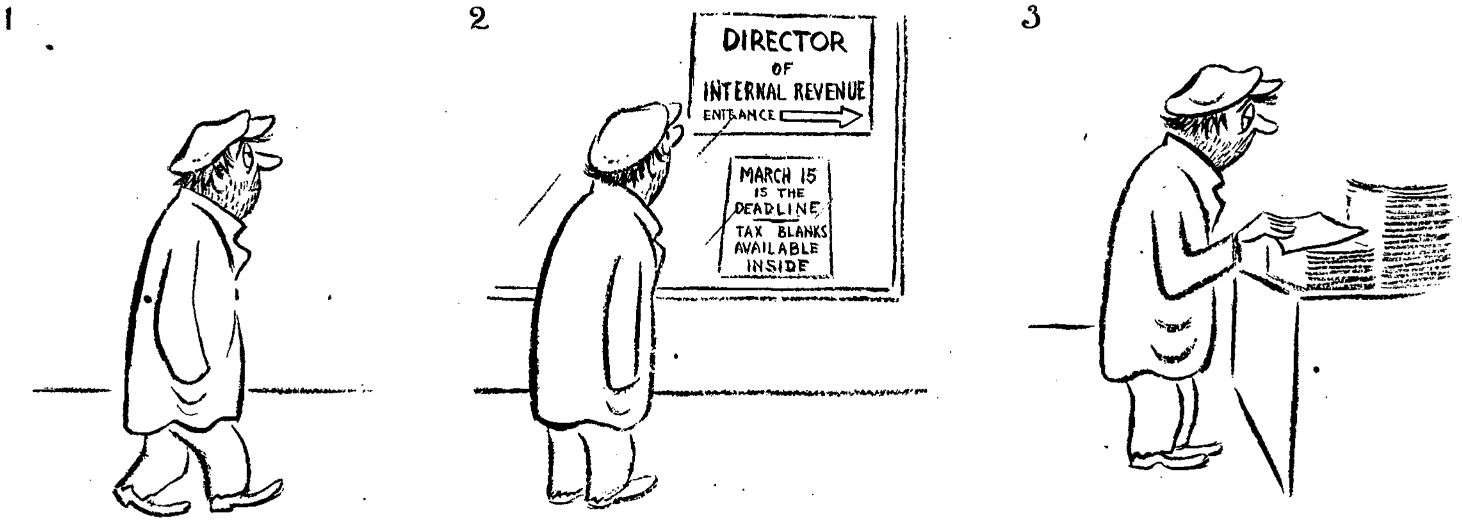
Parker was past middle age, bald, fattish, with thin lips, a tiny thumb-end of a nose, and eyes that seemed square, rather than oval. His pink, unwrinkled face expressed more than any other two things good-naturedness and patience. At cocktail parties and dinner parties, he smiled engagingly at women and shook hands earnestly with men. He was affable, gregarious, and anxious to please, and was asked out a good deal. (Hostess to host: "And maybe Ted Parker, too, you think?" Host to hostess: "Oh, sure, let's have old Parker.") On Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, Parker cut short his social activities at 9:30 P.M., no matter what they were, because he knew he'd have to be on hand at the studio at 7:30 on the mornings after those evenings. On Friday and Saturday nights, he stayed out as late as he pleased, and was good and drunk when he got home to the Hotel Forty-Seven, where he had an apartment with a dropped living room, a bedroom, a bath, and a kitchenette. He lived alone, had been born to live alone. He had made a number of unsuccessful attempts to dodge this destiny, and was now reconciled to it.

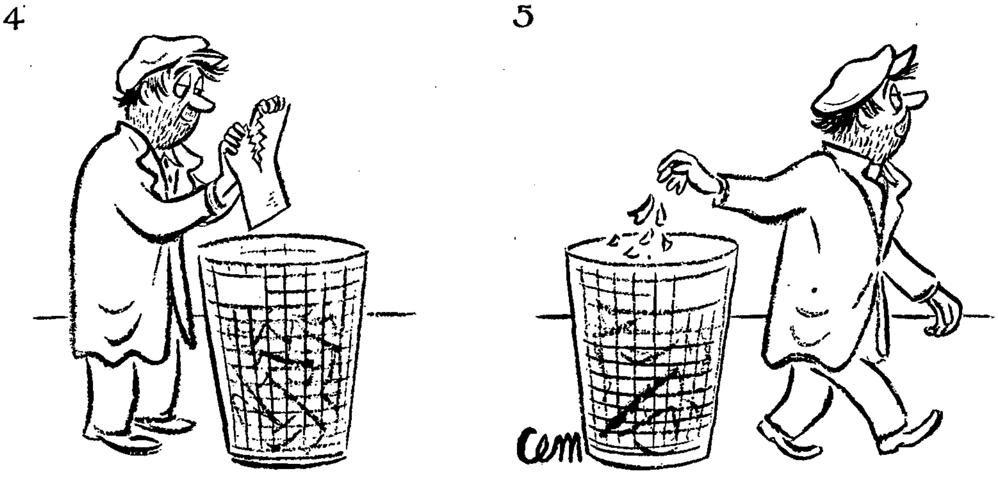
When Parker opened his eyes, he blinked once at the ceiling of his bedroom, and remembered drowsily that this was his birthday, that the ludicrous coincidence he'd foreseen when he leased this hotel apartment several years back had now, at last, occurred. For life to find him at the Hotel Forty-Seven on his forty-seventh birthday was, he felt, both a smack on the head and a poke in the ribs. Whatever it was, he accepted it, as he did all things life brought him, with good-natured patience. He found himself thinking of other absurd circumstances, which seemed to have characterized much of his existence—the time, for example, when he had found it necessary to take the little revolver away from his second wife on Christmas Eve in 1945. That had been *nice*, he said to himself. He had never been able to make up his mind whether she was about to shoot him or about to shoot herself that evening. He had removed the gun from her wily hands, and later on, after making her a cash settlement, had got rid of her by divorce. For some reason, though, he'd hung onto the gun. Right now it was at the bottom of the small suitcase that was inside the big suitcase on the top shelf of the closet on the balcony that hung over his dropped living room.

The recollection of the cash settlement brought to Parker's mind the fact that he was short of money again. He made fifteen thousand a year at NYAS, but was frequently short of money, because he was by nature a spendthrift. He told himself that he could, of course, write a check for fifty dollars and cash it at the desk downstairs, but unless he got a salary advance from Mr. Cooper at NYAS on Monday and rushed it into the bank before the check got there, the check, he knew, would bounce. The hotel wouldn't put him in jail for that, to be sure, but he didn't like the hotel to know he was insolvent. He had long ago recognized the fact that his self-esteem was precariously balanced, and he bolstered it in little ways, such as encouraging desk clerks, telephone operators, bellboys, maids, waiters, and busboys to think of him as the well-to-do Ted Parker, deliberately overtipping them month in and month out. He didn't want to get a salary advance from Mr. Cooper at NYAS, partly because he didn't want to admit to Mr. Cooper (who had, in his estimation, the personality of a dyspeptic embalmer) that he needed one. Payday was on the first of the month. That would be this coming Wednesday. He could get along easily enough until then if he had, oh, twenty or thirty dollars for tips and taxicabs. He could sign for food and drinks at the hotel and at any number of restaurants and night clubs. Night clubs reminded him of the time his second wife threw the chafing dish, and abruptly he sat up in bed and grinned. He remembered examining that little revolver on that Christmas Eve in 1945. It had been brand-new, of Swiss manufacture, with a pretty pearl handle and gold inlay, and it had not been used to this day. He also remembered getting the bill for it later on from Abercrombie's, where his second wife had charged it to him. It had cost something over a hundred bucks. When he'd decided to keep it, he'd applied for and obtained a license for it, and, consequently, there would be no difficulty in disposing of it today at that respectable and friendly pawnshop on Sixth Avenue, in and out of which he'd been on infrequent occasions through the years.



PARKER got out of bed, pulled down the suitcases from the closet shelf, found the gun, and started to take out the six .25-calibre cartridges that were in it, but then he decided the pawnshop people might possibly want to test the gun before they lent any money on it, so he left it as it was and put it on top of his bureau, alongside his empty wallet, his address book, his keys, a small pile of change, some crinkled dollar bills, and the silver pillbox in which he kept his anti-acid





tablets and his phenobarbital. Humming a commercial having to do with hair tonic, he went into his bathroom. His hangover, he was glad to note, was no worse than his usual Saturday one.

He wanted a new blade to shave with, but the automatic dispenser broke down when the blade had just begun to emerge, and he could neither pull the blade out nor push it back. He slammed the dispenser into the wastebasket and shaved with the old blade. The day before, he had bought a tube of the new, greenish toothpaste that he had been telling his radio audience deters decay and tastes like mint. Drunk as he had been when he got home, he had taken it out of his overcoat pocket and placed it on the bathroom shelf in its handsome package. The package itself opened fairly easily, but around the neck of the tube was a flinty band of transparent plastic. He couldn't get it off. When he tried to pry it loose with his nail scissors, he gashed his forefinger. When that stopped bleeding, he jabbed a hole in the side of the tube and squeezed out enough green paste to brush his teeth with. It did indeed taste like mint. He was thankful he had slept so late. Now he could have a drink right away in the bar downstairs without any fooling around about breakfast. After a couple of drinks, he'd have lunch and then go over to Sixth Avenue. He showered and dressed in a hurry and went down to the bar, carrying the gun in the right-hand pocket of his cashmere jacket.

The bar was of the flossy sort and was in charge of a giant named Leo. Parker was the first customer of the day.

"Hello, Leo," said Parker. "I think I'll have a whiskey sour—half orange juice and half lemon. You know."

"It's giving me hell today," said Leo, making no move to mix the drink.

"What is?"

"The hip! What else? Arthritis, rheumatism, what the hell ever it is, anyway it bucked on me again coming up Seventh Avenue this morning in front of the pet shop. I was stooping over to look at these dachshunds in the window, and it bucked on me. Prior to that, I hadn't had any trouble with it for six months. No, seven. No, I guess six at that. Or six and a half. I got the long shift today, too—nine hours behind this bar and the hip aching and paining."

"That's tough, Leo," said Parker. "Half orange juice."

"No oranges," said Leo. "They haven't come in yet. Be along soon, though."

"Well, just give me a plain whiskey sour."

"How do you mean, *plain*?"

"Just a whiskey sour, that's all, with lemon."

"I never heard of a *plain* whiskey sour. There's *your* kind of whiskey sour, with half orange and half lemon and trouble measuring it, but the only other kind of whiskey sour I ever heard of is a whiskey sour, not plain, not nothing—a whiskey sour. That what you want?"

"Yes."

Parker was sorry there were no oranges. He had a theory that when he drank a whiskey sour with half orange juice it was practically like having breakfast, and that after drinking one he could smoke a cigarette without unduly increasing his chronic hyperacidity. However, after a couple of sips of the all-lemon sour he began to feel cheerful again.

"Prior to this attack, it was six and a half months," said Leo, facing Parker and gripping the bar with both hands as if he intended to stay in that attitude forever. "The left side is O.K., see? It's only this right side of the hip. This one here. I spent fortunes on medical advice prior to the last attack, the one six and a half months ago. There was this humpbacked doc, so-called physician, used to be attached to Bellevue. He said this cortyzony stuff might help, but it's supposed to be dangerous and may clot your blood or send you off your rocker or something. No use fooling around with that, *I* say, and *he* says *he* agrees. Thirty fish I pay for that advice to a humpbacked doc. Tell me this: If he's such a hell of a physician, why don't he fix up his own humpback? I ask you that, Mr. Parker. Why don't he fix up his own humpback? Huh?"

"That's right," said Parker. "I'll have another one of these, Leo."

Now he could try a cigarette. He went to the machine, put in a quarter, and pressed the button for his favorite brand—the brand he claimed, five days a week, was both soothing and lift-giving. The quarter came back. He put the quarter in and tried again, and it came back again. He put the quarter in a third time, pressed the button for his next-to-favorite brand, and the machine gave him a package of them, along with a book of matches that asked in bold type if he was hard of hearing. He dropped the matches behind the machine and went back to the bar.

"Excepting the hip," said Leo, "I got practically no causes for complaints. See this upper plate back here on this side? Works wonderful and slips out as easy as that! Out and then in! Nothing to it. See?"

"Let me have some matches, Leo," said Parker.

Leo handed him a book of hotel matches, and Parker took a sip of the second sour and started to open the package of his next-to-favorite brand of cigarettes. The little red band around the top broke. He began working on the sealed cellophane with his thumbnail. Leo turned around to dust the bottles on the shelf behind the bar and, with his back to Parker, gave up talking. Parker kept struggling unsuccessfully with the impenetrable package of cigarettes. He felt like whimpering. There seemed to be no way to get into the package without using a hatchet. He was about to throw it away and get another one from the machine when, instead, he reached into his coat pocket and pulled out the gun. He pointed it at his right temple and, rolling his eyes, thought how easy it would be on this, his forty-seventh birthday, to put an end to the long, long chain of absurdities. Right in the bar of the Hotel Forty-Seven. Then he moved the gun away from his temple, aimed carefully, and, to his surprise, pulled the trigger. Leo screamed like a woman.

ALL in all, the aftermath of Parker's action was not as discomfiting, either to himself or to Leo, as it might have been. Without even taking Parker to the station house, the policemen in the squad car decided that the shooting was an accident. Since he had a license for the gun, no law appeared to have been violated. The wound in Leo's hip required some minor surgery, but it cost neither Parker nor Leo a cent. As far as Leo was concerned, the shooting was the most profitable thing that had ever happened to him. He had suffered his injury while carrying out his duties as bartender, and the insurance company that handles such things for the Forty-Seven not only paid Leo's medical expenses but gave him a neat lump sum in exchange for a waiver. Parker pawned the gun the same afternoon for seventy dollars, bought himself an expensive new hat, and got along easily until payday on what he had left over. He was on the air at eight o'clock that Monday morning.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

ALL'S BRILLIG AT THE BRILL

I

I SAW EUTERPE KISSING SANTA CLAUS

Thomas Lovell Beddoes inquired, "If there were dreams to sell, what would you buy?"
He never got a reply,
But to whom was he talking?
Probably to people who had never even seen a dream walking.
As an Inquiring Reporter,
Thomas Lovell Beddoes should have posed his question in another quarter.
Had he sought his answers just below where Broadway bisects the lower Fifties,
He would have come up with some nifties.
In the Brill Building lobby
Dream buying is a profitable hobby.
It is there that the imaginative tune carpenter or smith
Can purchase a shadow to walk down the avenue with.
There lurks the phrase that neither grammar nor plausibility apply to;
There he may find tulips to tiptoe through and blackbirds to say bye-bye to;
There amid the lyrical crowds
He may lay in a supply of sunshine with which to paint the clouds
(Or, if it is not immediately available at the Brill,
Anyone can direct him to the Old Master Painter on a faraway hill).
There prowls the dream prospector in search of the ultimate strike:
A melody that a pretty girl is like.
It was there the other day that I dreamed I saw Stephen Foster;
He couldn't have looked loster.

II

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET MIND!

May I remark, at the risk of being called an egghead or New Dealer,
That the characters in many of our popular songs are fair game for the nearest mental healer?
The evidence is voluminous,
And the fact that these people are invariably boys and girls rather than men and women is not the least ominous.
My mostest favorite couple is a brace of young lunatics who, hand in hand,
Are wandering at large in what they are pleased to designate a Winter Wonder*land*.
(In the Brill Building this kind of nomenclature
Is second nature.)
In the middle of a meadow these two mooncalves not only conceive the notion of building a snowman,
They proceed to call him Parson Brown, and when he asks them if they are married they answer, No, man.
Realizing that this abrupt answer may have wounded the sensibilities of Parson Brown,
Why, they hasten to assure him that he can unite them when he is in town.
By this time the bluebird—and don't ask me what bluebird—has been replaced by a new bird, and they romp off through the snowbanks,
Depositing their happiness, I imagine, in no banks.
Well, I'll go my way, let them go theirs,
But I can't help wondering if Parson Brown isn't the same holy man who has subsequently made a tidy wad officiating at the round-robin marriages of our ruby-throated playgirls and madcap millionaires.

—OGDEN NASH

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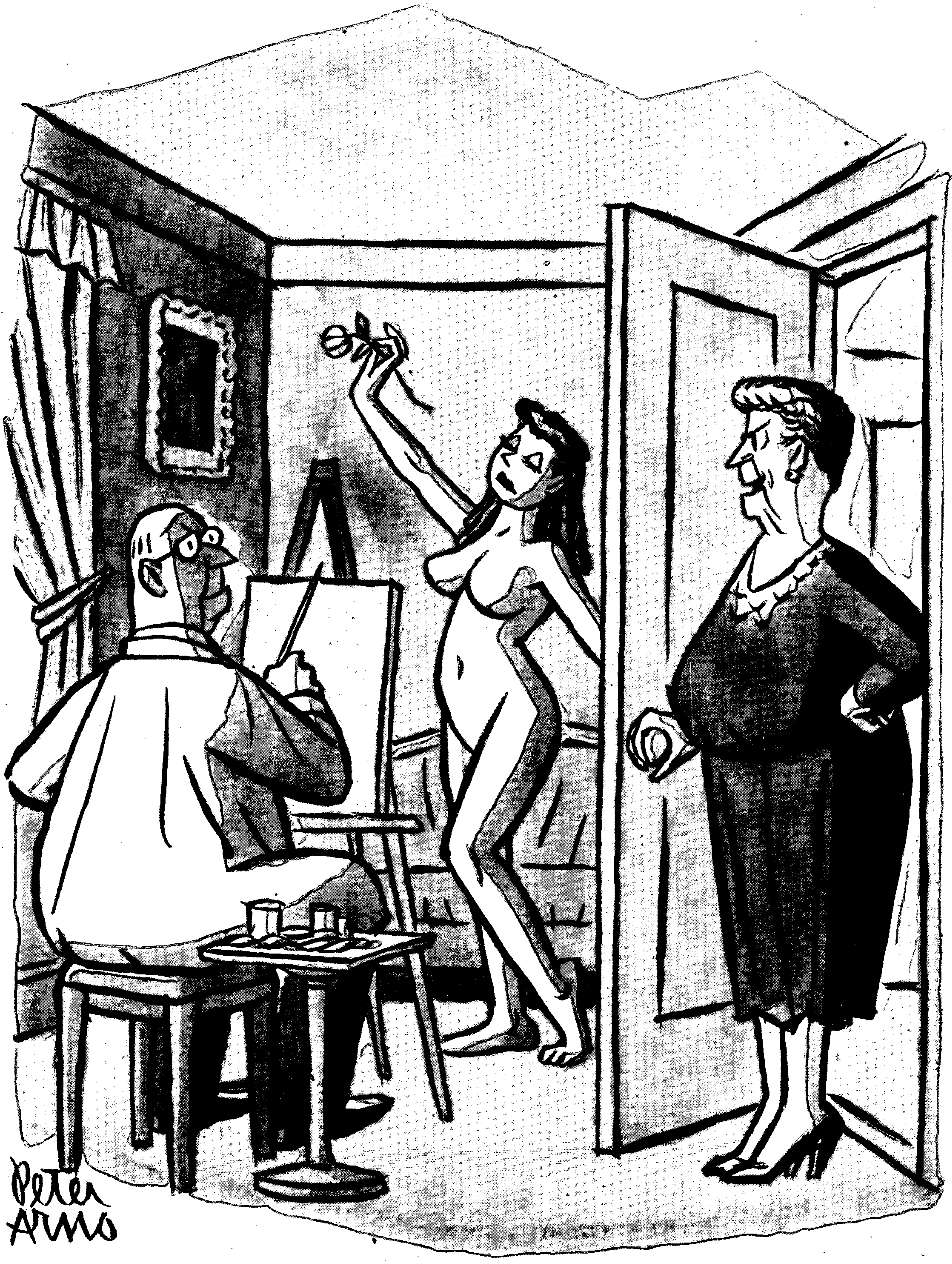


"And just what am I supposed to do with my Sundays?"

NO LUCK FOR THE ARMAGNACS

TO Paul, my French husband, and his friend Guy Bernac, there was nothing mysterious in the sequence of events that marked our trip to the Pyrenees that spring in the thirties. They both laid all our misadventures to mere chance, and if Paul said, as he often did, that Guy's "duel" with the long-dead Comte de Foix had wrecked the trip, he meant the remark as a joke, and Guy accepted it as such. Paul teased his friend a lot about having crossed swords, so to speak, with a fourteenth-century nobleman; the whole idea appealed to Paul's sense of the fantastic. But *Maman*, my French mother-in-law, took her son's joking remarks quite literally. The misfortunes we met with in the course of Guy's "duel" were what she had predicted all along, she said. Not that she was superstitious, you understand. Oh, no, she was far too sensible for that! She had merely maintained from the first that no good would come of digging up an old murder.

Even before I met Guy Bernac—Bernac de Bordes was really his family name—Paul had told me of his friend's reputation as a fighter. He said that during their school days at the Lycée Janson, in Paris, Guy had never been happier than when flinging down the glove to someone—preferably someone twice his size—though generally he got the worst of it, since he was small for his age and sickly. According to Paul, Guy had always been as peppery as any of his Armagnac ancestors, the "terrible Gascons" of French history. And despite Guy's republican convictions, Paul said, he was still as touchy about questions of honor as any medieval knight.

When I made Guy's acquaintance, in the early twenties, he had finished his studies at the Ecole des Chartes, which the war had interrupted, and was on the staff of the Mazarine, the great library in one of the wings of the Institut de France. Certainly I would never have taken him for a fighter; he looked far more like the typical scholar—his clothes put on anyhow and apparently much too big for him, and his pockets so stuffed with notes that I always had the feeling he carried a large part of the national archives on his person. His specialty was the ferreting out and editing of old manuscripts. Physically he resembled Marcel Proust, and, like Proust, he had a brilliant mind and a weak body.

"The tenth Comte de Bordes and one of the great names of Gascony," *Maman* whispered to me the day of my wedding, as I watched Paul's friend, who was one of the witnesses, sign the marriage papers. The signature, which included four Christian names and two "de"s (the *particule nobiliaire*), took up an entire line. Paul had already told me that Guy was highly scornful of aristocratic titles in modern French society and, except on official documents, always signed himself plain Guy Bernac. His ancestors had rallied to the Revolution and the Republic with that renegade Duc d'Orléans, Philippe-Egalité, who helped send his cousin Louis XVI to the scaffold. Guy's family had close ties of blood and sentiment with at least two of the princely houses of Orléans, and save for a few ups and downs, Paul said, all the de Bordes had remained true to republican tradition ever since. But, as my husband took pains to point out, Guy's political convictions were one thing and his general makeup was quite another.

ON the March evening when Guy first told us of his private war with the Comte de Foix, the three of us—Paul, Guy, and I—had met at *Maman's* apartment near the Bois for a birthday dinner. The birthday was mine, and the party included Guy not only because he was Paul's best friend but because that year my birthday fell on Wednesday and on Wednesdays Guy always took Paul and me out to dinner. That particular March night, he had accepted *Maman's* invitation because of the birthday, but ordinarily it was understood that on Wednesdays *he* played host; there was nothing we could do about it. And he regaled us lavishly, at the best restaurants in Paris. There was nothing we could do about that, either, though those elegant meals must have been a severe strain on both his purse and his health. Because of some quite serious internal disorder, Guy was normally on a strict diet, but on Wednesdays he threw his regime to the winds and ate bravely of everything, only to suffer later.

The night of my birthday, *Maman*, owing to Guy's presence, served us what Paul termed a *dîner hygiénique*—a sober menu of broiled fish and roast capon, with cooked salad in white sauce as an entrée, and baked apples for dessert, instead of the traditional *bombe glacée*. It was after dinner, as we sat over our coffee in the living room, that Paul brought up the subject of his and my projected trip to the Ariège Pyrenees for the opening of the trout season. We planned to go first to *Maman's* summer house at Ste. Croix, in the foothills, and then on to the mountains. "We won't be able to climb very high, but the snow should be off the lower slopes by now," Paul said.

At that point, Guy, who looked more like Proust than ever as he sat hunched by the fireplace with his coffee cup balanced on his knee, made his surprising statement that he would like to join us on the trip.

"*Bonne idée*," Paul said heartily. It was a mere reflex of politeness, I suppose; actually he must have been as appalled as I was. Certainly Guy Bernac was the last person either of us would have chosen as a fitting companion on such an outing. The picture of that scholarly figure toiling up snow-covered mountains in the spring rain was beyond my imagining.

Maman doubtless shared the feeling; she spoke up with her customary frankness. "But, *mon pauvre garçon*, the children are going after trout. They'll be out from morning till night. And you know Paul—he has mountain legs and he's tireless."

"*Maman* means that I have the reputation of killing my friends in the mountains," Paul said dryly.

"What about your wife?" *Maman* said. "She lost twenty pounds the first summer."

"Twelve," I amended. It *had* been a strenuous summer.

"And poor young Belair, who came back to Paris with his leg in a cast," she continued.

"The imbecile *would* climb in sandals instead of boots," Paul said mildly. "It could have happened to anyone."

Maman addressed Guy again. "And they won't have time for cooking. They'll live on hard sausage and mountain cheese. You, my poor boy, with your delicate digestion . . ."

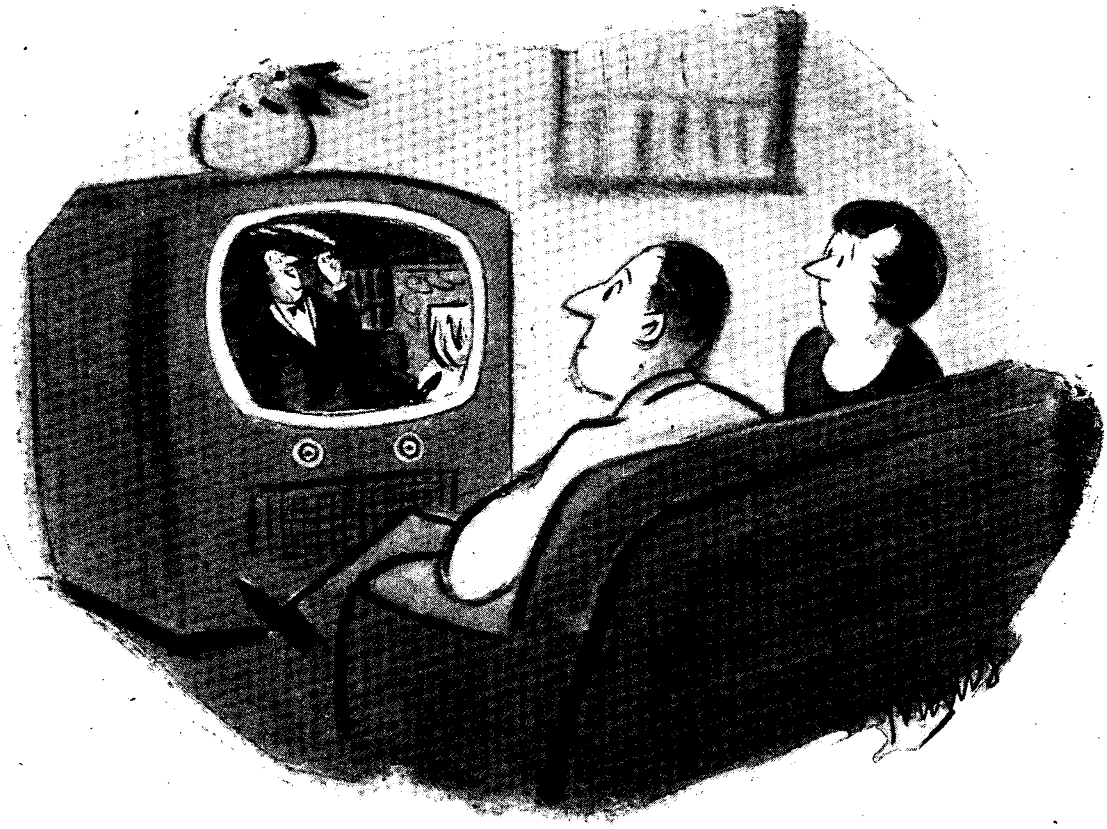
It was distinctly the wrong thing to say. Guy stiffened. "I managed to survive the war, *chère Madame*," he said, with formal politeness, and he went on to explain that he had reasons of his own for wanting to make the journey to the southwest just then. "It will be sport of a sort, though not trout fishing," he said, with an air of quiet amusement, and then told us that he had happened on a bit of Gascon history he intended to verify on the spot. Oh, nothing important, a mere fragment. It concerned one of the great figures of the Pyrenees—Gaston Phoebus, Comte de Foix.

"The great Count?" Paul said, with a quick look of interest. "Now, there is a man I'd give a lot to have known!

Foix is about twenty miles from Ste. Croix, so if you omit the centuries, Count Gaston is almost a next-door neighbor. He was a huntsman after my own heart. You know, *Maman*, he bred our famous Ariège strain of bird dogs, and he kept thousands of hounds in his kennels."

"Sixteen hundred," Guy corrected him, whereupon *Maman* came to her son's support with the remark that sixteen hundred hounds seemed to her quite a lot for any man to own.

"Gaston Phoebus was a poet, too," Paul said. "In Ariège today, everyone knows his song 'Aquelloi Mountaños.' " He paused to sing us the first stanza, in which *Maman* joined him. When they had finished, he added, "I can show you the very window of the château at Foix where he composed it. I've heard that he lived surrounded by troubadours, and handed out gifts to all who came."



"And for those of you who have managed to stop smoking, doesn't this bring back memories of pleasant hours of rich, relaxed contentment?"

"Hmm," Guy said, stirring his coffee. "It's true that Count Gaston wrote a good many verses—pretty mediocre ones, from what I've seen of them. And I grant that he was lavish—with other people's money. On the whole, he seems to have been a fairly typical *grand seigneur* of his day. He killed at least one cousin, and probably murdered his son."

"His *own son*?" *Maman* said, in a shocked voice.

"Well, the only legitimate one. Gaston seems to have been fonder of his bastards—there were quite a few of them—and of one bastard in particular."

"The one who inherited, I suppose?" Paul said.

"As it turned out, he didn't." Again Guy gave his attention to his coffee.

"But where do *you* come in?" I asked.

"Oh, I've merely happened on a bit of evidence—at least, I think it's evidence, and I've gone into the matter pretty thoroughly—that the Comte de Foix murdered his legitimate son with the help of his favorite bastard. We already know that the Count killed the boy with his own hand, but according to Froissart, who records the story in his 'Chronicle,' it was purely an accident. What I mean is I think I've discovered the whole thing was *planned*. I've been corresponding with the archivist at Foix about it, and he agrees that—"

Here *Maman*, who had gone to the piano and was softly playing the Count's song, stopped abruptly and broke in so sharply that we all looked at her. "I wouldn't have anything to do with it! No, I wouldn't!" Then, with a glance at Paul, "And you needn't laugh at me for a silly old woman, either. I mean exactly what I say. What if the man did murder his son? He's been dead for a long time now. In fact, they're all dead. I can't see the good of stirring up— well, you don't know what you may be stirring up. And what's the use of it, anyhow?"

This outburst provoked a low whistle from Paul.

Guy said quietly, "It's a page of history, Madame."

Maman struck an impatient chord on the piano, and got up. "If you take my advice, you'll remember the song and forget the murder," she said.

Her remark disposed of the subject for that part of the evening, but after Guy had left, Paul brought it up again, with a somewhat ironical comment on the well-known Gascon *fougue* (ardor) and what it could do to a piece of research. "To hear him, you would think he was dealing with a flesh-and-blood enemy," Paul said. "He won't rest now until poor Gaston Phoebus and his legend are torn to tatters. Of course, it's true that in this case Guy is renewing a family feud—"

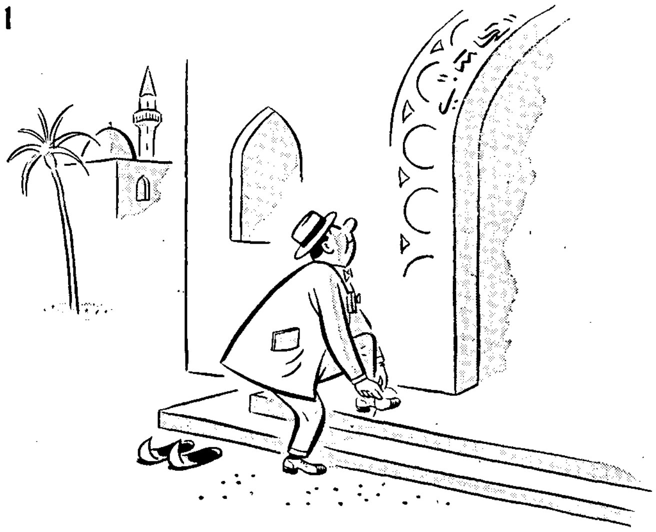
"It must be a pretty old quarrel," I said.

"It is," Paul agreed. "It goes back to Joan of Arc, and even a few decades earlier, to the time when the Armagnacs and the Comte de Foix were feuding. Guy's family belonged to the Armagnac crowd, and today Guy is out for their old enemy, the Comte de Foix. That's clear enough, isn't it?"

"It sounds pretty silly to me," I said. "After over five hundred years."

"If you think a few centuries count for Guy!" Paul said, with a laugh.

ABOUT a week later, when my husband and I took off for Ariège on our fishing trip, Guy Bernac went with us. He said he wanted to see Ste. Croix again; he had not been there since he used to visit Paul and his parents at the house in the foothills before the First World War. This, however, would merely be a detour; after Paul and I left for the high mountains, he would go on by bus or car to Foix, 1



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where he had an appointment with the archivist.

As usual, we took the night train to Toulouse. As usual, too, we sat up, each in a corner of the compartment. Paul settled himself to sleep straightway (he could sleep anywhere); I pulled out the seat and adjusted two rented pillows in my corner; Guy, who sat by the door and seemed as wakeful as I was, got out his bundle of notes and shuffled through them in the light from the corridor. As I watched him, absorbed and intent on his "mystery story," I could not help thinking that the mystery had been considerably exaggerated. The grim story of Count Gaston and his son seemed clear enough to me now, for Paul and I had looked up the tale in Froissart since our talk with Guy at *Maman's*.

Briefly, the story was this: The Comte de Foix's bastard son, whom the Count "loved entirely," according to Froissart, charged young Gaston, the legitimate son, with having plotted to poison his father. In spite of the boy's protestations of innocence, the Count promptly put to death a dozen or so of his son's retainers and clapped young Gaston into a dark dungeon. A week or so later, the Count was, so Froissart says, paring his nails with his dagger when the news was brought to him that his imprisoned son refused to eat, so he hurried to the dungeon to argue with the boy. There, still according to Froissart, the point of the dagger, which the Count had forgotten to sheathe, "happened" to encounter his son's jugular vein. ("*Comme par hasard*" was Paul's amused comment.) Not long after that unhappy accident, the Comte de Foix died of a stroke one hot day after the hunt. The bastard's evil scheming, if it was such, came to nothing, for soon after, he, like his half brother, lost his life in a regrettable "accident." (The bastard and some of his friends had dressed up as "savages" to amuse a wedding party at the French court. Their highly inflammable costumes caught fire when the Duke of Orléans brought a torch too near.) As Paul said, they were not a lucky family. The new evidence that Guy had turned up was a letter from the dying bastard's confessor to one of the southern bishops, which Guy claimed was as damning to the defunct Comte de Foix as to his natural son.

As the express tore through the night with the jiggling roll peculiar to French trains, I had plenty of time to meditate on Guy's "page of history." At five in the morning, we changed at Toulouse for a train that took us south and west along the Garonne to Cazères, where we got out in the chill blue air of the mountain dawn.

On the platform, Paul reminded Guy that the town had been the scene of one of the Comte de Foix's minor victories over Guy's ancestors, the Armagnacs. "It looks as if old Gaston might have it in for you, too," Paul said, pointing toward the southeast. Above us the sky was pure, but over in the direction of Foix the clouds hung low and black, shutting off the view of the peaks. "He seems to be gathering his thunder. Don't you think you'd be wiser just to stay on with us in Ste. Croix?"

By way of reply, Guy drew himself up and—with a perfectly sober face—directed toward his adversary in the clouds an expert, if curtailed, version of the swordsman's salute before engaging in an assault. "*A nous deux, Comte Gaston,*" he said with a laugh.

WE had a long wait before the *courrier* from Ste. Croix, in his prewar Ford, came rattling up to the station, full of apologies: Two flat tires on the way; he had had to change a wheel and mend an inner tube by the roadside in the dark. "And the valley's a quagmire," he said. "Nothing but rain for the past ten days."

"Why not take the hill road back, if your engine can make the grade?" Paul suggested. "It's longer, but you'll avoid the mud and we'll have the view of the mountains all the way."

The *courrier* demurred; he had used up his one spare and he didn't dare risk another blowout, "up there in the desert, away from everything." So we all climbed into the Ford and clattered down into the Volp Valley, with poplars pricking up through mist that flowed above the stream like an aerial river.

At *Maman's* house in Ste. Croix, the shutters of the ground-floor windows stood open, and two of the neighbor women who worked for her in the summer shouted from the doorway that breakfast was waiting in the kitchen. The *courrier*, who had accepted our invitation to come in for a cup of coffee, was the last to leave the car. As he swung himself down, he let out so explosive an oath that we all stopped in our tracks and looked around.

"*Bordel de Diou*, will you look at that! I must have been crazy." The *courrier* was staring down at the running board. On it, just below the driver's seat, lay five hexagonal wheel nuts. Catching up a wrench from the floor of the car, he squatted by the front wheel, adjusted the nuts, and screwed them angrily in place. "Never did such a thing in my life," he muttered. "I can't understand it. I can't understand, either, what made that wheel stay on."

"Don't try," Paul advised him. "Just be thankful we didn't take the upper road, with all those hairpin turns." He glanced at Guy. "Score one for your

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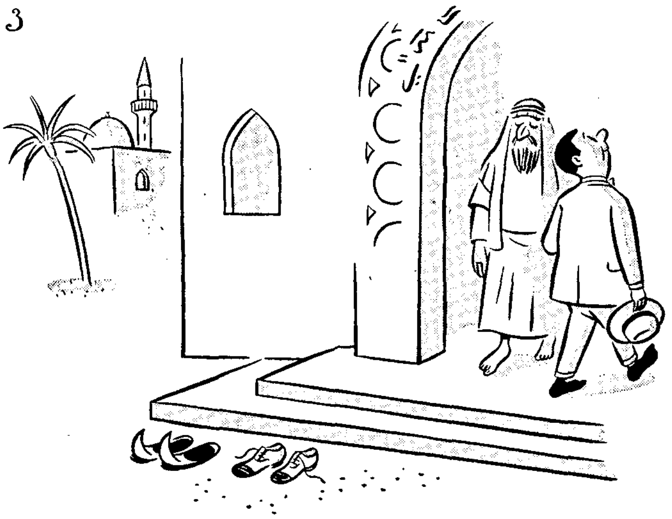

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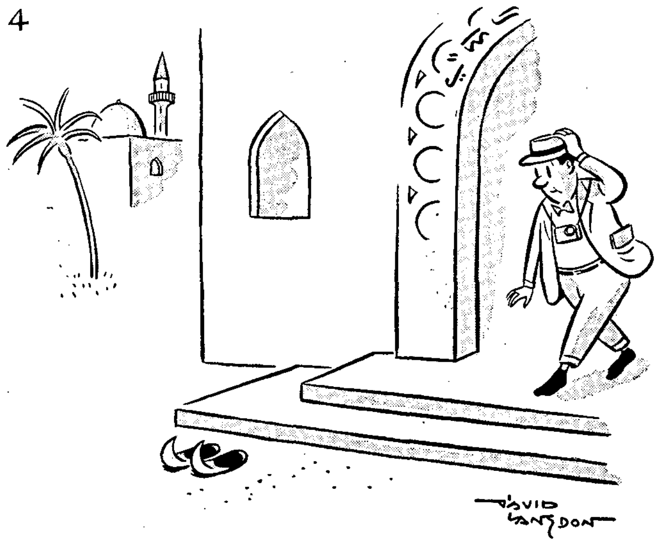

friend Gaston," he said, with a grin. "He almost got you that time—and us too. I'd call it a pretty straight thrust."

"Parried," Guy said briefly.

"So it was—by your guardian angel, or ours. Just the same, in your place, I'd be on my guard from now on. Look out for the *coup de Jarnac*."

Though Paul spoke in jest, it sounded ominous to me. Guy did not appear to hear. He stood in the middle of the road, gazing dreamily up the valley toward the mountains. In the foreground, the meadows of the Volp lay smooth and green as a golf course under tier after tier of blossoming fruit trees. "I *am* half inclined to stay with you longer than I planned. There's really no hurry about getting to Foix," he said, turning back to us. "Who knows? I might even do a bit of climbing."

"*Bonne idée.*" Paul made a brave effort, but it sounded feeble. "Did you bring any mountain boots?"

Guy looked down at his city shoes. "I have rubbers."

"*Rubbers!*" From the way Paul said it, it sounded like a swearword.

Behind him, the *courrier* grinned delightedly. "It's my guess that you will have need of them, Monsieur," he said.

As we went into the house, I squeezed by husband's elbow and whispered, "But surely you won't let him climb?"

Paul shrugged off my hand. "Let him? Try *not* letting him."

When we sat down to breakfast, Paul remarked cheerfully to Guy, "My wife is afraid you'll slip and break your neck."

Guy's smile was polite, if stubborn. "If I do, you can blame the Comte de Foix," he said evenly.

THAT was the last we heard of Count Gaston Phoebus for quite some time. During the next twenty-four hours, Guy appeared to forget him completely, and certainly that afternoon, as we rode in a bus through the foothills toward the high mountains, he evinced no curiosity about buses or trains going to Foix. Like a medieval lord touring his fief—and, after all, the old Gascon country *was* Guy's fief—he seemed content to *chevaucher*, lance at rest, through the wet spring landscape, and though the scholarly notes made a conspicuous bulge in the breast of his coat, he never once referred to them.

Before we reached St. Girons, it had begun to rain in earnest, and at Sentein, the village where we planned to spend the night, we got out in a real mountain downpour, with the thunder rolling and cracking overhead. Paul splashed on ahead to the inn, to reconnoitre, then came back and met Guy and me halfway down the street with the news that there was a wedding party going on there, so we would be assured of a good dinner. "But the streams are all flooded. *Sale temps*," he said gloomily.

We heard sounds of the wedding before we reached the inn. In the main *salle*, fifty or sixty guests sat at two long tables, and from the look of the place their banquet had been going on for hours. The *digestifs* were being served as we came in, and we had to stop and clink glasses with the bride and groom and their parents before we were allowed to proceed to our table. During our meal, which was long and elaborate—a repetition of the wedding dinner—I watched Guy with some apprehension. To my relief, he ate little, his attention focussed on the long tables. It struck me then that I had never seen him look healthier, in spite of the night in the train and the long ride in the bus. It also struck me, as I watched him, how much he resembled the dark-skinned peasant folk of the wedding party. Their build was sturdier than his, but the kinship was apparent—it was the same blood—and from the sympathetic glances that came his way I inferred that our neighbors recognized it. The seigneur at the village *noce*, I thought, as Guy raised his glass, bowing above it to the bride. She had risen to her feet and, after considerable urging, was embarking on the "wedding song," which she delivered, between giggles, with a strong Gascon accent:

"*J'avais juré du temps de ma jeunesse*
De ne jamais me ma-ri-er....
Adieu, le temps de ma jeunesse
Adieu, l'aimable qualité
L'aimable qualité de fille."

When the bride finished, it was the groom's turn, and after that the singing became general. We had the usual series—everything from "Tolosa, O Tolosa," to the inevitable bawdy "Curé de Montauban"—all very noisy and considerably off key. When the singers started on "Les Montagnards," I decided that I had listened quite long enough. I got up from the table. "I'm going to bed. If you want to start out at daybreak, don't you think—"

Guy rose at once, but only to wish me a courtly good night. Paul was singing with the others:

"*Halte là, halte là, halte là!*
Les montagnards sont là!"

The mountaineers were very much there; the refrain pursued me all the way up the stairs and into our room. By the time I was ready for bed, the party below had shifted to "Aquelloi Mountaños," the Count of Foix's song. I detected Paul's tenor above the other voices; I wondered whether Guy was singing, too, and whether the song reminded him of his reason for coming to the Pyrenees. Then the dancing started. I could not catch the tune, because of the clapping and stamping, but I recognized the rhythm.

"Still awake?" Paul said when he came in. "You should have stayed down longer. They're doing the *bourrée.*"

"You don't need to tell me," I said crossly. "It's right here in the room, from the sound. I hope Guy enjoyed it."

"Guy? There's no dragging him away. When I left, he was ordering a round of *mousseux* for the whole party. He's making a night of it."

"So will we, if this keeps up," I said.

I cannot hear the *bourrée* nowadays without remembering that night. The bed rocked, the house rocked; it was a nightmare of sleeplessness, and every time I seemed about to drop off, Paul would switch on the light to look at his watch. Finally, I must have dozed, for suddenly I was conscious that the noise below had stopped and that Paul was standing at the window, peering out between the shutters.

"It's four o'clock and the rain has let up. We're in luck," he said.

"Oh, are we? It's about time!" I said, still cross. An idea occurred to me and I clambered out of bed. "Why not let Guy sleep? He must be half dead anyway—two white nights in succession. We can leave word that we'll pick him up at the end of the day. Or maybe he'll decide to go on to Foix?"

Perhaps I sounded too hopeful. Paul turned away from the window and gave me a long look. "Don't tell me that you take Guy's 'duel' seriously?" He shrugged. "You're as bad as *Maman.* At this season, one never can be sure of the weather."

"Of course," I said.

We dressed in haste and gathered up our rods and creels. As we tiptoed past Guy's door, it opened and he stepped out into the hall, fully dressed. "I thought I heard you stirring," he said. In the light of Paul's flashlight, he looked a little wan, but his eyes were alert and his expression was determined.

OUT-OF-DOORS, it was still dark. Not a star showed in the overcast sky, and the air held a promise of rain. After walking a few hundred yards, we left the road and took a path leading into one of the valleys that cut deep grooves in the nothern slope of Mont Vallier. I wondered at the time why Paul had selected that particular valley. It was long and tortuous, its narrow gorges were heaped with boulders, and beech trees grew so thick on the steep slopes that even at midday they made a twilight along the torrent. However, the trail was in good condition—lumbermen used it to mount to the high pinewoods, where they cut timber at that season—and Paul said afterward that that was what he had had in mind when he chose it.

As we swung along the path with the beam of Paul's flash flickering ahead, we felt the dank wind from the swollen torrent on our left and heard it roaring below us in the dark. The noise it made would have discouraged most fishermen, but Paul pushed on determinedly. When the first gray light broke through the beeches, he left Guy and me on the path and went plunging down through the brush and rocks to try his luck. He would follow the stream, he said, and meet us higher up, at the foot of a cascade, where the stream made a sheer three-hundred-foot drop from one of the mountain lakes. If we found snow on the ground before reaching the cascade, we could wait for him at the snow line.

Guy and I continued at a leisurely pace up the path, among the glistening, wet beech trunks. The grade had grown steeper and I was glad to take it slowly. Whenever we crossed one of the lesser brooks that raged down the mountainside—each a small torrent in itself—I kept a nervous eye on my companion. But always he managed to cross safely, in spite of the rubbers, and invariably he held out a hand to help me over. He was surprisingly sure-footed on the slippery stones. Neither of us did much talking. I was still fighting the night's fatigue, and Guy seemed to be concentrating on getting wherever we were going. From the set of his chin, I could tell that he meant to drive his frail body to the limit of its strength—provided there was a limit, which I almost doubted. I had begun to think that there might be something after all in what the French call *race* and the English call blood.

As we climbed higher, we found patches of snow among the rocks, but when we came out of the beechwoods, there wasn't a trace of it in the open valley ahead. At that point, the path dropped steeply for a hundred feet or more, to a mountain meadow that slanted on down to the torrent, its grass matted and burnt where the snow had lain. At the bottom of the meadow, by the stream, a stone barn stood under a solitary beech tree, and as we passed it, I noticed smoke rising from the louvers in one of the gables. I wondered what anyone could be doing there at that season. Probably a fisherman, I thought; it was months too early for shepherds.

From then on, the trail followed the main torrent, twisting around rocks with clumps of narcissus growing in the crannies, and dipping into troughs of ankle-deep mud at every hollow. On either side, the valley walls rose stark

GEO. B. BURKE'S
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and treeless to pinewoods at the top, their granite surface broken here and there by a rockslide or a dirty-white patch of névé. From the meadow, we had had our first view of the cascade—a thin white streak dropping from the high hidden lake down the face of the cliff that sealed off the upper end of the valley. The cascade looked deceptively near, but between it and us lay rise after rise of heaped boulders, with terrace-like strips of meadow lying between. The path zigzagged up among the rocks, scarcely more than a sheep trail.

"Haven't you had enough?" I asked Guy after we had toiled on for perhaps an hour.

"Not—yet." His breath came in gasps, and trickles of sweat dripped from his cheeks to the collar of the borrowed windbreaker, which he wore over his city suit. He dabbed at his face discreetly with a handkerchief.

Another thirty minutes and I stalled completely. "I won't go a step farther," I said. "There's no point, anyhow. Either Paul is ahead, and he'll turn back when he doesn't find us, or he's behind, and if we wait here, he'll catch up. Besides, it's going to rain again. Just look at the sky!"

Guy leaned against a rock to breathe, but he kept his eyes fixed obstinately on the white ribbon of the cascade. "It's a pity to give up," he said. "We're almost there."

So I had to try another tack. "I'm afraid I can't make it—I'm completely fagged," I said. (It was quite true.) "I'm terribly ashamed."

It worked, as I had felt sure it would. Guy turned his back resolutely on the cascade and sat down beside me. His smile was very kind as he said, "There's nothing to be ashamed of. You are out of training, that's all. To tell the truth, I'm almost done in myself. It's been years since I did this sort of thing."

"It *is* rather removed from the Mazarine," I said. "By the way, do you see that pass up there to the right? It's the Trois Comtes, the shortest route to Foix. In summer, you'd only have to keep on going. As it is, you'll have to take the long way round, by Sentein and St. Girons."

"The scholars' route," Guy said wryly. "We've fallen off a lot since Gaston Phoebus's day."

"I don't think the great Count himself would have risked the pass at this time of year," I said. "Even he wasn't a match for an avalanche."

We sat there quite a while—long enough to begin hearing "voices," as one does in the mountains, and to take distant flickers of water for a face or a gesturing hand—until we heard Paul's halloo and he came climbing up the rocks from below. He had lost his beret and was drenched up to his waist.

"Not a chance," he called when he came within hearing distance. "Too much water everywhere. And now we're going to get it from the sky. Look what's piling up on the pass." He sat down on a stone and started taking his rod apart.

"What's that falling over there?" Guy, who faced the mountain, pointed to a slender black something that came hurtling down from the crest of the cliff by the cascade. In its drop, it hit a rock, shot into space, then fell out of sight to the valley floor. Others followed, plummeting down through the air.

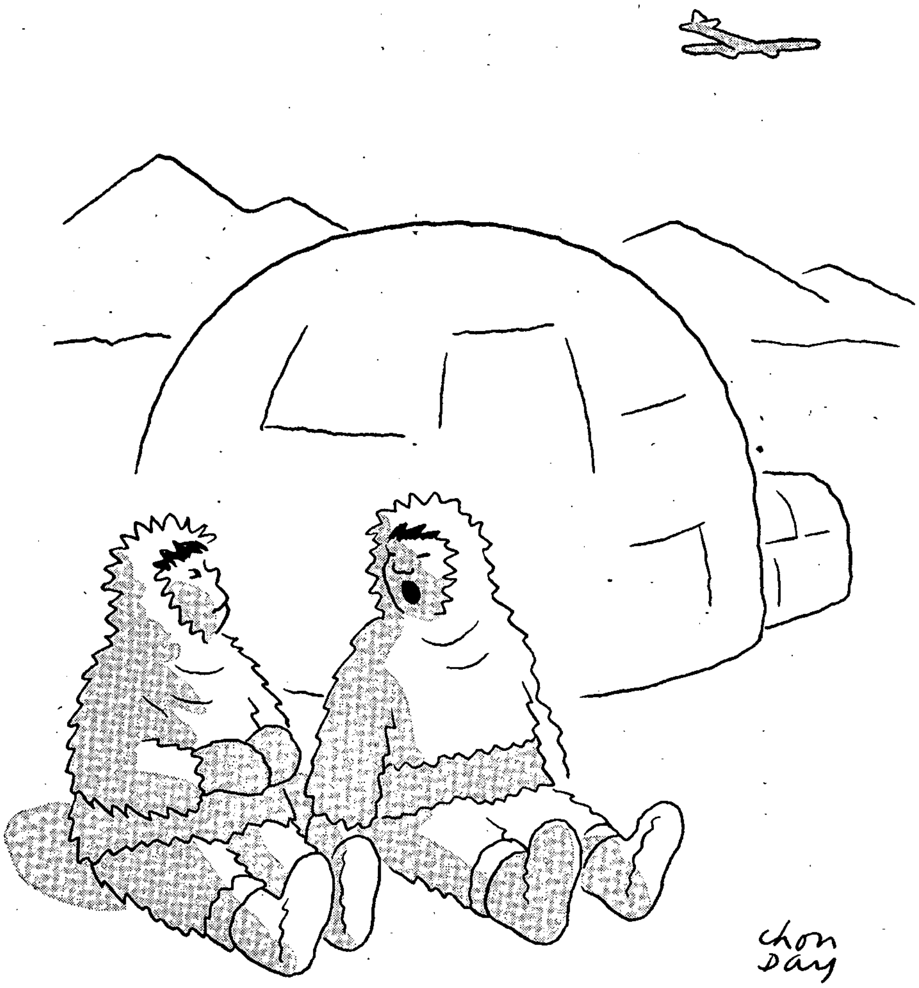
"Pine logs," Paul said. "The woodsmen shoot them over the edge and let the spring torrent do the rest." He strapped up the sections of his rod.

I looked at Guy. "It's just as well we didn't push on to the foot of the cascade."

He gave me one of his abbreviated bows—a deferential dip of the head with which he always punctuated his remarks to a lady. "I thank you for including yourself," he said.

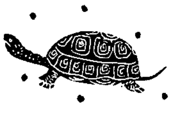
Then the rain caught us. Like all mountain storms, it broke with dramatic swiftness—a few pelting drops, a mad whirl of wind, and then the downpour. At first, we couldn't see anything; the three of us stood huddled together like horses in a field, waiting for the first onslaught to pass before we began the descent. Then we started down. I have no idea how long it took us to reach the shelter of the stone barn we had passed on the way up. Every strip of sodden grass was as slippery underfoot as wet seaweed, and the zigzags among the rocks ran like rushing brooks. Once, as I looked back, I caught sight of Guy picking himself up from a pool at the base of a big boulder. He gave me a reassuring wave and we splashed on.

At the barn, we found its owner, an old shepherd from Sentein, who had come up with the woodcutters; the cutters were spending the nights at the barn, he said. He greeted us jovially



"The way I see it, a third world war would mean the end of civilization as they know it."

and stated that he was expecting us; he had seen us pass before the storm began. By way of welcome, he had built up the fire and set a big saucepan of coffee over the flame. We accepted the coffee gratefully and hung our drenched windbreakers and jackets on the wall near the fire. When Guy stripped off his suit coat, the shepherd was horrified to see that he was wearing no sweater underneath it—only his shirt and waistcoat. Muttering something about city clothes and pneumonia, the old man hunted out a sweater of his own—a thick knitted jacket of rough, undyed sheep's wool that fastened with strings instead of buttons—and made Guy put it on. In the meantime, Paul tugged off his boots and wrung out his wet socks, and then the two of us stretched out on the woodsmen's blankets, which lay piled on a wiry heap of juniper. Guy and the shepherd sat facing each other on stools by the fire.



For a while, I lay listening to the murmur of their voices, the hiss and sputter of the juniper twigs, and the steady splash of rain outside the door, which opened toward the head of the gorge; we kept it ajar because of the smoke. Then, half dozing, I became aware that the old man was singing. The song had no distinguishable air—it was almost tuneless—and since it was in the Gascon patois, I could not understand the words, though I caught one phrase that kept recurring—"*La belle Fiorentù . . . La belle Fiorentù . . .*" Apparently, the lady had a long, sad history; the song went on for stanza after stanza. From the concentrated attention that Guy gave it, it was clearly a very ancient one. It might date from the time of Gaston Phoebus, I thought, watching Guy's face in the firelight. Perhaps some minstrel had sung it in the castle hall while the torches sputtered and the fire crackled and the Count sat at his midnight supper with his favorite hunting dogs sprawled at his feet.

Was that the thunder again? We all heard it—a deep, low roll, prolonged and heavy, echoing among the peaks. The song broke off; the shepherd raised his head, listening. "Another avalanche up there. *C'est la saison.*" He threw more juniper on the fire.

Paul sat up, yawning, glanced at the door and then at his watch. "Rain or no rain, we'd better be on our way down," he said. He pulled on one boot, reached out his hand for the second—and then came that other sound. I don't know quite how to describe it; it began as a jarring shock you felt rather than heard, and swelled to a grinding roar that filled the whole valley. The shepherd sprang to his feet, knocking over his stool. He took one look through the doorway. "Avalanche! The whole lake's coming down over the cascade! *Nom de Dieu, dépêchons-nous!*" he shouted, and bolted out through the door.

THE next few minutes live in my memory as a sequence of sharp impressions: Paul's limping, one-booted gait as he hustled me at top speed across the slanting meadow toward the steep bank above it; the shepherd ahead, scrambling up that bare incline, agile as a cat in his sabots; my own climb after him, among stones that broke away as I clutched them and rivers of wet shale that crumbled like sand under my hobnailed mountain boots.

However, we did manage in our *sauve-qui-peut* to reach the top of that almost vertical wall where the path came out of the beechwoods, and it was then, as we crouched breathless a hundred feet above the upper rim of the meadow, that I realized there were only three of us. In the same flash, I remembered Guy's city shoes and rubbers. Glancing down, I saw him standing at the foot of the steep bank; he must have slipped and fallen, for he was coated with mud. As I looked, he shook his shoulders (how I recognized that shrug!), wheeled about, and, to my utter stupefaction, started down the sloping meadow in the direction of the barn. I can still see that picture of the barn under the beech tree and Guy walking toward it; he was not even running.

Beside me, Paul had lunged to his feet. I don't know what he intended to do, for at that instant we saw the wall. That is precisely what it looked like—a moving wall of rocks and water, bristling with pine trunks, that rushed down the valley at terrific speed. No doubt our perspective made it appear higher than it was when we first saw it, for it seemed to flatten somewhat as it approached. The grinding roar—and the water of the lake—came with it. I took a last look at the meadow—Guy was halfway down it—and then I shut my eyes. When I looked again, there was no beech tree and no barn—only tumbling yellow water that filled the valley bottom like a broad river. And there on the grass at the very brink of the flood lay Guy. He said afterward that the wind of the avalanche had thrown him to the ground, like the blast from an explosion, when he was halfway back to the barn. The yellow current foamed and sucked at the meadow grass just a few feet below him.

The three of us on the hillside made the descent in record time. It was one long slide, and I think Paul swore all the way down. He reached his friend before I did, so I didn't hear what he said to Guy as he helped him to his feet, but I was in time for the reply.

"I was going back for my coat; it had my notes in it," Guy said.

His coat! I saw it in my imagination as he made that incredible statement, spilling the papers as it whirled down the gorges, churned to a rag in the current. Guy's next remark, though banal enough, was typical in its implications. He glanced from the peak above us to the yellow water at his feet. "It's of no consequence, no consequence whatever," he said, with a gesture that dismissed the mountain, the avalanche, the great Count, and himself.

GUY never did get to Foix that spring. Perhaps the continued rain helped to dampen his Gascon enthusiasm, or it may have been because of the lost papers, or the fact that, as he admitted, he felt "rather limp" after his experience in the mountains. Anyhow, he decided to postpone going to Foix until a more favorable season. "It's just as well," Paul said. "If you did go, you'd probably find the record office burnt down and the archivist dead of a stroke." As it was, the "duel" of the two Counts had terminated without a casualty, so in one sense we could think ourselves lucky, all things considered—even though our "murderous" trip to the Pyrenees, as *Maman* insisted on calling it, ended in defeat for everyone, the trout fishers included. It was also a defeat for the Armagnacs, Paul pointed out to Guy. "I'm convinced that your friend Gaston Phoebus had nothing to do with it, though," he said. "That avalanche wasn't the work of a *preux chevalier*. Your quarrel was with the Count's bastard, *mon vieux*. I've thought all along that the bastard was the villain of the piece."

Guy took the teasing in good part, though he looked annoyed. So far as I know, he never duplicated the notes that the mountain had taken. He said, of course, that he intended to someday, when he found the time. That year he was far too busy; he had to finish his monograph on the regency of Philippe II d'Orléans, who governed France during the boyhood of Louis XV. (Guy had dug up a lot of new documents somewhere.) Compared to a Duke of Orléans who was also Regent of France, even the great Count of Foix was definitely a minor figure.

—IDA TREAT

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAST LAP

THE Dorchester section of Boston, a run-down reach of flats and factories at the mouth of the Neponset River, is celebrated as the site of the third permanent Puritan settlement in Massachusetts, the birthplace of Increase Mather, and the home of Baker's Chocolate. It is also celebrated, if somewhat less widely, as the seat of the Dorchester Pottery Works. The Dorchester Pottery Works was founded by a New England Scotsman named George Henderson, in 1884. After his death, in 1928, the business passed into the hands of his son, and only child, Charles Wilson Henderson. It is now run jointly by the son and his wife, Ethel Hill Henderson, and though both are in or near their sixties they operate it almost entirely themselves. Their only employees are two Italian potters—one a septuagenarian—and a brother of Mrs. Henderson's, Charles Hill, an amateur artist and a chemical engineer, who turned up shortly after the war and promptly made himself useful and at home. Forty or fifty years ago, there were hundreds of such potteries in the United States. Every large town in the East and the Middle West had at least one. The Dorchester Pottery Works is still one of many, but time and the temperament of its owners have long since made it unique. It is, and has been for almost a generation, the only pottery in the country exclusively engaged in the manufacture of hand-turned, hand-glazed, high-fired stoneware. Some authorities rank its products among the finest of their kind in the world.

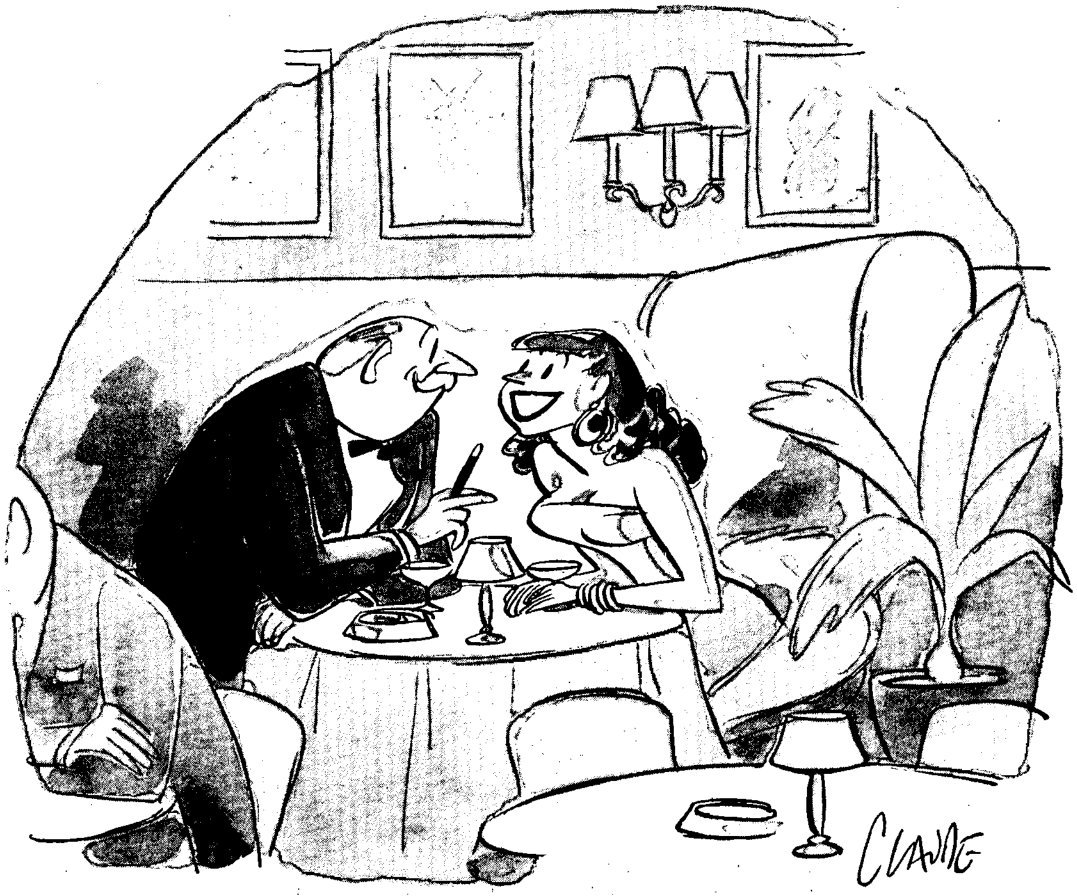
I was up in Boston not long ago, and one raw, drizzly afternoon I went out to Dorchester and spent a couple of hours at the Dorchester Pottery Works. A Fields Corner subway, a Neponset bus, and a five-minute walk down a cratered street flanked at a little distance by a railroad embankment brought it into view. In spite of the weather, I stopped and stared. Set just off the street, with the cindery slope of the embankment on one side and a dark desolation of weeds and waste beyond, it consisted of three bedraggled buildings hunched around a cobbled courtyard. One was a big, hulking two-story clapboard factory, some ninety feet long and forty feet wide, with a flat roof and a soaring pink brick chimney. Across its face were the faded remains of a sign. What was left of it read, "DORC EST R POTT RY." The other buildings were a gaunt frame house and a corrugated-iron shed. It was a grim and dispiriting sight. Also, the place looked abandoned. The paint was peeling on all three buildings, the blinds were drawn in the front of the house, and the mighty stack appeared as cold and lifeless as the sky. A 1941 Ford station wagon with dented fenders and a splintered tail gate, parked in a side court near the entrance to the house, was the only indication that there might be somebody around. I headed for the house. There was a push-button bell to the right of the door, and above it was a dog-eared card: "Ring Bell & Walk In." I pushed the bell and opened the door, and stepped into an empty room with a counter near the entrance, a wall of empty shelves, and four closed doors. Sitting on the counter, beside a pile of old newspapers, was a pale-blue pottery casserole. It was as plump as a melon and as sleek as an egg, and the blue was the blue of bay water burning in the sun. I had never seen a handsomer piece of work. I walked over and lifted the lid. The inside of the casserole seemed to be finished in the same soft blue, but I couldn't be sure. It was choked with cigarette butts.

There was a sound of approaching footsteps. I replaced the lid and stood back and waited. Then a door at the far end of the room creaked open and a tall, slender, bespectacled woman with a coronet of graying hair looked inquiringly in. She was smoking a cigarette, and she had on a blue denim skirt, a candy-striped blouse, a bright-red cardigan, and practical black oxfords. The front of her sweater was streaked with cigarette ash. "Oh," she said. "I *thought* I heard the bell, but. . ." She adjusted her glasses. "I was down in the basement."

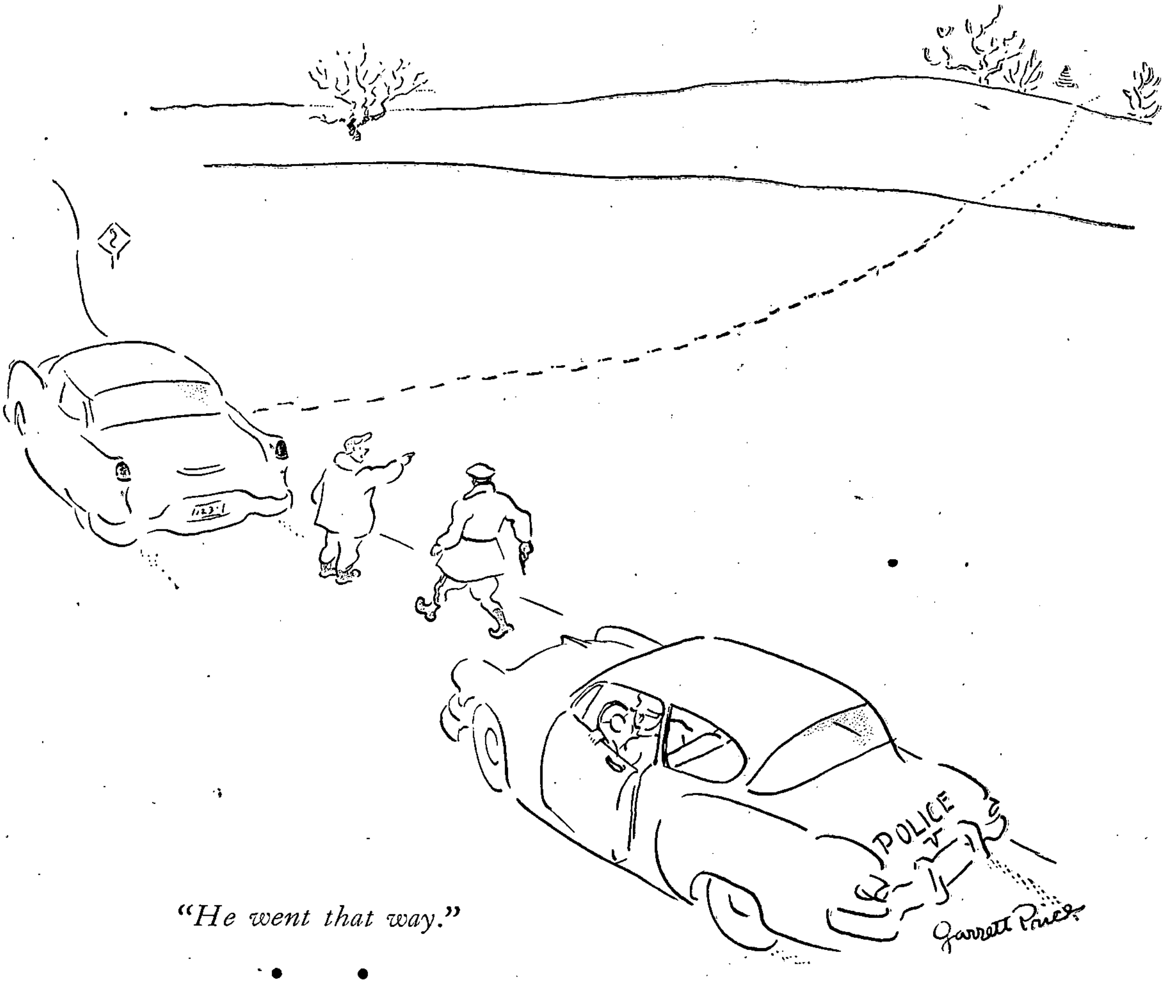
I said I hadn't been waiting long, and asked, "Is Mr. Henderson in?"

"*Mr.* Henderson?" She looked surprised. "I'm not quite sure. But I'm Mrs. Henderson. Perhaps I can help you."

I introduced myself. I had heard of Dorchester pottery, I told her, and was



"You are? Why, I'm a Republican myself!"



"He went that way."

interested in finding out how it was made.

"I see," Mrs. Henderson said. "Well, I don't blame you." She moved toward the counter. "It's the most fascinating thing in the world. Everybody says so. I must say you picked a good time, too. Another week or so, and you would have been out of luck till spring. We're almost ready to start our winter kill. We have four a year, and for a few days before and several weeks after I'm usually too busy to even say hello."

"Kill?" I said.

Mrs. Henderson smiled. "K-i-l-n," she said. "It means the place where pottery is fired, and also the process. I'm sure you've seen the word. Only, we prefer to pronounce it in the old-fashioned way. It suits an old last-of-the-Mohican business like this. When I show you our kiln, I think you'll probably agree." She reached toward the casserole and stubbed out her cigarette. "But before we go over to the factory, perhaps you'd like to see some of our work? There's some on display in the next room."

I said I would. "I was just admiring that casserole," I added. "It's a beauty."

"That old thing?" Mrs. Henderson said. "Good heavens! I'm afraid you're very easily pleased. It's a reject. The glaze around the lip is a mess. Something went wrong in the firing. Not that the samples you'll see are much better. We're down to the last of everything. It's always that way, of course, this close to a kiln. There's still enough to give you an idea, though. Besides, I left my cigarettes in there."

Mrs. Henderson opened a door leading to the front of the house. I followed her into a small, stuffy, twilit room. Three of its walls, including one with a row of shade-drawn windows, were lined from floor to ceiling with shadowy shelves of pottery. A massive center table, also crowded with pottery, occupied most of the rest of the room. Beyond it, through a wide archway, was another, somewhat larger room, with another row of shaded windows and another loaded table and three more walls of shelves. Mrs. Henderson hesitated, and then led the way around the big table. "If you don't mind," she said, "I think we'll be more comfortable in the other room. I will, anyway. I'm supposed to rest as much as I can. I may not look it and I very seldom speak of it, but I'm practically an invalid. My brother and my husband and I were in a terrible automobile accident three years ago. It almost ended Dorchester Pottery a little before its time. We three are it, you know. Nobody else knows the secret and nobody ever will. My brother is a bachelor, and Mr. Henderson and I haven't any children. So there are no heirs. And we were all seriously injured. Fortunately, I got the worst of it. My neck was broken. I say 'fortunately' because I'm a woman and women can stand more pain than men. I suppose you know that."

We passed under the arch and entered the larger room. A Morris chair, with a telephone on a rickety stand next to it, stood in a corner by the windows. Near it were two leather-seated side chairs. Mrs. Henderson felt along the wall for a switch, snapped on a ceiling light, and sank, with a sigh, into the Morris chair. I piled my coat and hat on one of the other chairs and looked around at the crowding tiers of crowded shelves. It was more than overwhelming. Except for a multitude of fat little bean pots massed together on a shelf at my elbow, there was no kind of order anywhere. Everything looked as if it had been picked up a hundred times, examined, and then put back wherever it happened to fit. Eggcups sat in teacups, teacups nestled in fruit bowls, cream pitchers stood with candlesticks on dinner plates and platters, and beer mugs and vases and jam jars rose up between casseroles and ashtrays and cocktail pitchers and petite-marmite tureens, and hardly two of any kind—not even the bean pots—were exactly alike in size or shape or pattern. Some were blue and some were brown and some were oyster white, many were decorated with strikingly stylized fruit or flowers, and most were at least as handsome in texture and design as the casserole in the outer room, but one good look was about all I could take at the moment. They made me dizzy. I glanced at Mrs. Henderson. She was lighting a cigarette. I sat down and lighted one myself.

Mrs. Henderson dropped her match in a relish dish on the stand. She then leaned forward and held out the dish

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for mine. "This is one of our few rules," she said, replacing the dish. "You can do as you like about ashes, but we're very careful of matches. That's so we won't be careless with them in the factory. I don't mean because of fire. The factory is so permeated with powdered clay that it's practically fireproof. What we're afraid of is getting a match or something on that order mixed into a batch of wet clay. The result is a piece of pottery that comes out of the kiln ruined. Or, what would be worse, one with some hidden weakness. If it happened to be a piece of industrial stoneware, it could even be dangerous."

"What kind of stoneware is that?" I asked.

"Industrial ware?" Mrs. Henderson said. "Well, for one thing, it's the mainstay of this business. We turn out approximately ten freight carloads of pottery a year. Tableware—the sort of work you see on display here—accounts for not much more than a fourth of that total. The rest is all industrial ware. We don't display it, because there's no reason to. It's so well known it sells itself. In fact, it goes out as fast as we can make it. Our specialty is acid containers. Vats, pitchers, dipping baskets—that sort of thing. Stoneware is just about the only material that will resist the corrosive action of most of the acids that are widely used in industry. At least, it's the most practical. Glass is too fragile and lead is too heavy and expensive. The one acid stoneware won't stand up against is hydrofluoric acid. You have to use something like lead for that. But for sulphuric acid and nitric acid and hydrochloric acid, stoneware is everybody's choice. And the majority of them choose Dorchester. All the leading acid men consider it the best. They always have. It's in a class by itself. I could say the same for our tableware, but I won't. The two aren't exactly comparable. Quality isn't the only criterion in tableware. There's the matter of taste. People who have a feeling for the traditional—like Lura Woodside Watkins, the author of the standard 'Early New England Potters and Their Wares'—go into absolute ecstasies over our work. Her book will tell you that we are the only company that employs the old-time methods of production and maintains the high standards of workmanship that characterized the pottery of Colonial days. But, needless to say, not everybody has that kind of taste. Some people seem to prefer the red, green, purple shiny stuff you can find in any gift shop."

Mrs. Henderson gave me a sharp

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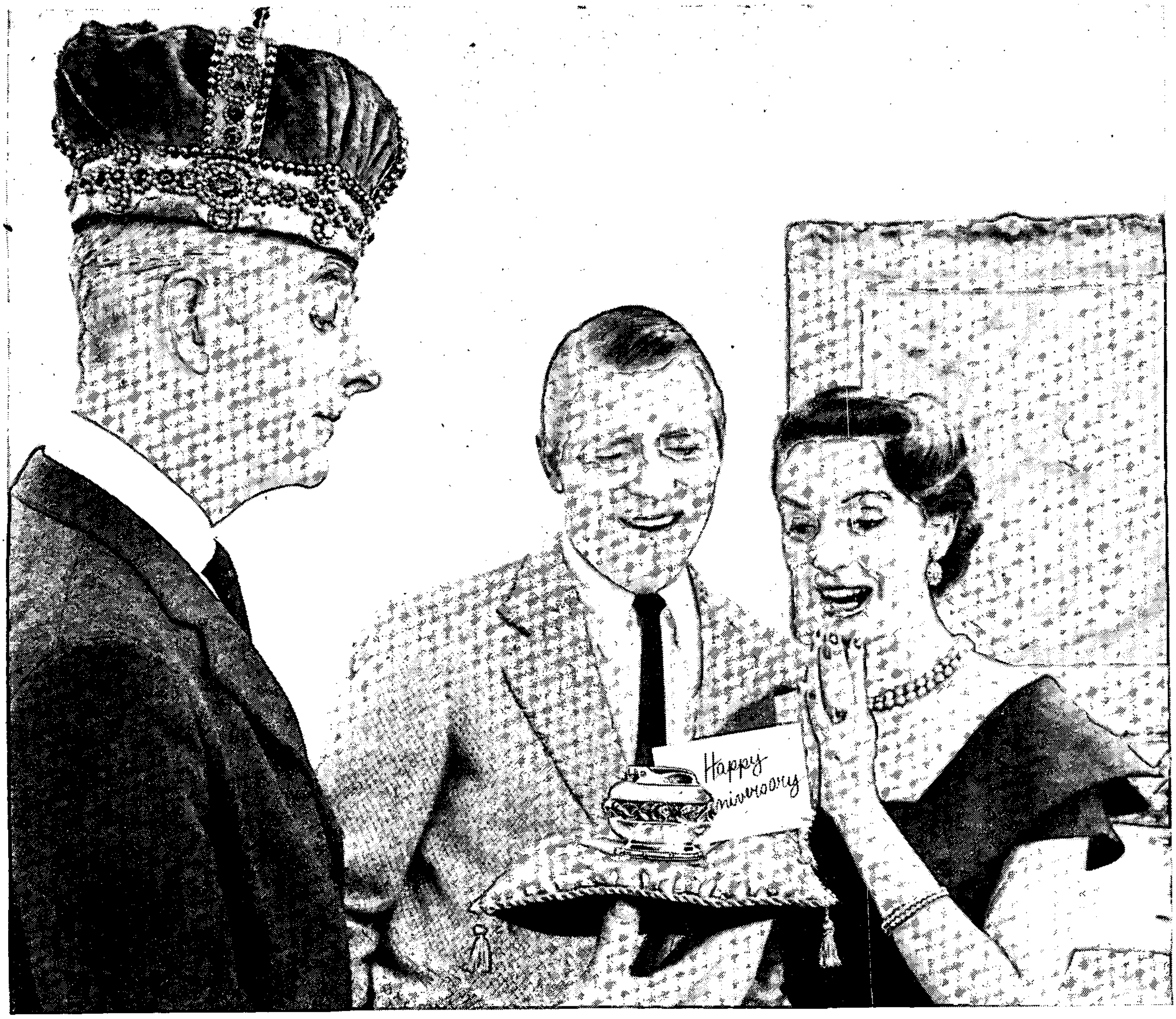

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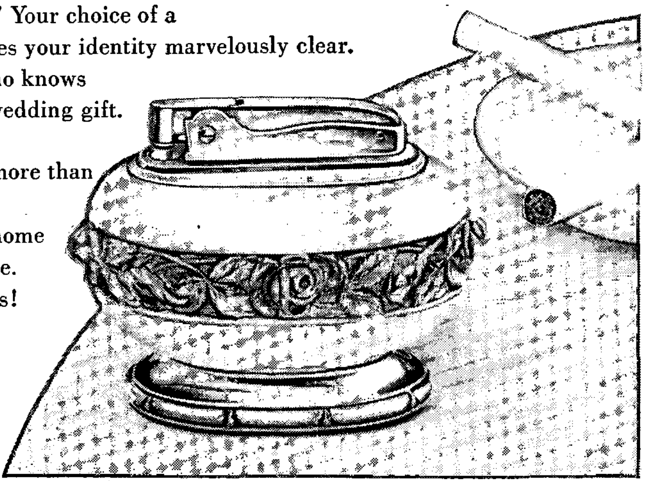

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look. Then she shrugged and smiled. "Of course, I'm a little prejudiced," she went on. "I design all our work. I have for over twenty years, ever since my husband's father died. That's when I stopped being just a wife and became— well, whatever I am. I was going to say a potter, but that wouldn't be quite true. I'm a designer and I can glaze and I superintend the kiln. I'm not a potter, though, and never will or could be. I don't have the gift—what old potters call hands of clay. Also, I started too late. Until Charlie and I were married, in 1919, I didn't even know what a potter's wheel looked like. All I knew was insurance—my father was with Metropolitan Life—and clothes. I used to teach clothing design at the Dorchester High School for Girls. If you want to be a potter, your hands must be trained when you're a child. It's like learning the violin or the piano—you can't begin too early. Charlie began at ten. His father started him on making and glazing marbles. I don't know when Father Henderson learned, but it must have been about as soon as he could walk. I never knew a greater artist, or a more wonderful man. He had a big, thick mustache and a booming laugh, and he loved me like a daughter. He was crazy about me. Nothing pleased him more than my interest in the business. Back in those days, this house was the Henderson home, and when Mother Henderson died, in 1926, Charlie and I moved in to keep him company. He used to take me over to the factory every chance he got and walk me around and explain how everything was done. But I'm afraid he would turn right over in his grave if he could see me now. There were two things Father Henderson felt very strongly about. One was drinking. He hated liquor in every way, shape, and form. So do I. But in his case, it was very funny. I mean odd. Because for a good many years Dorchester Pottery was famous for its stoneware whiskey jugs. The other thing he hated was women working. He hated that even worse than whiskey.

"The truth is I couldn't help myself. I didn't really have much choice. If I hadn't gone into the factory, Dorchester Pottery would have just gradually fizzled out. You can't run a pottery very long without a designer, and Father Henderson had always been it. It had never occurred to him to train anybody to take his place. The only thing that had ever worried him was the business end of the business. He was too much of an artist to be a good businessman. But Charlie was, and is, a businessman. So, from almost the very beginning, his

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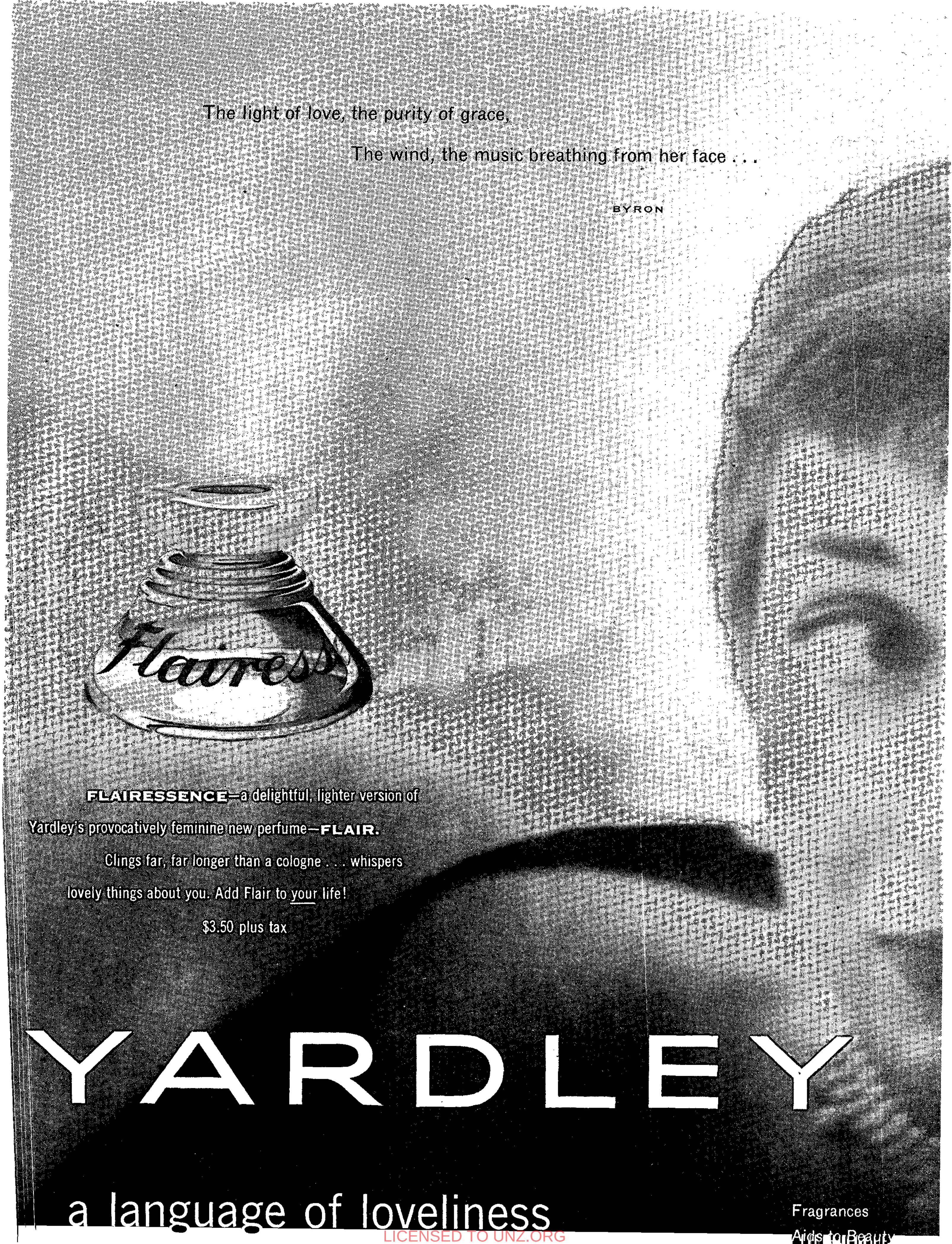

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Sweet 60

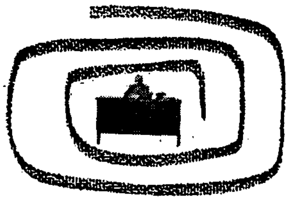
Felix Morley was 60 recently. Writing about it in March Nation's Business, he says, "Birthdays are arbitrary milestones. Once I knew a man whose birthday was Feb. 29. At 60 he called himself 15, and mentally speaking was accurate."

What about the future? Morley says, "Indeed, at 60 a man worries far less about the future than he did at half that age . . . If ambition has been cut down to size, interest in that which can still be accomplished is enlarged. Churchills and Adenauers are few and far between, but every man can at least improve what he has on hand. So, at 60 people come to think less of achievement and more of accomplishment."

What about security? Morley goes on: "At 60 both men and women are well aware that life is essentially insecure; that self-fortification is the only reliable defense against its slings and arrows. Governments can, and often do, increase the insecurity that is the natural lot of man. As they distribute old age pensions they also seize one's personal savings. And no government can ever decree that the dissolute shall be frugal, the querulous, contented, or the cowardly, strong."

What about possessions? Morley philosophizes: "At 60, whatever one may have thought earlier, one will have learned that the possessions of greatest value are not for sale. The laughter of children, the feel of verdant earth, the song of the birds in the early morning, the sunset and hearth at nightfall — such are the goods from which the deepest satisfactions come. As capitalism cannot create them, so communism cannot take them away."

Felix Morley writes regularly for Nation's Business. He is one good reason why almost 800,000 businessmen read this magazine. And, since their average age is but 47.6, look how richly he has rewarded them this month. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.



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father encouraged him to specialize in that. I don't mean that Father Henderson expected to live forever. It was just that there had always been plenty of skilled pottery designers in his time, and he quite naturally supposed there always would be. Well, so did we, at first. It took us several years to find out different. There weren't any, and there aren't any, and there probably never will be any any more. There aren't even any real potters. When the few old men who are left die off, that's the end. Nobody wants to be a potter these days. It takes too long to learn. Besides, nobody wants potters anyway, except us. Everybody else says let the machine do it—who cares what it looks like? But, as I say, we didn't know how scarce designers were then. We thought we'd take our time and look around until we found a really good man. In the meantime, while we were waiting, I decided I'd do what I could to fill in. Father Henderson had taught me the fascination of seeing something fine grow out of a lump of clay. Also, although I'd never worked with pottery, I did at least know the general principles of design. So I started in, and by the time we realized that we were never going to find any kind of a designer, I'd begun to learn. It took years, of course, and I'm still learning.

"The first thing I learned was how big a job it was. I couldn't just start in designing. I had to learn the whole business first. Design is the last thing. Before you can design pottery, you have to know what clay will and won't do. I worked as a helper to the men. Fortunately, we still had some then—almost a dozen. We have two now. The rest have all died off. Even then, some of them were just sitting and rocking. We keep our men until they die. That was one of Father Henderson's rules. If they're too old to work, they can keep the others company. I helped them and they helped me. I lifted and carried, and I arranged pots for glazing. I waited on the glazer. Then I learned to glaze. Then I sponged, or cleaned, the pots for firing. Finally, I went into the kiln. In the nick of time, too. We had the greatest kiln burner in the world. He was a Swede named August Ekberg, and he died in 1938 at the age of eighty-five. Augie was the last of a great race, and I was his last pupil. The only trouble with Augie was that he had a terrible temper and he was a violent atheist, but I finally got on his good side and he agreed to train me. In the end, he loved me like a daughter. I'm the only one he

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did. The other men hated him. As I say, Augie was an atheist. That made him try to convert the others. They were all Italian Roman Catholics, so, of course, he never succeeded. Which made him even worse-tempered. But he was a marvellous teacher. He had a real love for his work. He considered it a privilege to be a great kiln burner. Now that I know something about it, so do I."

Mrs. Henderson glanced at her cigarette. There was hardly an inch of it left. She dropped it in the dish and lighted another. "Then I was ready to design," she said. "One of the first things I tackled was a bean pot. It was a little one, like those on the shelf there, for a restaurant down on Tremont Street, and I must say it turned out beautifully. It was completely traditional, but with just enough originality of feeling to give it distinction. Everyone was delighted with it. Only, the restaurant couldn't use it. They sent them all back and I had to design a new one. My beautiful little pot held seven too many beans."

A voice said, "Excuse me."

I looked up. Standing in the archway with a cheerful smile on his face was a boyish-looking man of around fifty. His hair was tousled, he needed a shave, and he had on a dirty flannel shirt, dirty tan ducks, and heavy Army shoes. He met my glance with a wink. "Mind if I come in?" he said.

"Don't be silly," Mrs. Henderson said. She gave an indulgent laugh, and turned to me. "I'd like you to meet my brother, Charles Hill. Among other things, Charles is our decorator. This gentleman is from New York, Charles. I was just going to bring him over to the factory. He's interested in seeing how we work."

"Glad to know you," Mr. Hill said, extending a grimy hand. "But don't get up. I just wanted to ask Ethel—" He nodded toward the telephone. "Did that bird from Storrs call?"

Mrs. Henderson shook her head.

"Good," Mr. Hill said. "I almost hope he doesn't." He propped an elbow on the bean-pot shelf and grinned at me. "This is a fellow down at the University of Connecticut who wants us to make him up some beer mugs decorated with the school mascot. That's all right. We do it all the time for Harvard and Boston U. and clubs and so on. The trouble with this bird, though, he's greedy. He wants a couple of hundred and all at once. We don't operate that way. Life's too short. And you know what their mascot is? It's an Alaskan husky. Well, who wants to sit down and paint

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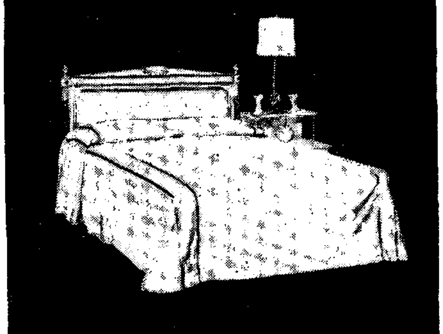

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two hundred dogs? Not me. I'd be bored stiff."

"Charles is like me," Mrs. Henderson said. "He prefers the traditional."

Mr. Hill nodded. "That's true, too," he said. "At least, I'm used to it. The majority of our customers won't touch anything else. They don't like Gothic, they don't like Oriental, and, above all, they don't like anything even faintly cute. Also, you'd be surprised at the number of people who shy away from birds. Almost all the Irish around here feel that way. They think birds are bad luck. So we stick pretty close to the classic New England decorations—grapes, blueberries, pine cones, sacred cods, and full-rigged ships. In my opinion, that's as it should be. Good, honest stoneware deserves a good, honest decoration."

"There's enough fake and foolishness on the market already," Mrs. Henderson said.

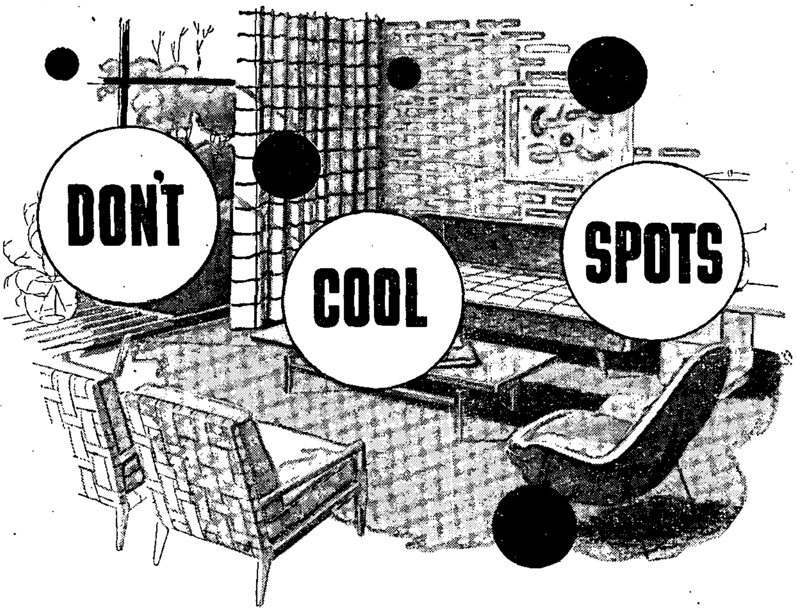
"There's enough fake, all right," Mr. Hill said. "In the average shop, it's about all you see. It looks fine. It's shiny and pretty and slick as a whistle. Some of it is darned expensive, too. But it isn't stoneware. It's only earthenware. Except on the surface, it isn't much better than what the Indians used to make. The stuff isn't in it. I don't mean the stores call it stoneware. They call it what it is. But that isn't the point. The point is nobody knows the difference any more. To most people, pottery is pottery."

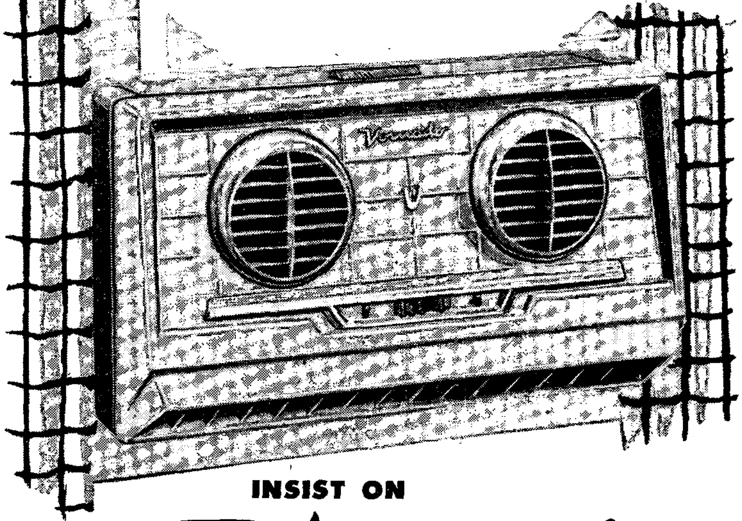
"Just what is the difference?" I asked.

"Between earthenware and stoneware?" Mr. Hill said. "Heat. There are others—a different kind of clay and a somewhat different technique—but heat is the main thing. Earthenware is low-fired pottery. As a rule, it's fired, or baked, at a temperature that rises to about fifteen hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Stoneware requires twice that much heat. We fire ours to three thousand degrees. That's why it's called stoneware. At that temperature, it becomes quite literally stone."

"I have to laugh sometimes," Mrs. Henderson said. "People can be so stupid. I've actually had women ask me if our casseroles are fully ovenproof."

"They're as ovenproof as the oven," Mr. Hill said. "Iron melts at around twenty-eight hundred degrees. One of us left a poker in the kiln once. I noticed it when we were carrying out the finished pots. It was just a little ridge of dust. But stoneware is resistant to more than heat. Cold, chemicals, weather—almost nothing fazes it. It will even stand a certain amount of kicking





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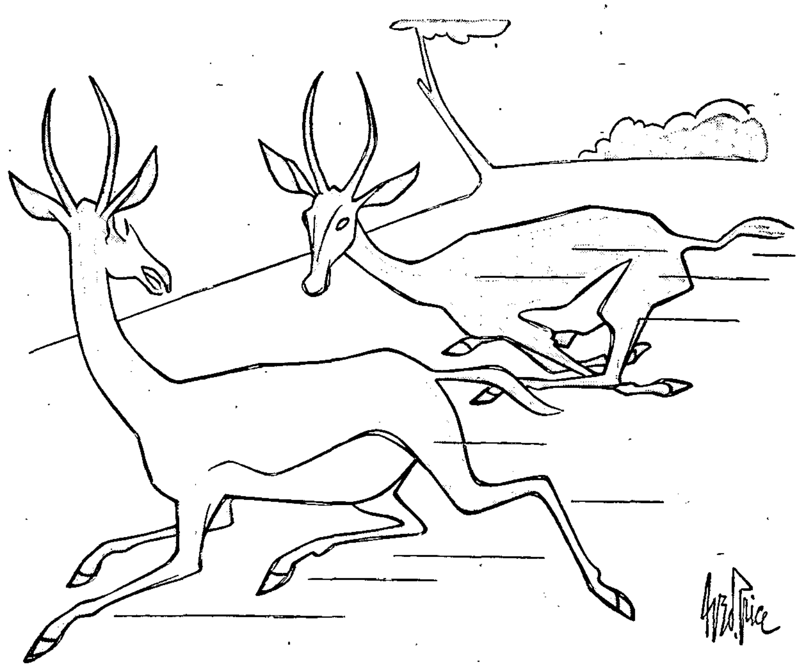

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around. You have to treat it pretty rough to cause real damage. Good stoneware is tough. As a matter of fact, it's the toughest pottery there is. It's also the hardest to make. Far harder than porcelain or bone china or fine earthenware, like Spode and Wedgwood. In one respect, anyway. Most pottery is fired at least twice. The first firing simply bakes the clay. It brings it to what's called the biscuit stage. Then it comes out of the kiln, the glaze is applied, and back it goes for another firing. Sometimes a third, or even a fourth, firing is necessary. Multiple firing makes things easier. If something goes wrong with the glaze at any point, it's always possible to correct it in the next firing. It's a little like painting in oil. You can keep revising until you get it right. Stoneware is more like working with water colors. You only get one chance. Because it's fired just once."

A door near Mrs. Henderson's chair gave a warning rattle. Mr. Hill straightened up. The door swung open, and a small, bony man in a dark suit and a sweater vest came into the room. He had a long black cigar in his mouth and a ski cap in his hand. When he saw me, he stopped.

"Charlie!" Mrs. Henderson said. "For heaven's sake. Have you been in your office all this time?"

"Yep," said the newcomer.

"Charles Henderson," Mr. Hill told me. "My brother-in-law."

"Yes," Mrs. Henderson said. "Come here, Charlie."

Mrs. Henderson introduced us, and her husband and I shook hands. I said I was glad to meet him. Mr. Henderson said nothing. Instead, he removed the cigar from his mouth and gazed intently at its ash. After a moment, he put it back between his lips. He glanced at his wife and then at Mr. Hill. Then he looked at me again, nodded pleasantly, and turned away. He went through the archway and down the other room. His footsteps sounded on the floor of the room with the counter. The outer door opened and closed.

Mr. Hill cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "I guess I'd better be getting on back to the factory."

"We'll go with you," Mrs. Henderson said. "Or, rather—you two go. I

Number One Playgoer

Several thousand subscribers to a theatre club were asked some time ago to vote for the drama critic whose reviews most influence their theatre-going. They voted 80% for Brooks Atkinson, only 4% for the next critic.

Only a person completely alien to the U. S. theatre would have been surprised by this. *Time* magazine calls Brooks Atkinson the "dean of Manhattan's drama critics." More than his quarter-century of occupying a third row aisle seat at opening nights has gone into that distinction. When Atkinson of The Times calls the turn on a turn, more often than not the nation's playgoers agree with him.

Brooks Atkinson has been a newspaper reporter since he emerged from Harvard in 1917. He has been with The New York Times since 1922, first as editor of the Book Review, and since 1925, with only one break, as drama critic. The break was an important one.

It came during the war. Atkinson felt that the real drama was being played far from Broadway, and he wanted to review it. In 1942 he donned a war correspondent's uniform and went to Chungking. In 1945 he went to Moscow. There he learned about a curtain different from any he had seen in the theatre. It was an iron curtain, and it never went up. Atkinson rang it up in a series of pieces he wrote when he came back to the U. S. in 1946. They won him the Pulitzer Prize, journalism's highest distinction.

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want to make some phone calls first. But I'll be over before you reach the kiln." She gave her brother a look. "You don't mind?"

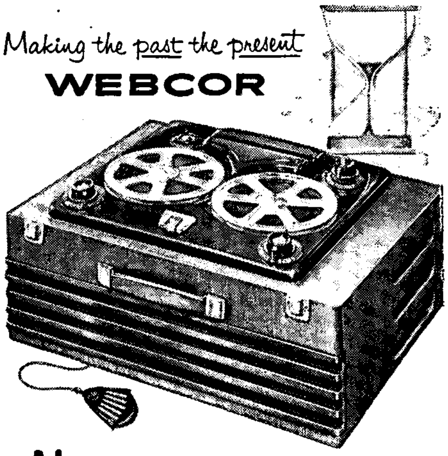
Mr. Hill caught me by the arm. "A pleasure," he said.

WHEN Mr. Hill and I emerged from the house, the station wagon was gone. Apparently, Mr. Henderson had taken it. We crossed the courtyard to the factory. It was still raining, and there were puddles among the cobblestones. Three sagging steps led up to the factory door. Mr. Hill bounded ahead and wrenched it open. I followed him into a low-ceilinged immensity of dust and shadows and sawhorse tables piled with earthy-gray pottery. The only light was a watery haze at the windows and the only sound was a distant moan of radio music, and the place was as cold and raw as the day outside. It was so cold I could almost see my breath. I turned up my collar.

Mr. Hill smiled. "Chilly, eh?" he said. "I'm afraid that can't be helped. There's heat in here, but we like to keep it down as low as possible. Otherwise, the pottery coming off the wheel dries out too fast. Easy does it with stoneware. If not, it's apt to crack."

"In the kiln?" I asked.

"It might," Mr. Hill said. "Most likely, though, before. But that's getting a little ahead of the story. Let's start at the beginning. The first step is down cellar. That's where we store and prepare our clay. This floor is mostly storage—stuff waiting to go into the kiln. The kiln is through that door off there to the right. Upstairs is turning, glazing, and decorating. If you'd like to see the cellar, we'll go down, but there really isn't much point in it. All you'd get is colder—and dirty, like me. I was down there all morning mixing up a new batch of clay. Our base clay comes from New Jersey, down around Raritan. It doesn't look like much—it's about the color and consistency of powdered cement—but it's the only stoneware clay in the United States that's suitable for the high firing temperatures we use. Fortunately, there seems to be plenty of it, because it's what the old Dorchester formula calls for. To that, we add certain other clays, from certain other places, and water. But mixing is no more than the prologue. After that, it sits in a vat and soaks. The idea is to restore the clay as nearly as possible to its original colloidal state, and the longer it sits, the better. We usually give it a week. Then it's shovelled out on the floor and left to stand for another day or two. That's to allow the excess water



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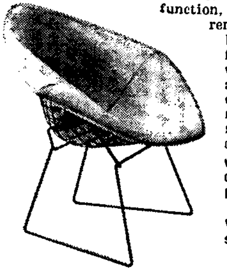

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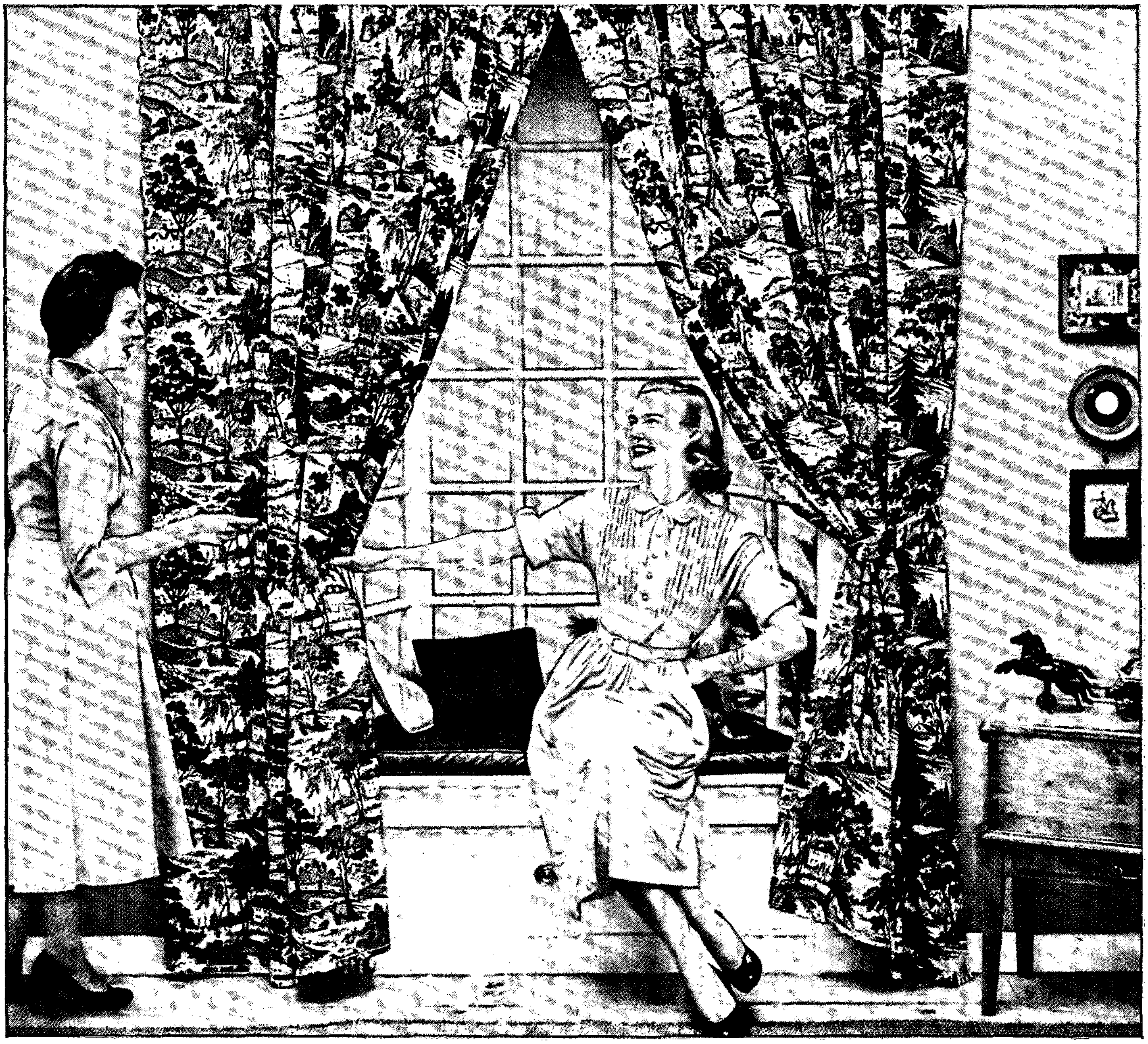

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A boxed staircase, dark as a tunnel and creaking with age, brought us to the second floor. It, too, was dim and cold and banked with loaded tables. Somewhere near but out of sight, a radio throbbed with song. " 'Il Trovatore,' " Mr. Hill remarked. "The duet, it sounds like." He hummed a ragged bar or two, threw me a grin, and then led the way down a long, gloomy aisle. One of the flanking tables held a drab array of freshly modelled casseroles. It was hard to believe that anything could quicken them into beauty. They looked like so many mud pies. On another table stood a ponderosity of ten-gallon crocks. The music rose, the twilight lifted, and the aisle abruptly ended in a cluttered clearing. In a corner, under the glare of a dangling bulb, a small man of around forty with massive shoulders and a mass of iron-gray hair was bending over a workbench. He had a greasy lump of clay in his hands and he was kneading it into a ball about the size of a grapefruit. Ranged around him on the bench were a dozen similar balls, a basin of water, and a muddy litter of wooden paddles. Off to one side, sunk in a kind of counter, was a turntable wheel, somewhat larger than a record-player, with a treadle underneath. Mr. Hill gave me a nudge. "Nando Ricci," he said with respect. "His father was old George Henderson's master potter. Nando is ours. If anything should happen to Nando, we'd be out on the street."

At the sound of his name, Mr. Ricci looked up. Mr. Hill raised an instant smile and an apologetic hand. "Don't mind us, Nando," he said. "Go right ahead. I'm just showing a friend around. I thought he ought to see what a real potter looks like."

Mr. Ricci chuckled. "Sure," he said. "Is O.K." He cocked an eye at his ball of clay. "Why not?" He turned back to the bench, dipped a hand in the basin of water, and sauntered over to the counter. He touched a button, and

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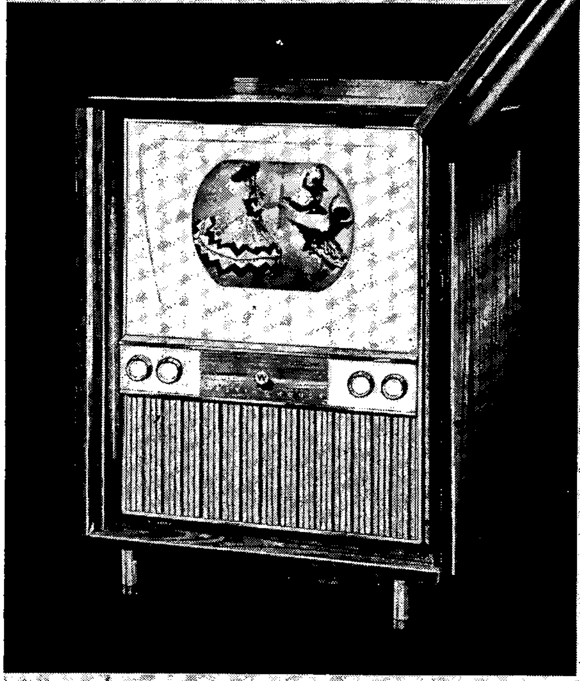

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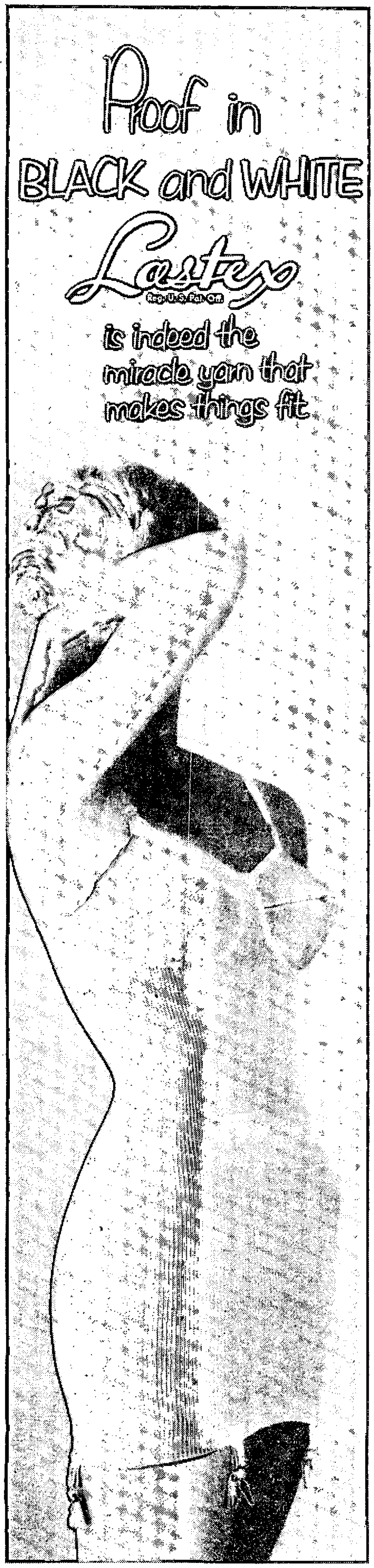
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the wheel swung gently into motion.

"Our one concession to modernity," Mr. Hill said. "We have electric power to turn the wheel. But Nando regulates the speed with that treadle."

Mr. Ricci nodded, his eyes on the wheel, and tossed the clay from hand to hand. Then he stomped on the treadle, accelerating the wheel. At the same moment, he swung the ball of clay high over his head—and down. It landed, with a soggy thump, precisely in the center of the wheel.

"How's that for accuracy?" Mr. Hill said. "But, of course, the clay has to be exactly centered or it's hopeless. Now watch!"

Mr. Ricci's fingers were clasped around the clay. The wheel was spinning like a top. His thumbs swung free and sank into the middle of the mass. He gave a grunt and a twist and an upward squeeze—and the ball was suddenly a hollow disc. He cupped his hands on its flank, and lifted. It became a cylinder. Then, releasing it for a moment, he caught up one of the paddles. He thrust the paddle into the opening. The wheel slowed, speeded up, and slowed again. He withdrew the paddle and tossed it away. His fingers closed once more around the open neck. He released it and took his foot off the treadle. The wheel returned to a lazy idle. On it sat a plump little petite marmite.

Mr. Hill shook his head. "I've watched Nando a thousand times," he said. "I still don't see how he does it."

Mr. Ricci shrugged, and plucked a piece of string from the bench. He slipped it between the base of the pot and the wheel, and jerked. The pot came free. He lifted it carefully and set it on a table. "Is all in the hands," he said, moving back to the bench for another ball of clay. "They know."

There was a pause. Mr. Ricci returned to the wheel and kicked it into motion. We watched him start on a second pot. Then Mr. Hill gave me a glance, and we said goodbye and headed back up the aisle. Mr. Hill lighted a cigarette. "I don't like to hang over Nando too long," he said, waving out the match and stuffing it into his pocket. "Especially now. He's working against time. Those petite marmites he's turning out today are about the last that will make our next kiln. That's only a couple of weeks off. I told you a pot can't go into the kiln until it's reached a certain degree of dryness. By tomorrow, Nando's petite marmites will be what we call leather-hard. In other words, the clay will have lost its plasticity. It will have begun to set, and

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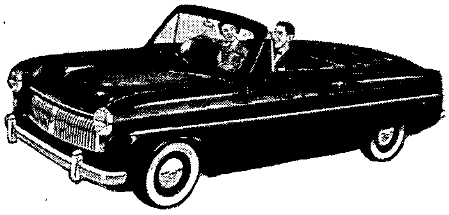
the pots can be handled without damaging their shape. But they'll be far from dry enough for firing. Proper drying takes about two weeks—more or less. It depends on such things as heat, humidity, and the size of the pot. Then they're ready for the kiln. But before that comes glazing and decorating. Which is the next step."

THE dark mouth of the stairway was just ahead. Mr. Hill cut away to the right, through another labyrinth of tables, and halted at a long workbench strewn with a wild detritus of cans and pots and boxes. At one end of it sat a rectangular vat about the size of a kitchen sink. Mr. Hill groped overhead, and a light went on. I walked over to the vat and looked in. It was filled with some pale, turbid liquid. "Glaze," Mr. Hill said. "This batch happens to be white. That's what we're working with at the moment. But they all look pretty much alike in the tub. It takes fire to bring out the color." He swung a leg over a corner of the bench and took a pull on his cigarette. "There are several different kinds of glazes. Back in old George's day, we used salt glaze. That was the only kind the old New England stoneware potters knew. I understand we were the last people in the country to give it up. Salt glaze was just what it sounds like—salt. The air-dried pots were put in the kiln and a bucket of plain salt was dumped in the center of the kiln floor. When they fired up, the salt vaporized and spread evenly over the pots. You've probably seen some salt-glaze work. The Americana museums are full of it. It can be very pretty, but it's rough. It's also a little monotonous. All salt-glaze work is a sort of dusty grayish blue. We now use what's called a Bristol glaze. It was developed in England a couple of hundred years ago, and in my opinion it's the best stoneware glaze going. And the simplest. It's nothing but powdered rock suspended in water, with a certain amount of some metallic oxide added for color. For a white glaze, we use zinc. Our brown glaze comes from iron or manganese. Cobalt gives us our blue. The quantity determines the shade. If we wanted a green, I could use either copper or chromium. And so on down the list. Almost anything is possible. I've recently been experimenting with a new color. We call it morocco, after the leather. Some people who know tell me it's the only thing of its kind since the Oribe glaze of sixteenth-century Japan."

Mr. Hill stared off down the room



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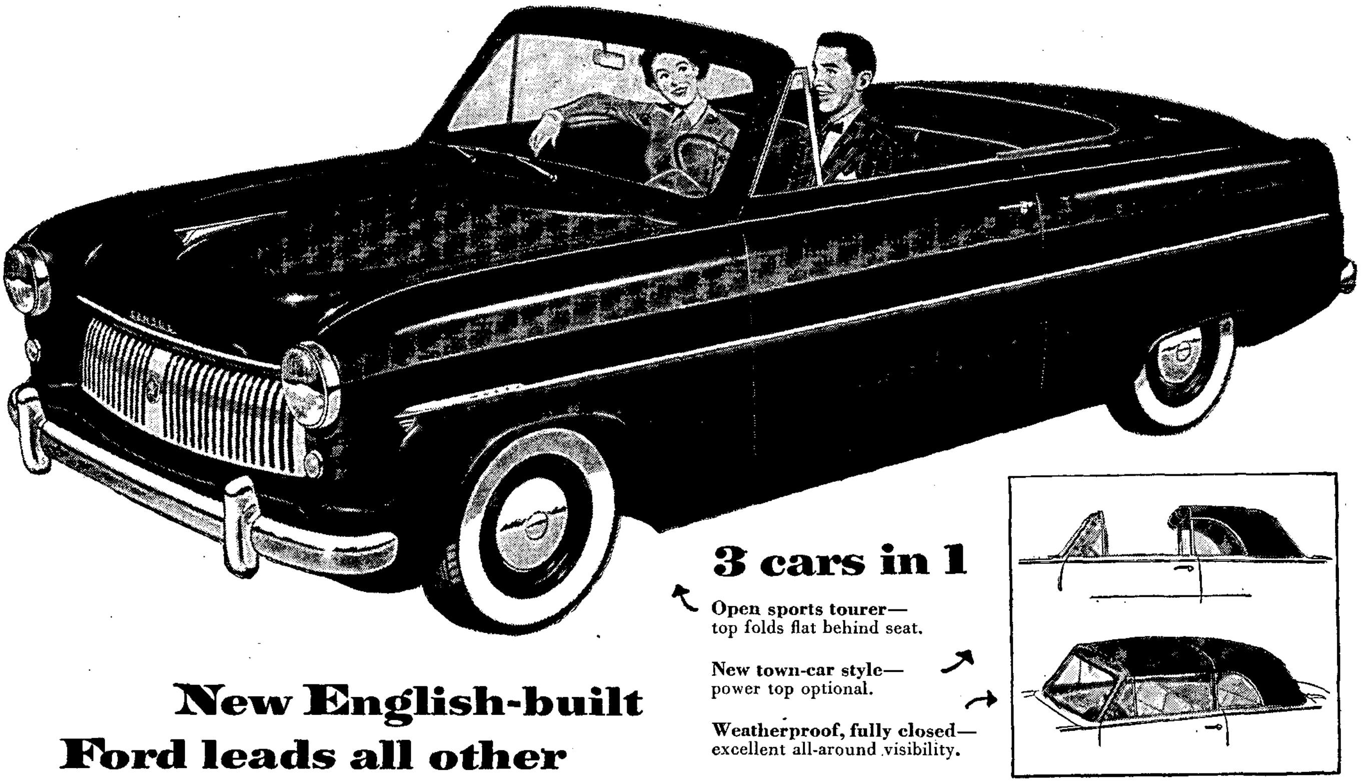

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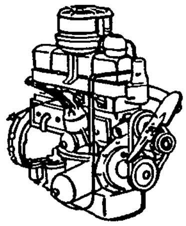

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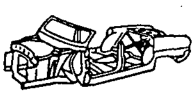

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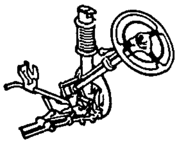

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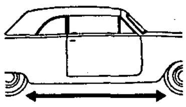

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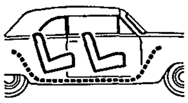

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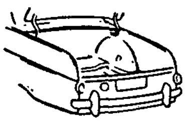

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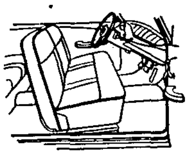

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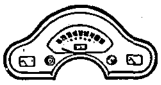

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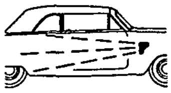

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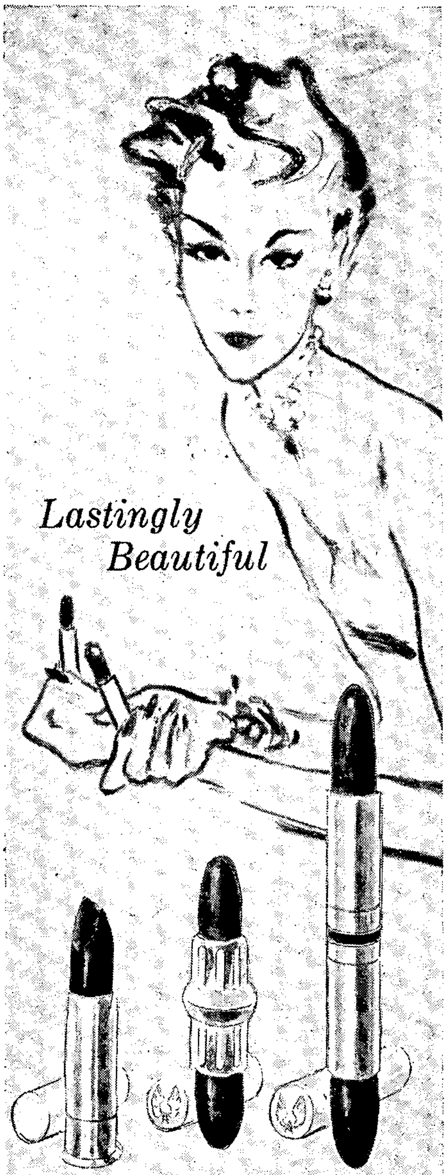

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for a moment. Then he shook himself, reached for a shard, and punched out his cigarette on it. "Well, maybe so," he said cheerfully. "If morocco works out, I'll be mighty pleased. It's nice to be able to contribute. But color is only color. The secret of a really fine glaze is the rock. For the most part, we use feldspar and flint. We pulverize our rock with pebbles in a revolving cage that batters the pieces together until they're reduced to a very fine powder. The pebbles we use come from certain beaches in northern France. They tell me picking up pebbles is an industry over there. A fine powder is essential. The finer the particles, the more readily they melt, and, also, the more points of contact they have to bind them to the clay. Our rock is crushed to literally microscopic grains. You know how fine the texture of ladies' face powder is? Well, face powder is coarse compared to our powdered rock. The test for ordinary face powder is will it pass through a one-twenty mesh? That means a mesh of fine wire containing a hundred and twenty holes to the square inch. The mesh we use in our test is a *three*-twenty. It takes something pretty small to go through a mesh that size. Maybe you'd like to see for yourself. Put your hand in that tub there. Then tell me what you feel."

I submerged a thumb and finger. After a moment of stirring, I rubbed them firmly together. "Nothing," I reported. "It doesn't feel like anything but cold water."

"No," Mr. Hill said with satisfaction. "But it would if you had a microscopic sense of touch. Rock isn't soluble, you know. So it's there—millions and millions of tiny little rocks. George Henderson's old kiln burner used to say that the average glaze fits the clay like a glove fits your hand but that ours was different—it fitted like skin. The way we pulverize our rock is probably the biggest reason." He slid off the bench. "Now I'll show you how we glaze a pot." He rummaged through the litter and picked up a glum gray mug, holding it delicately by the bottom. "Most of the pottery you see on the market is glazed with a spray gun. We use a gun, too. But only on the multiple-gallon industrial ware that's too big for one man to handle. All the rest is dipped by hand—like this. Notice how I'm holding it in the tub. I've got a firm grip, but I'm only using a couple of fingers. Where the fingers touch, the glaze will be thin. There'll always be a mark there. Some people might call it a blemish. Not the experts, though. They recognize it as the hallmark of a hand-dipped

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pot. Well—that ought to do it." He lifted the pot and held it out for inspection. It wasn't much to see. It looked just wet, and a somewhat darker gray.

Mr. Hill smiled. "Not very impressive, is it?" he said. "But it will be, once it gets a touch of heat. It'll come out of the kiln as white as snow." He eased the mug from between his fingers and onto the edge of the bench. "At this stage, clay is pretty absorbent. So the glaze soaks in very fast. In fifteen minutes or so, it ought to be dry enough to handle. Then we'll go over the rim of the base with a spring-steel scraper. Otherwise, when it's fired, the glaze would seal it to whatever it's standing on. What happens next depends on what it is. If it's an acid pitcher or a bean pot or a casserole or anything of that sort, it can go right into the kiln. If it's something fancy, it has to be decorated first. But that doesn't amount to much. The paint I use is just more glaze, and I put it on with an ordinary artist's brush. Once I've flushed an idea, there's nothing to it."

A door slammed somewhere on the floor below. Mr. Hill threw back his head. "That must be Ethel," he said. "If so, maybe we ought to head her off. No sense in making her climb all the way up here at this point. The kiln comes next, and that's downstairs."

It was Mrs. Henderson. We found her, wrapped in a heavy shawl, standing near the foot of the staircase, lighting a cigarette. She greeted us with a smoky smile, and gave her brother a questioning glance.

"All set," Mr. Hill said. "As a matter of fact, I'd just about given you up." He waved a hand toward the door at the end of the room. "Lead on."

THE door was faced with metal and operated on a trolley. Mr. Hill heaved it back. I followed Mrs. Henderson through, and down a flight of concrete steps, past a bulky coalbin, and around the bole of a chimney. We stepped into a brick-walled room, and stopped. Towering up before us was a great truncated cone of pumpkin-colored brick. The room was as wide as the building and some fifty feet long and at least two stories in height, but the kiln all but overwhelmed it. The flanks of the kiln, bound in iron and pierced at intervals with shuttered firing holes, reached almost from wall to wall, its roof was lost in a sooty stratosphere of struts and girders and rain-streaked windows, and it resembled no kiln that I had ever seen or heard of or imagined. It might have been a fortress, or a tomb.

I looked at my companions. They

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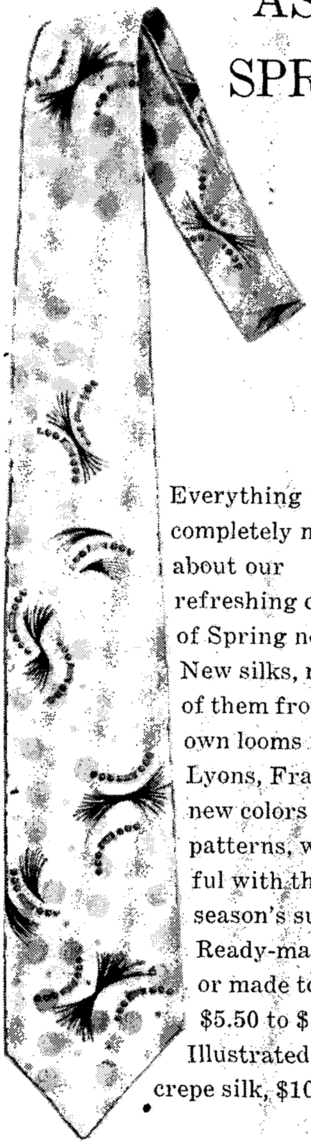

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were watching me, and smiling. "Go right ahead and stare," Mrs. Henderson said. "Everybody gawks the first time they see it. I know I did."

"Me, too," Mr. Hill said. "But the ones it really staggers are the experts. We had a party of engineers from a big brick company in here a while back. Their jaws dropped a foot. It can't be done, they said."

"They were quite right," Mrs. Henderson said. "It can't be. Not any more. It would be impossible to build a kiln like ours these days. Nobody knows how. The men who did are dead and gone. Father Henderson designed this kiln himself, and it was built by specialists from Germany. He told me it cost over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And remember, that was sixty or seventy years ago. I doubt if it could be done today for a million."

"Or two million," Mr. Hill said. "As Ethel said, the secret's lost. We do know that, among other things, it involves the principle of the Roman arch. There's no mortar between those bricks. It's simply a matter of thrust and balance. The bricks at the base are seven deep, and they're laid butt end in. Just below the level of the firing holes is the firebox. That's nine feet deep and a couple of feet high, and it runs the circumference of the kiln. Above the box, the wall tapers gradually up to the dome. The roof is five bricks thick. When we get inside, you'll notice that the floor is perforated tile. This is a downdraft kiln. The fire is sucked out of the box, up the sides of the chamber, and down through the floor. An underground flue carries it to the chimney. Well, those are the facts—such as they are. I won't say this is the only kiln of its kind in the country. There may be others, though I doubt it. But I will say this. There isn't a hotter one anywhere. I don't know why, and neither does anybody else. That's the mystery."

"You can't explain a work of art," Mrs. Henderson said. "So there's no use trying." She shivered, and drew her shawl closer about her. "The entrance is around this way."

We filed down a narrow canyon between a wall and the monstrous flank of the kiln. A few steps brought us to a low, cavernous doorway. Mrs. Henderson ducked her head and vanished into darkness. Mr. Hill went next. I burrowed gingerly after him. A little light followed me in, but not enough. I stumbled, put out a hand, and steadied myself against a wall. It was as cold and smooth as ice. I had an eerie sense of being underground. Then the darkness dimmed, and a lofty, vaulted cham-

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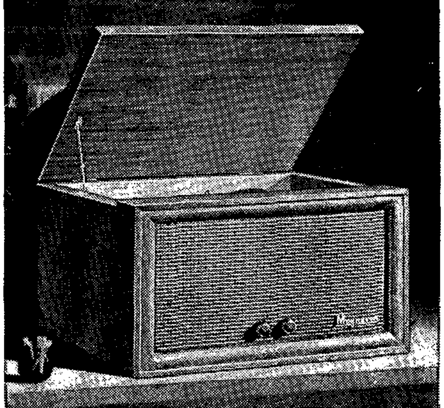

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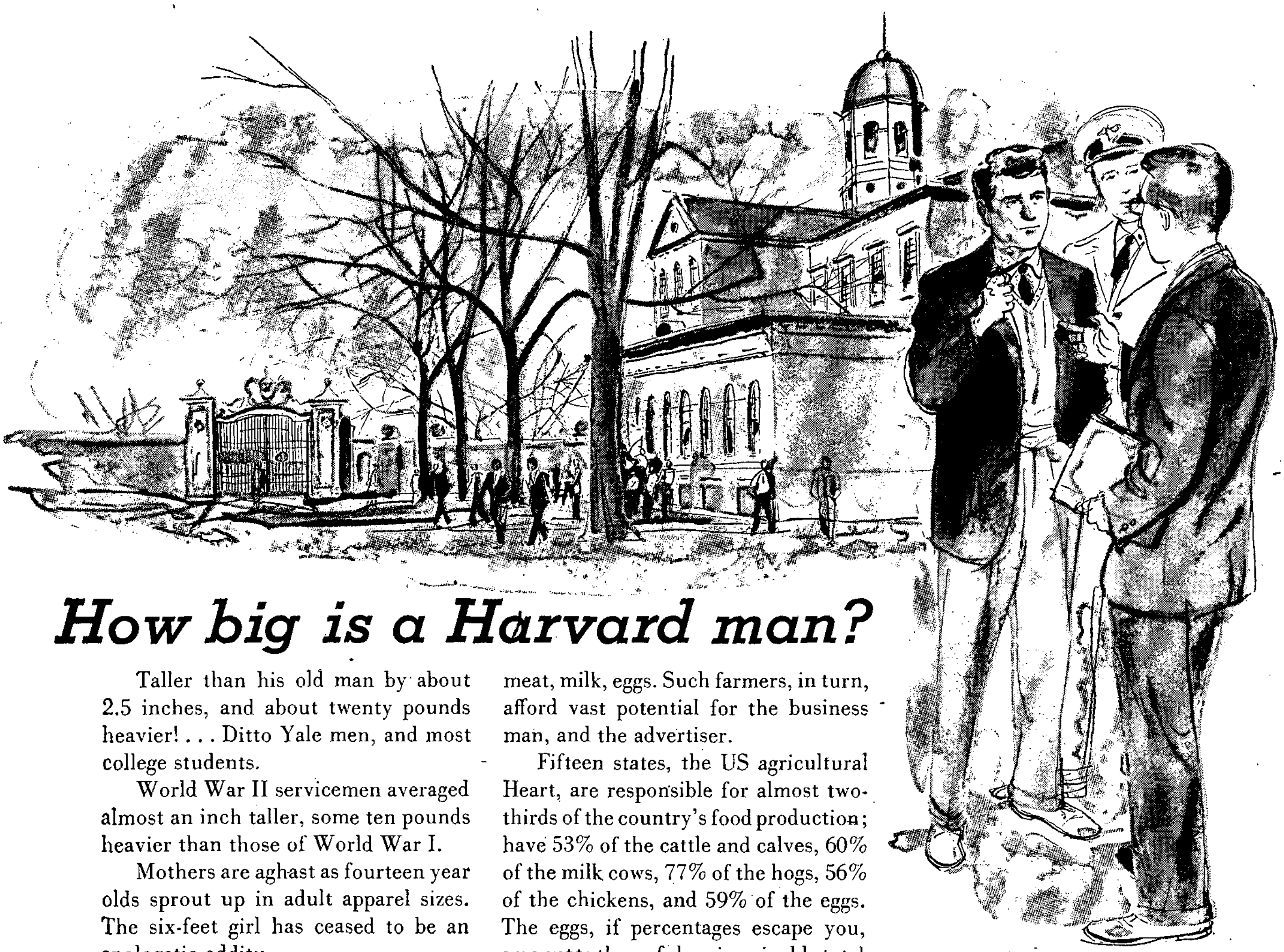

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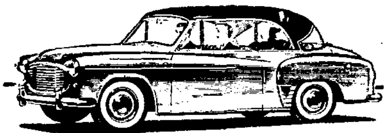

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ber with a gridiron floor and walls of polished brick slowly emerged from the dusk. Where the light from the door touched it, the brick sparkled and gleamed like gold. Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Hill were standing near a barricade of shallow brown crocks piled bottomside up along the wall at the far side of the kiln. I picked my way across the treacherous floor and joined them.

Mr. Hill cocked a finger. "I suppose you noticed these walls," he said. "Beautiful, aren't they? They also give you some idea how old this kiln is. That sheen is glaze. A certain amount escapes from the pots as vapor during every firing and forms a film on the brick. My guess is it's at least an inch thick by now. Somebody is going to have some job when the time comes to tear this place down."

"Somebody?" Mrs. Henderson said. "No human being could destroy this kiln. It would take a bomb." She laughed. "Well, as you can see, we've already started to stack the kiln for our next firing. There are pots under all those saggers. A sagger is a crockery cover. It shields the pot from direct contact with the flame. Raw fire will ruin a white or blue or decorated pot until the glaze has set. It turns them all brown. That stack of pots, of course, is just the merest beginning. By the time we're ready to seal up the door and start the fires, this room will be packed almost to the roof. The reason for that isn't as obvious as it sounds. Naturally, we want all the production we can get. But there's more to it than that. It's a matter of physics. The chamber *must* be full. It's absolutely essential that we use every possible foot of space. It's so important, in fact, that if we haven't enough unfinished pots for a capacity load, we have to fill it out with finished work. Empty space is dangerous. The air heats too rapidly. It creates a kind of vacuum between the pots, and they begin to bend and totter and—well, you can imagine the rest. The result could be a total loss."

"Loading a kiln is a pretty tricky job," Mr. Hill said. "One little slip can cost you three months' work. Opening it up again is a tricky business, too. During the firing period, the kiln door is sealed with a double wall of bricks laid in mortar. Like everything else around here, that has to be done right. What calls for real precision, though, is taking the walls down at the finish. The outer wall goes first, but only the upper half. Then we very carefully pry loose one brick at the top of the inner wall, and listen. At the end of an hour, if all goes well—if we haven't heard that horrible

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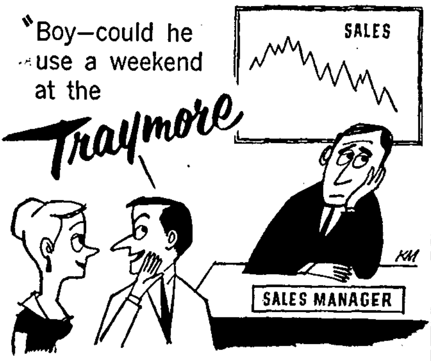

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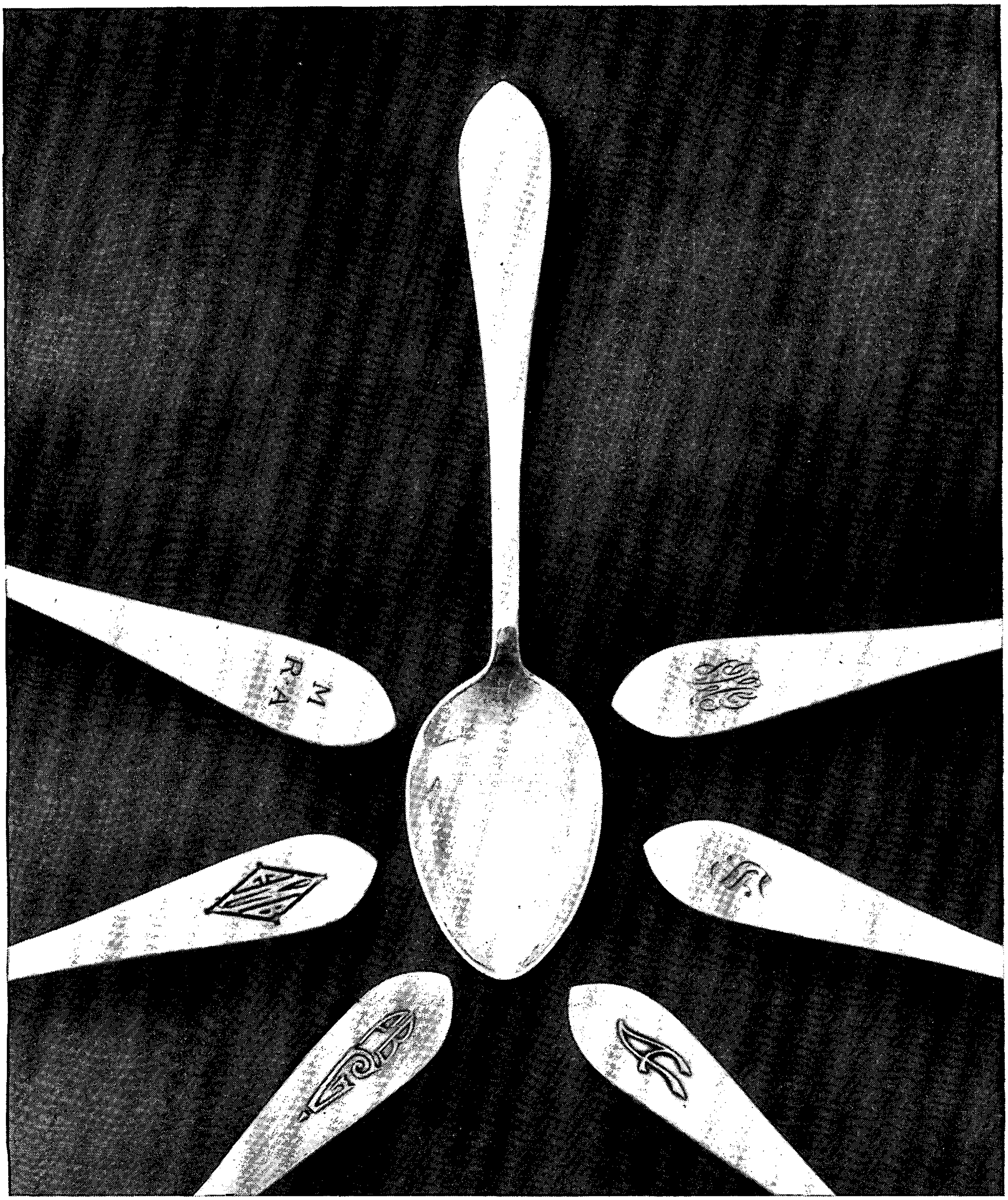

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sound of something cracking as the cool air moves in—out comes another brick. Then we wait and listen for another hour. If everything is still O.K., we take out a third. We follow that routine until the top two rows are down. Then we begin to speed up. The rest comes down at the rate of a row every hour. It takes about an hour to seal the kiln. With good luck we can get it open in around four days."

"The whole process is nerve-racking," Mrs. Henderson said. "We live in absolute terror from beginning to end. So many things can happen. A good kiln means almost two weeks of constant attention. But I love every minute of it. When the door is sealed and the flames begin to leap, I almost feel like singing. We have a little peephole opening, down low in the wall behind those pots. Nothing is more fascinating than to stand there and watch. Not that there is much to see at first. Only a lot of smoke. It takes a certain amount of heat to start a downdraft working, and we fire up very slowly. Our first fire is only a few dry sticks and enough coal to keep it just going. The reason for that is to give the pots a sort of final drying out. Too much heat too fast is risky. Well, that period lasts from around eight to twelve hours. Then we add a little more coal, and the temperature begins to rise. After about four hours, the draft catches hold and the smoke clears and we settle down to a regular firing schedule. As far as I know, our system is our own. For the next forty hours, we fire every hole once every hour, right around the clock. We don't sleep and we hardly eat—we just work. But it's worth it. That's when the flames begin to leap."

"It's quite a sight, all right," Mr. Hill said.

"It's glorious," Mrs. Henderson said. "But the best is yet to come. Forty hours of regular hourly firing brings the temperature up to only about twenty-five hundred degrees. That's quite hot enough to fire the body of the pots. By then, the clay is hard as stone. But the glaze is still just a powder. It hasn't vitrified yet. For that, we need more heat. So at twenty-five hundred we start firing every fifteen minutes. And we switch from coal to wood. Wood produces longer flames. They're endless. They reach from the firebox nearly to the top of the chimney. In almost no time at all, this whole chamber is just one solid mass of fire—floor, walls, pots, everything. Nothing could be more beautiful. It's an absolute inferno. And then, suddenly, it's all over. The minute the temperature reaches three

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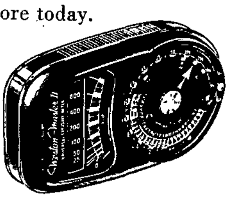

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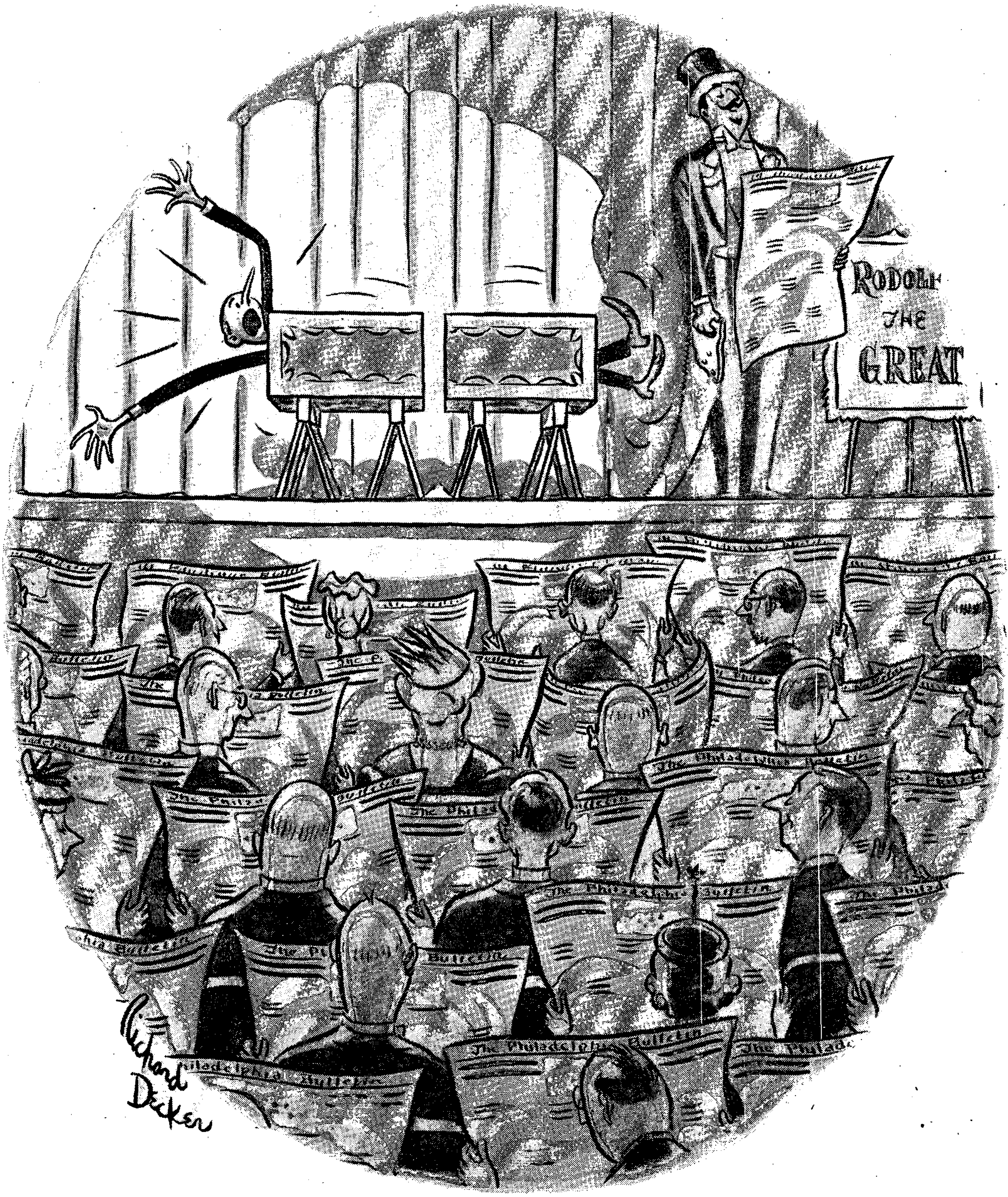

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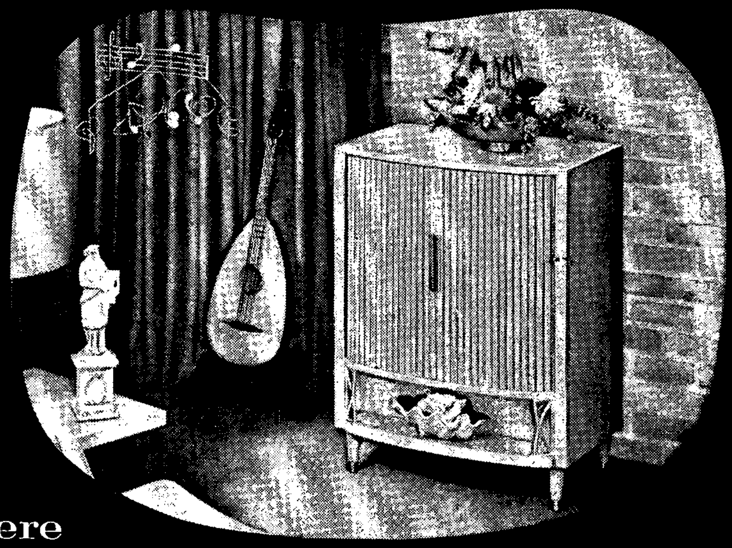

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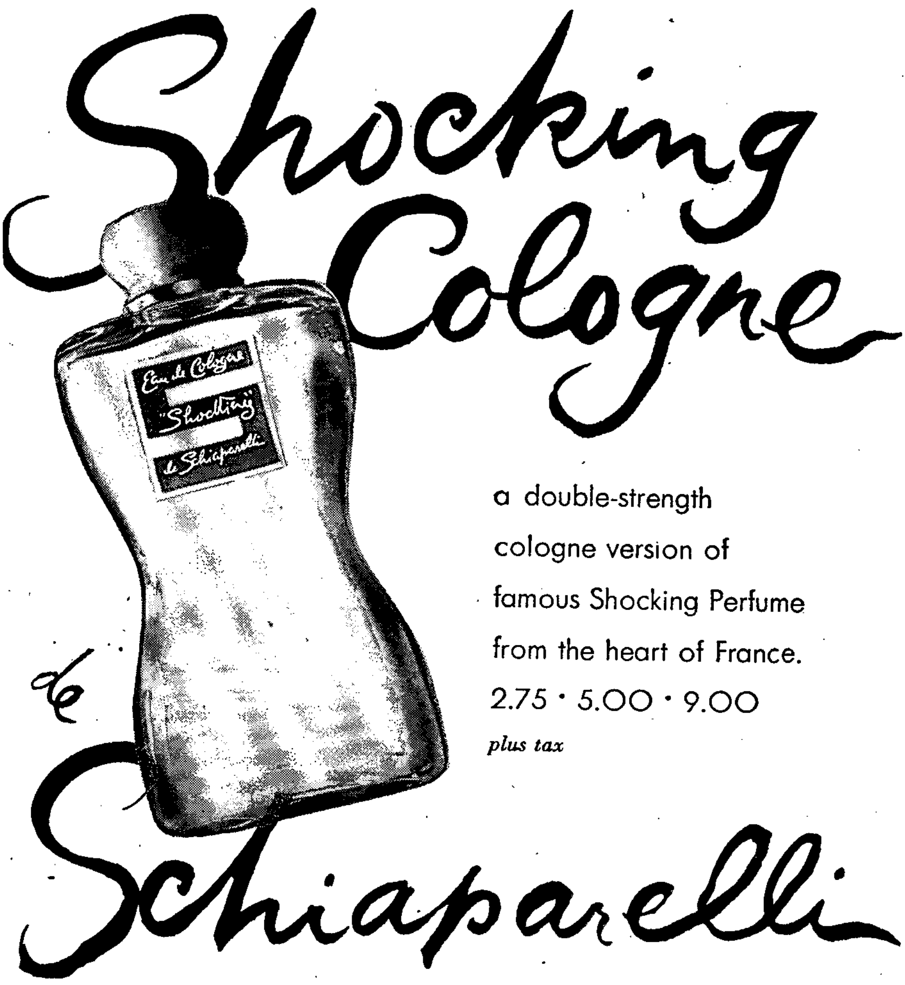

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thousand degrees, we stop firing, close the fire-hole shutters, plug up the peephole—and wait. We wait for five days. Then we start unsealing the door."

"How can you tell when it's time to stop firing?" I asked. "Is there some kind of temperature gauge?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Henderson said. "They think of everything these days. A company out in Ohio makes a full line of something called pyrometric cones. They're little clay pyramids that you set inside the peephole, and at a certain degree of heat they melt. Then you know how hot your fire is. However, we don't bother with them much. I don't think they're accurate enough. I prefer to use my own two eyes."

"Ethel can call the temperature just by looking at the fire," Mr. Hill said. "That's the old-fashioned way. She's a flame reader."

"I'm the only one left in the country," Mrs. Henderson said.

AS we walked down the factory steps and headed for the house, the station wagon swung into the courtyard. Mr. Henderson was at the wheel. He pulled up, got out, and gave me a nod of recognition.

"Seen everything?" he asked.

I said I thought I had. "You certainly turn out handsome work," I added. "I've never seen so many fine things. How many different kinds of pots do you make?"

"Yep," Mr. Henderson said. "That's right."

I looked at him.

"Oh, I heard you," he said. "But when you come right down to it, your guess is about as good as mine." He smiled an economical smile. "All I know is we make a raft of them."

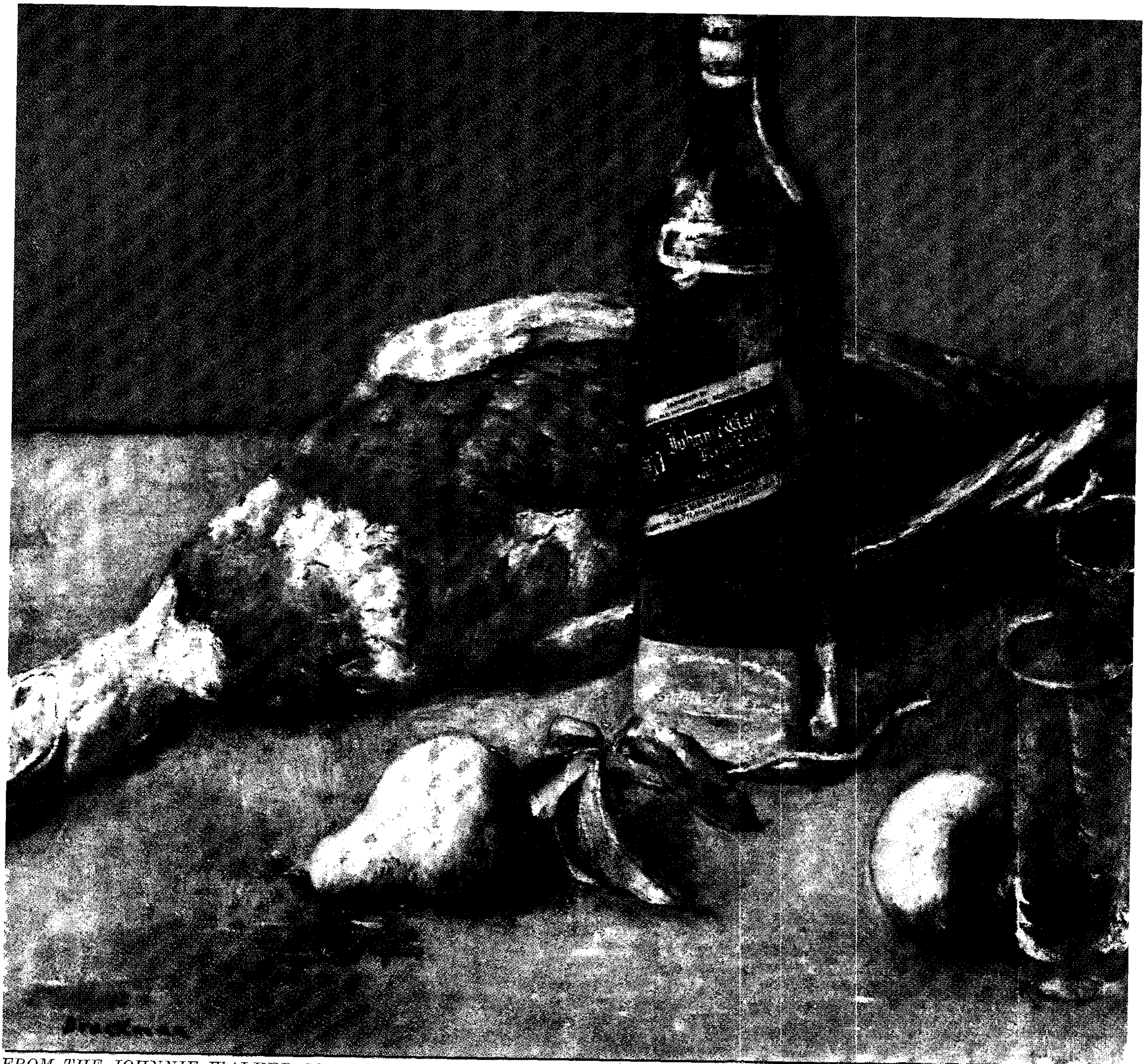
"Charlie," Mrs. Henderson murmured.

"The last time I checked," Mr. Hill said, "it was roughly seventeen hundred." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

Tony Anastasia is also wanted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation to appear this week as a witness in Newark in deportation proceedings against another brother, Albert Anastasia, whom police describe as the former chief executioner for Murder, Inc. Yesterday Tough Tony's lawyer, Joseph J. Petito, said his client's name was being misspelled by the press. He explained that Tony wanted his name to end with the letter O, the same as Jerry's name, and not with an A, as in Albert's spelling of the family name. Tony Anastasia said he flew . . . —*The Herald Tribune.*

No waterfront hood's gonna intimidate the *Trib.*



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Brackman in his Studio

Critics say Brackman's work has a lasting quality.

Connoisseurs say the same thing about Johnnie Walker. It is an honest parallel. Johnnie Walker strode onto the scene in 1820. Like the true artist, Johnnie Walker had technique and enthusiasm. And he devoted them to making the finest Scotch whisky the world has ever known—Johnnie Walker Black Label. Matter of fact, as you look at the painting above, you are seeing a masterpiece within a masterpiece. Both are worthy of your collection.

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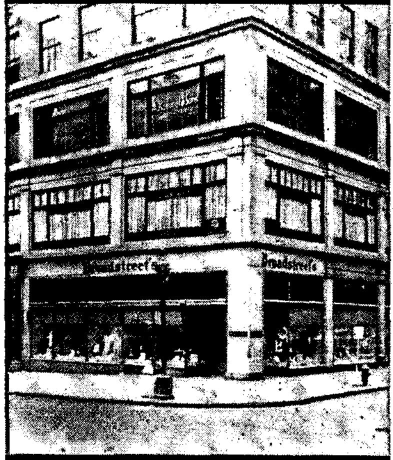

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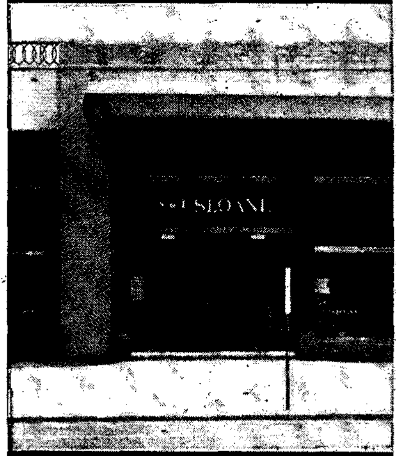

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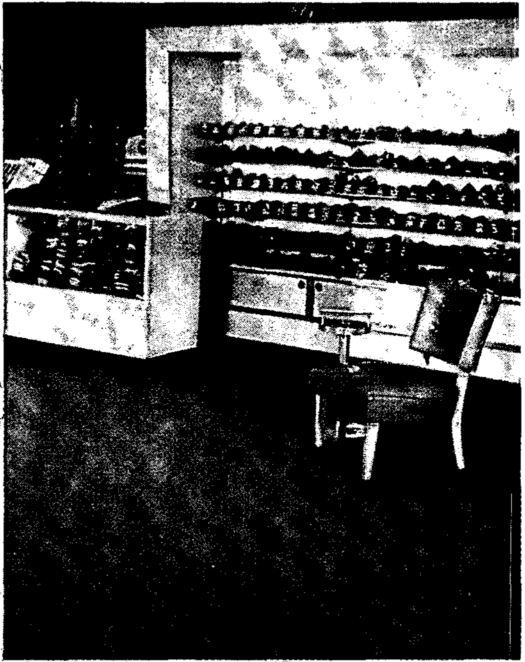

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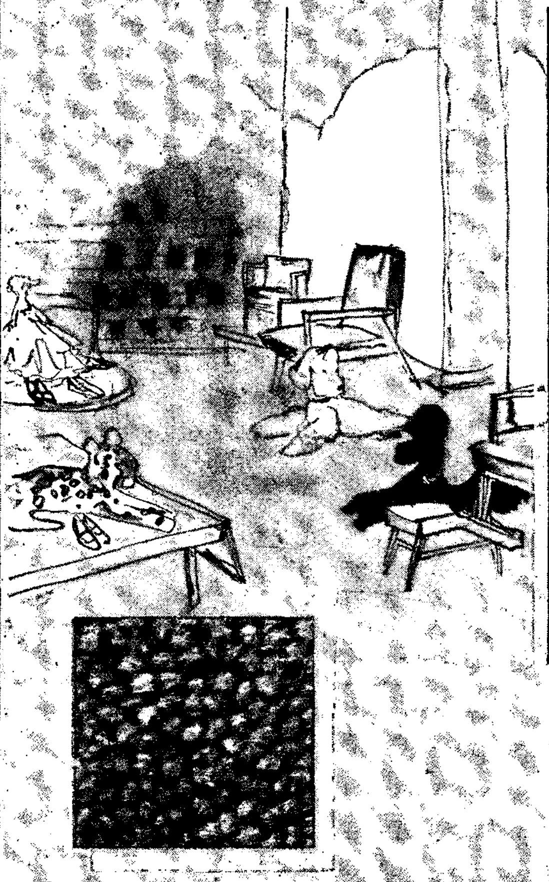

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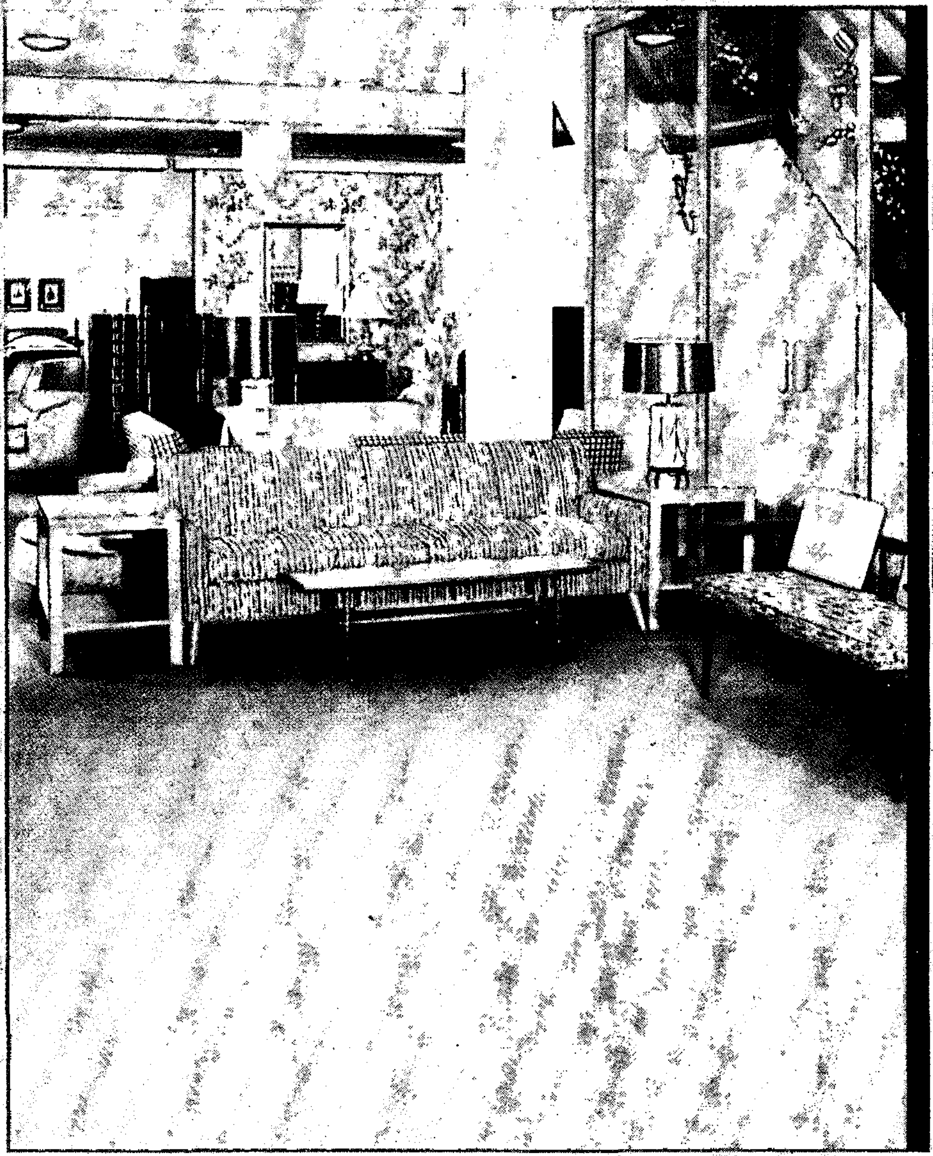

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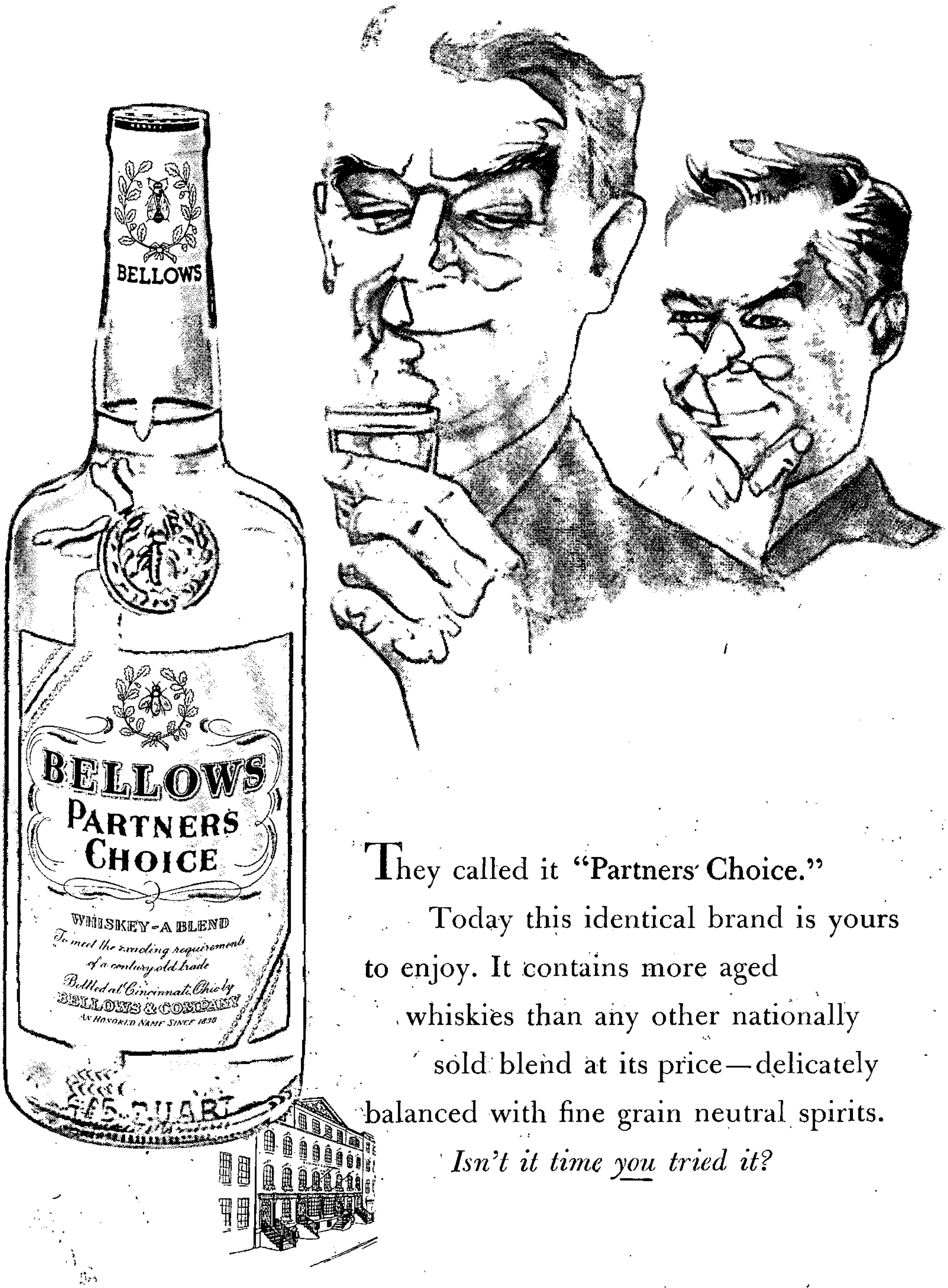

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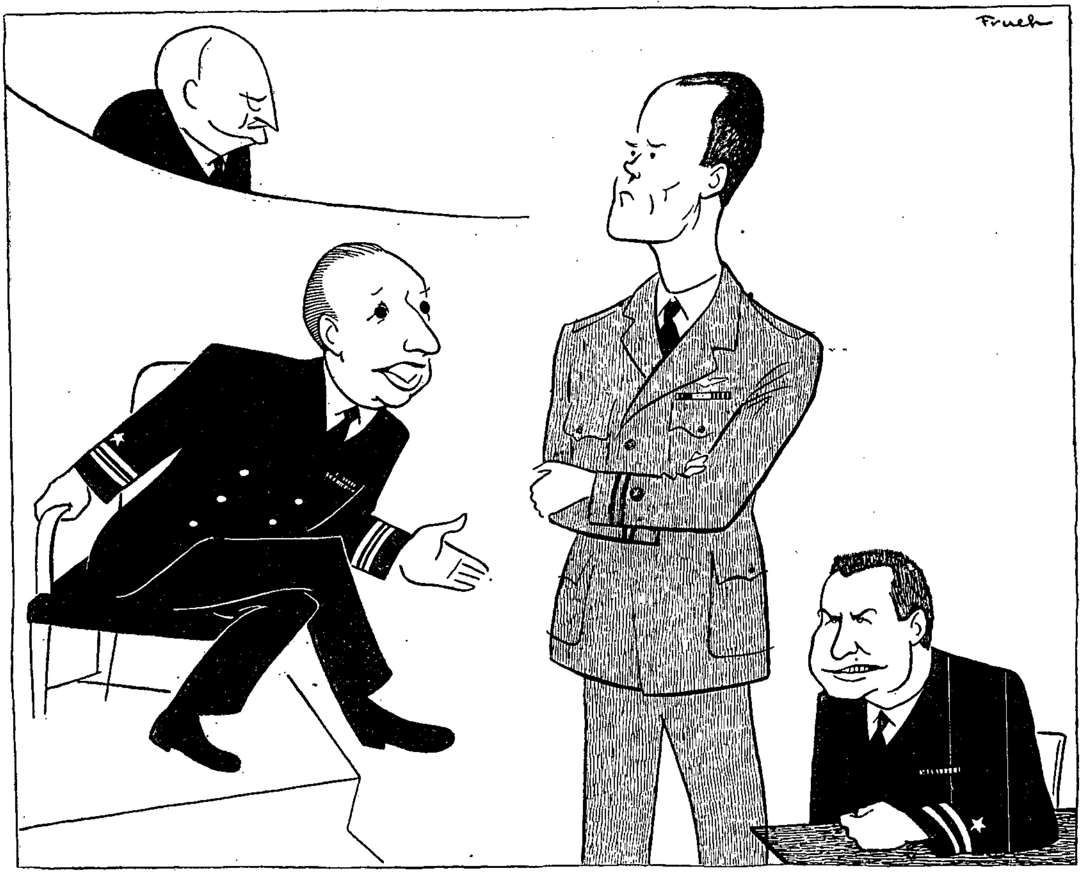
THE THEATRE

WITH CAUTIOUS RAPTURE

LIKE "Ondine," "The Girl in Pink Tights," at the Mark Hellinger, owes most of its charm to the presence in it of one oddly gifted personality. This is a young woman who has cozily chosen to be known simply as Jeanmaire and whose resemblance, in various ways, to Audrey Hepburn has already been commented on elsewhere. Before we go any further, incidentally, it might be noted that Miss Hepburn's triumph, if I may judge by a certain amount of correspondence that has reached this desk, has not been wholly agreeable to the ladies of the parish, who seem to feel that the reviewers, almost to the last man, have behaved like a bunch of besotted schoolboys, forsaking the customary language of criticism in favor of that more properly employed in love letters. "You all make me sick," writes one of them. "If I wanted to lacerate my hair, sloe up my eyes, and stick out my neck a couple of yards, I suppose you'd write all that goo about me, too." In the main, she speaks for her sisters, though most of them are able to find less corrosive words for Miss Hepburn's attributes and are inclined to be more indulgent with the critics, who are, after all, elderly men, understandably a little disgusting where a pretty face is concerned. In view of this rather chilling attitude, I'll try to restrain my own ecstasies in regard to Mlle. Jeanmaire. Although I have been subjected to the art of the ballet more or less persistently for a quarter of a century, I know very little about it, and nothing whatever about its terminology, and so I can only say that it seems to me that she dances very beautifully, with an air of careless ease that is as delightful as I'm sure it is deceptive. Her singing is enchanting, too, having that beguiling offhand quality that appears to be the special property of the French, and her difficulties with our language give it a strong extra appeal. Her acting, when the exigencies of the script force her to descend to this foolishness, is funny and appealing, suggesting, as not too many rising young stars in the theatre do, that she might be an agreeable girl to have around in private life. As far as her appearance goes, I think I'll just refer you to the pictures in the papers, feeling that my female readers have already had just about all they can peaceably accept.

Beyond its central attraction, "The Girl in Pink Tights" hasn't a great deal to recommend it. The book, by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, has something to do with the collision and subsequent merging of a ballet troupe and a straight theatrical company in New York in the years immediately after the Civil War. There is a romance between the prima ballerina and the man who is both hero and author of the rival offering, and another, theoretically comic one between the ballet master and the proprietress of the theatre in which the joint production finally goes on. All this is complex but not very interesting, and the humor that goes with it might be described as merciless, reaching its peak in an inordinately tiresome burlesque of old-fashioned melodrama. The music, adapted by Don Walker from a score by Sigmund Romberg, has its pleasant highlights, especially in two songs called "Lost in Loveliness" and "Up in the Elevated Railway," but in general it is fairly uninspired and monotonous, and Leo Robin's lyrics, except



"THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL"

In this scene, Lloyd Nolan, on the witness stand, is explaining something to Henry Fonda, who is just waiting to take him apart. Russell Hicks is on the bench, and John Hodiak is smoldering on the right. Herman Wouk's adaptation of a sequence from his novel is at the Plymouth.

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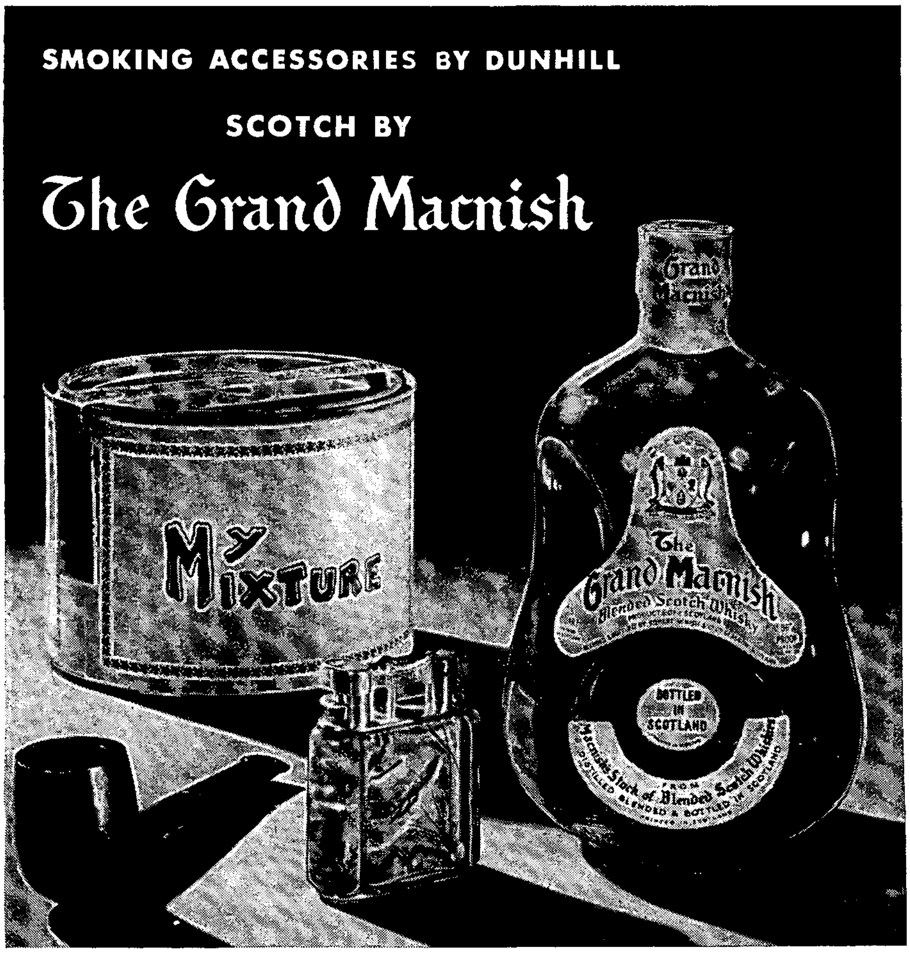

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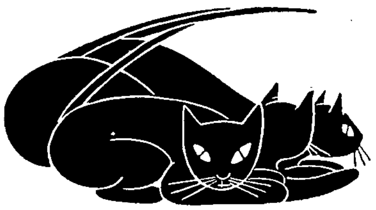
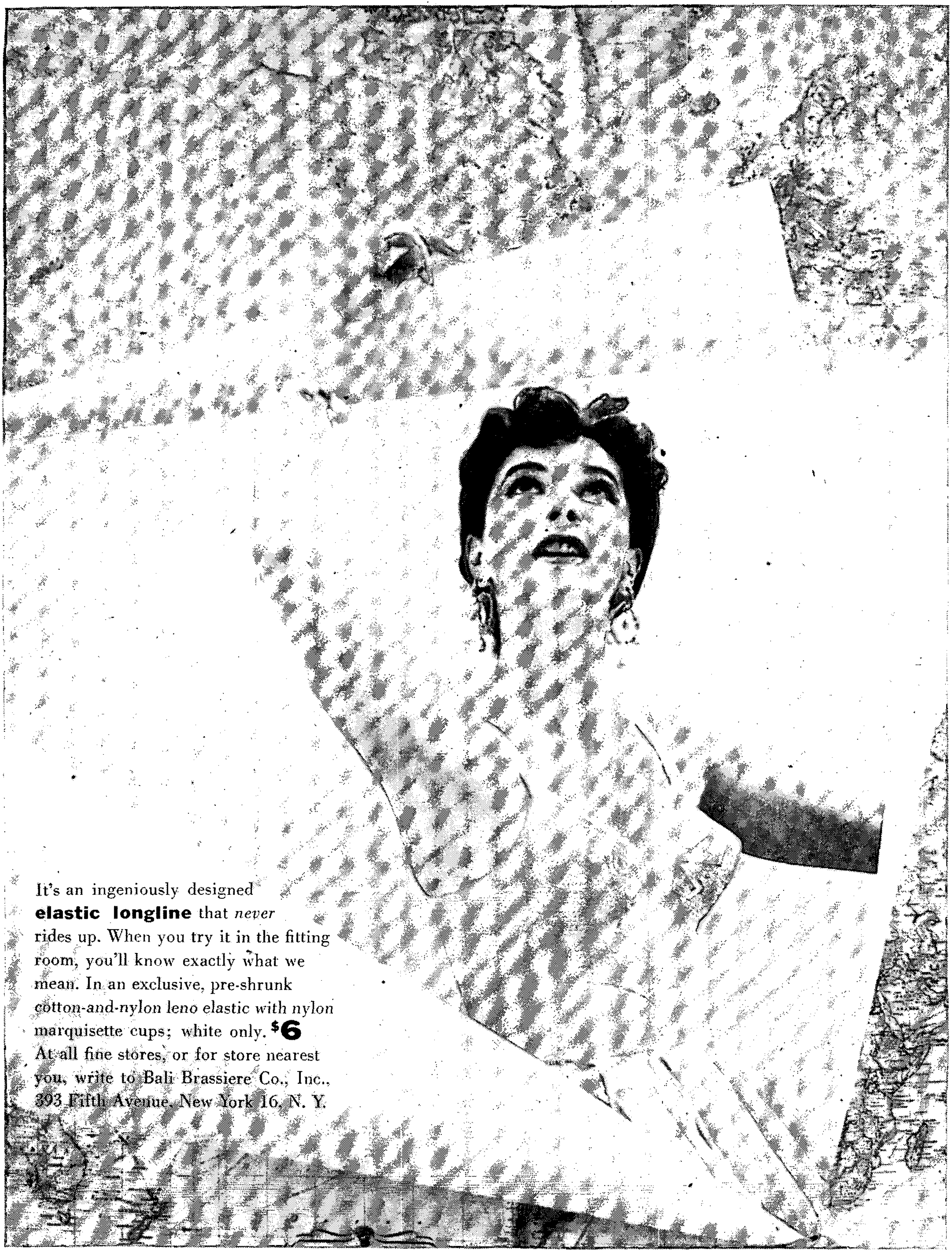
for some entertaining rhymes in a couple of comedy numbers, aren't much better. The dances, staged by Agnes de Mille, are often first-rate (a pas de deux executed by Jeanmaire and Alexandre Kalioujny in the first act is a small miracle of grace and precision, but it has its wearing aspects, too, and a protracted humorous item kidding the ballet struck me as a more than usually numbing development of this familiar notion). The seventeen sets and backdrops, designed by Eldon Elder, and the innumerable costume changes, contrived by Miles White, have occasional style (Jeanmaire, of course, always looks radiant), but there are times when a mood of relentless period playfulness sets in, and the Old New York of Niblo's Garden, Bowling Green, Battery Park, and the Hotel Brevoort takes on that labored quaintness that so often afflicts it on the stage.

Of those chiefly supporting the star, I liked the aforementioned Kalioujny, who I rather wished could have won her in the end; Charles Goldner, who extracted considerably more humor from the part of the maestro than the authors bothered to put in; Brenda Lewis, who performed the same service for the lady theatre owner; and, more temperately, David Atkinson, whose voice and appearance suited his romantic role, though his interest in acting was, I should say, not more than passive, at best. There were some pretty girls around the premises, but not enough to inflame you unendurably.

CHARLES MORGAN is advancing a rather bizarre argument in "The Burning Glass," at the Longacre. Applied science in our time has reached the point of blasphemy, he says at some length and in a rather grandiose manner. Supersonic speed, atomic power, and most of the other devices we have contrived for our entertainment and destruction are monstrous gadgets. We are not competent to deal with them, because they are toys for the gods and we are not gods but men. It is time, therefore, for the human race to put a stop to its own miracles, at least until our spiritual resources catch up with our mechanical ingenuity. As a man who frequently feels that most of our trou-





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SHOP AT SMITH'S

bles began with the invention of the electric light, I am somewhat in sympathy with this point of view, but I don't believe I ever quite expected to hear anyone put it forward seriously. Mr. Morgan, however, does just that. The possibility of abolishing hunger and disease and illiteracy is to him, it seems, a dream that should be postponed indefinitely. This would appear to be the same line of reasoning that once led the church to conclude that God wished people to suffer and that it was a sacred duty to eliminate those who attempted to disobey His will. I suppose that putting a stop to all research would greatly simplify the problems of our day—though I'm not sure exactly how Mr. Morgan proposes to get around the existence of the hydrogen bomb—but I doubt if it would be altogether practical. The morality of suppressing free inquiry is, of course, a matter for a Senatorial subcommittee rather than for me. On the whole, the thoughtful content of "The Burning Glass" strikes me as disjointed nonsense, but there is always a chance that I am mistaken. One chance in about six hundred.

The vehicle in which this singular message is conveyed took me right back to the First World War, when the spy melodrama was at its peak, and I remember sitting childishly entranced by Miss Violet Heming and a fine cheese dream called "Three Faces East." "The Burning Glass" is hardly as haunting as that experience, but in essence it is much the same. There is a young English scientist who has made a great discovery (if I have the facts right, which seems unlikely, he has found a way of turning the ionosphere into a lens, so that the rays of the sun can be focussed to destroy the world or any part of it); he has a beautiful young wife, who is somehow equipped to carry the whole complex formula in her head; and a talkative friend, who inadvertently betrays the existence of the weapon to the enemy, in the shape of a glossy scoundrel who sports tails and an Austrian accent. The hero's problem is as stated: he is unwilling to use the glass even for peaceful purposes, stipulating that it may be employed only for defense in time of war. This attitude doesn't altogether commend itself to his Prime Minister, but they haven't much time to argue about it, because presently the young man is abducted by the foe. The rest, of course, is just a race with time, and I'm sure you will be relieved to know that the curtain falls with the secret still safe on the proper side of the English Channel. It

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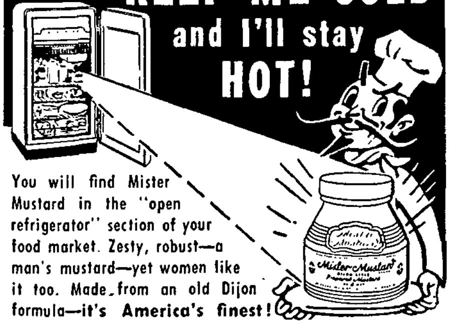

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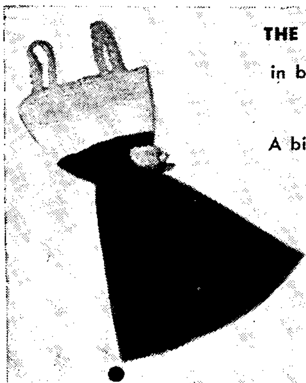

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is all fairly primitive and familiar stuff, but it may have enough chancy moments to divert the young in spirit.

Cedric Hardwicke, as the Prime Minister, has sufficient urbanity and charm to make the long discussions about irresponsible science and fundamental ethics at least bearable, but the others are less happily situated. Maria Riva, hitherto celebrated chiefly as Marlene Dietrich's daughter, is ornamental as the hero's super-mnemonic spouse, but it is a remarkably foolish part and I'm afraid she is defeated by it in the end; Walter Matthau, who has a dismaying gift for acquiring practically unplayable roles, has another one as the loose-tongued friend and does better with it than I would have believed possible; Scott Forbes, similarly afflicted, makes the young Galileo reasonably attractive, if never very plausible; and Isobel Elsom, as one of those titled English matrons who habitually clutter up these plays, has the proper worldly air. Oliver Smith's British drawing room is quite imposing, too.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

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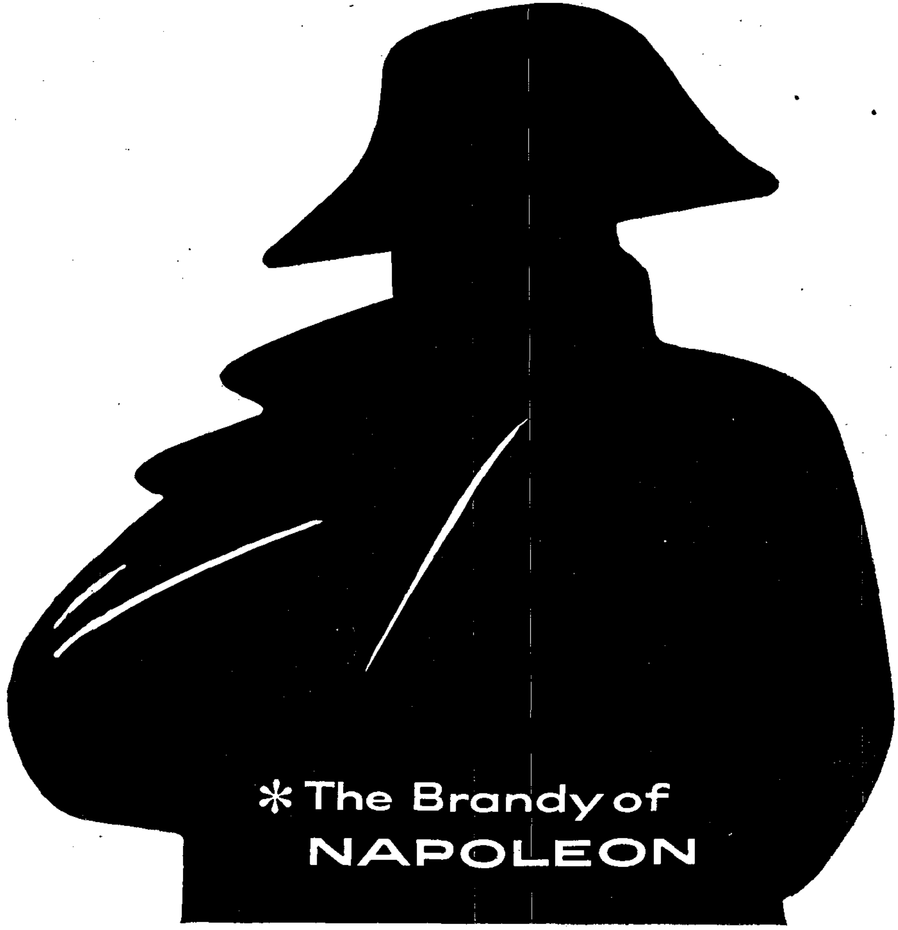
•

Washington, March 1—(A.P.)—The Senate overwhelmingly approved Earl Warren's nomination as the nation's fourteenth chief justice. The appointment was carried by a voice vote. mpusaid-k"eU- shrdlu uthm cmyfwphm cmfwythm pthm cmfwthm—*Miami News*.

That's Langer's voice, isn't it?



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Through the looking-glass

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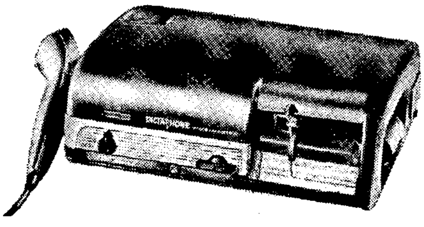

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THE RACE TRACK

On the Grass

IT'S hard to know what standards of criticism, if any, apply to form on our turf courses; horses have been doing such extraordinary things on them lately. Last weekend, for example, By Zeus, who had never run on the grass before—and had never run brilliantly on dirt tracks—rolled home first in the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, the final race of the season at Santa Anita. Not only did he win by four or five lengths but he ran the mile and a half in 2:26, a new American record. The world's record, if you care, is 2:23, set more than twenty years ago by a colt named The Bastard, at Newmarket, the English course, which is practically straight. Part of Santa Anita's new turf course, which, incidentally, is called El Camino Real, is straightaway and downhill, but that's no reason to discount By Zeus's performance, for the same thing is true of several turf courses in England—Brighton, for one, where an animal called Mopsis once ran a mile in 1:32.

As for the race, Indian Hemp pretty much set the pace for a mile, and then By Zeus took command. Rejected got off to a better start than he did the day he won the Santa Anita Handicap, but he tired and finished second. Lucrative was third, and Thirteen of Diamonds, who had run such a fast mile and a quarter on the grass in his most recent race, was last. By Zeus, no stranger to New York horseplayers, is owned by Mrs. Edward Lasker and trained by Buddy Hirsch, who also trains Rejected. This, by the way, is the third year in a row that Hirsch has saddled the winner of the San Juan Capistrano; in 1952 and 1953 he won it with Intent. I've a notion that with a little luck, Rejected might have made it this time; after all, he gave By Zeus sixteen pounds, and that makes a difference at a mile and a half. At any rate, Hirsch has done a good job with Rejected, who couldn't win at all when he was two and who as a three-year-old ran in claiming races until he popped up and won the hundred-thousand-dollar Westerner Stakes at Hollywood Park

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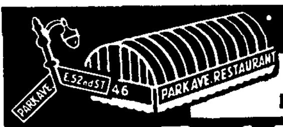

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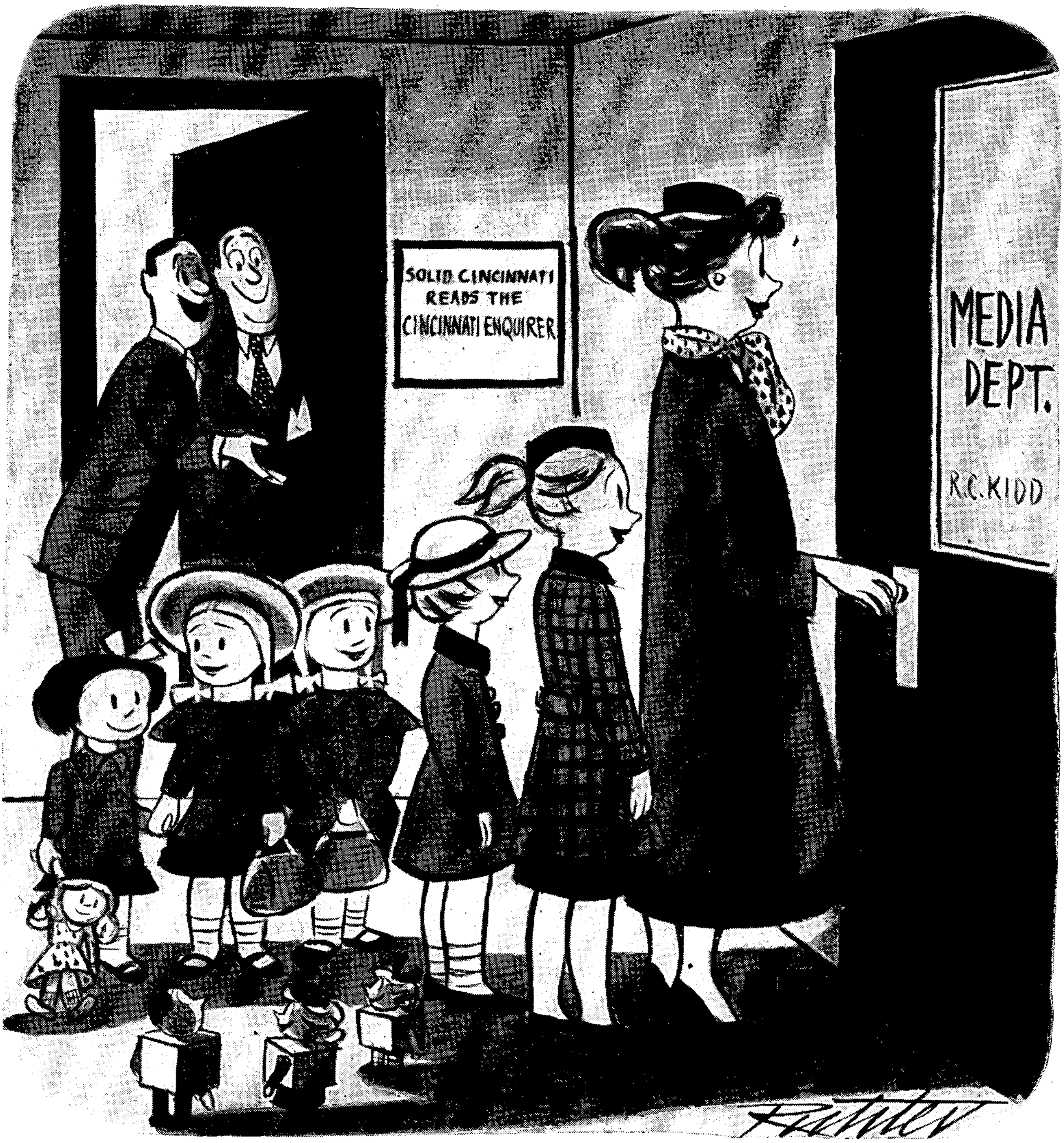
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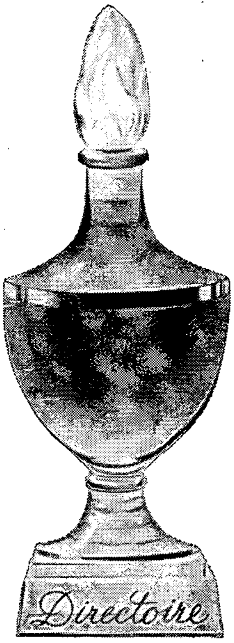

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last summer. Rejected is by Revoked, who, you may remember, figured in a *cause célèbre* back in 1944. In the summer of that year, Dr. Eslie Asbury, a Cincinnati surgeon who breeds thoroughbreds for fun and profit, sent the colt—he had not yet been named—to the Keeneland sales. There Max Hirsch, Buddy's father, bought him for $41,000. The next day, Max thought the colt's breathing sounded peculiar. He jabbed his expensive purchase in the ribs—an old horseleech's trick to make an animal exhale audibly—without dispelling his suspicions, and then began calling in veterinarians. None of them would say positively that there was anything wrong with the animal's wind, or that there wasn't. At the height of the to-do, Dr. Asbury said he would take the colt back and race him himself. He did, and the following season Revoked won three of his six starts, including the Washington Park Futurity. I'm sure he would have won the Futurity at Belmont Park, too, if he hadn't bowed a tendon on the eve of the race. That's the horse business for you.

HIALEAH also wound up its meeting last week—and a very successful one it was—with a race over its grass course. This was the Hialeah Turf Handicap, a fifty-thousand-dollar number, and it brought out a dozen runners. The Brookmeade Stable's Picador, who hadn't won anything for two years, ran the mile and a half in 2:28⅘ and led by lengths all the way. Royal Vale was second, and Parnassus third. Earlier in the week, Gainsboro Girl, a 48–1 shot, romped off with the Black Helen Handicap. Diogenes Checkpoints has turned up the interesting fact that no horse won more than one of the sixteen stakes at Hialeah. That isn't so good for people who dote on playing repeaters, but it does scatter the prize money around. The day after Hialeah closed, Gulfstream Park, which will entertain the aficionados in the Miami area until April 22nd, opened, with almost the largest crowd it has ever had. Returning travellers report that there wasn't a dull moment.

WELL, as everyone expected, Cain Hoy's Turn-to is the favorite, at 3–1, in the first future-book odds on the Kentucky Derby, and Llangollen Farm's Porterhouse is second choice, at 4–1. Calumet Farm has only one colt, Duke's Lea, in the race, and he's 10–1. That looks like a short price to me.

—AUDAX MINOR

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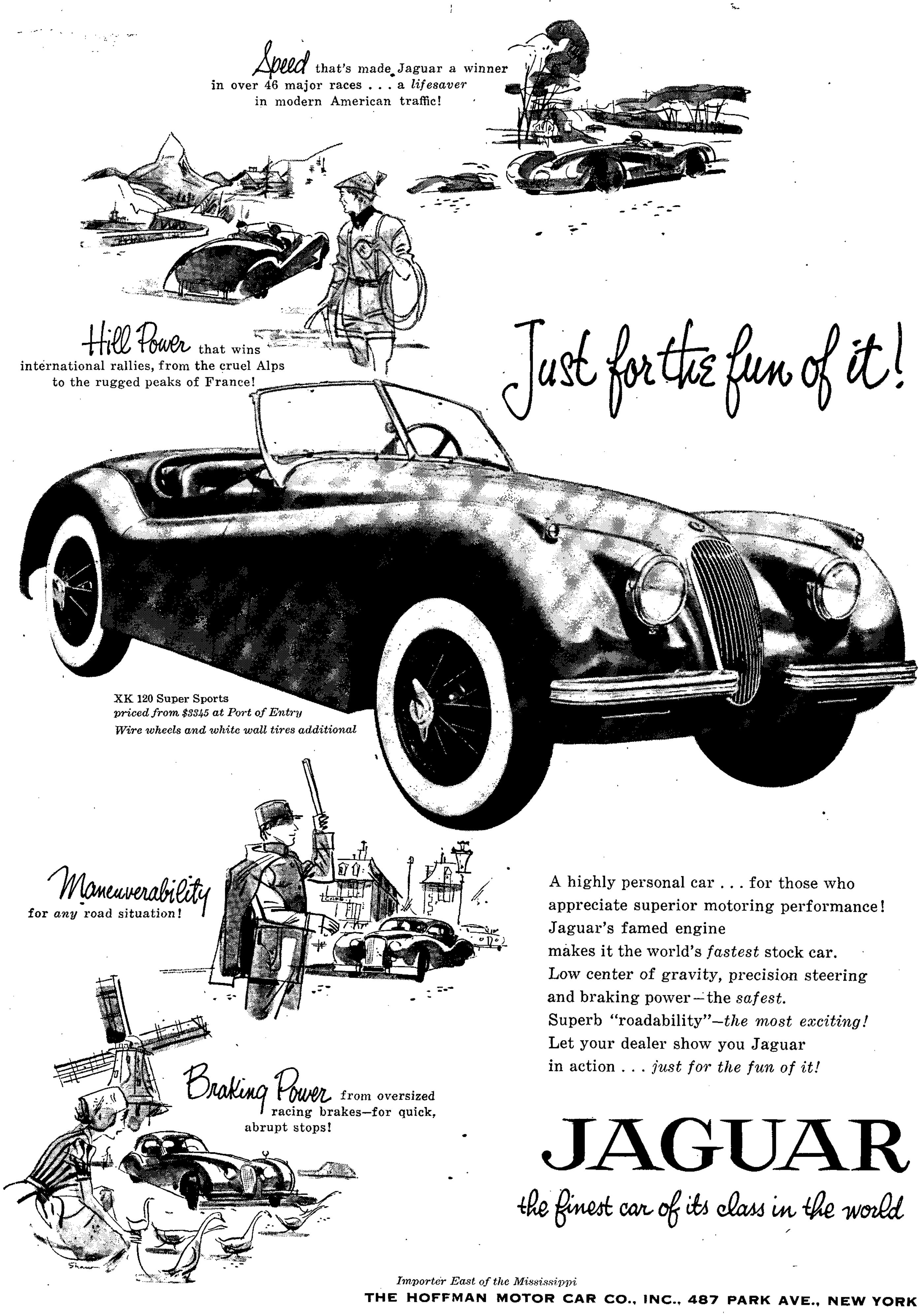

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

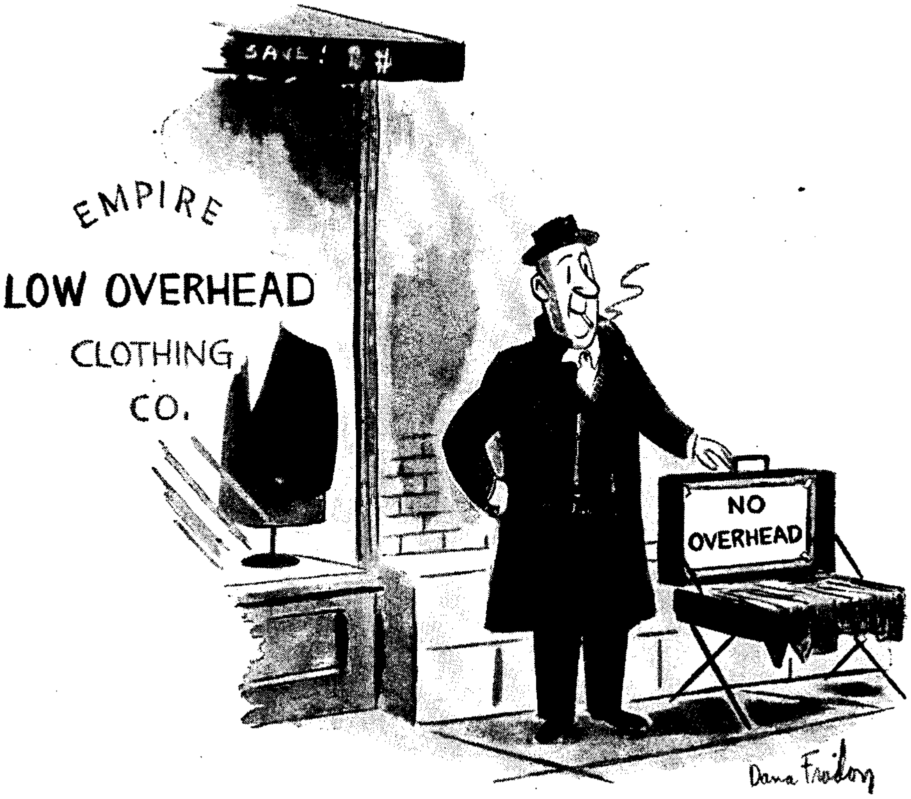
FEMININE FASHIONS

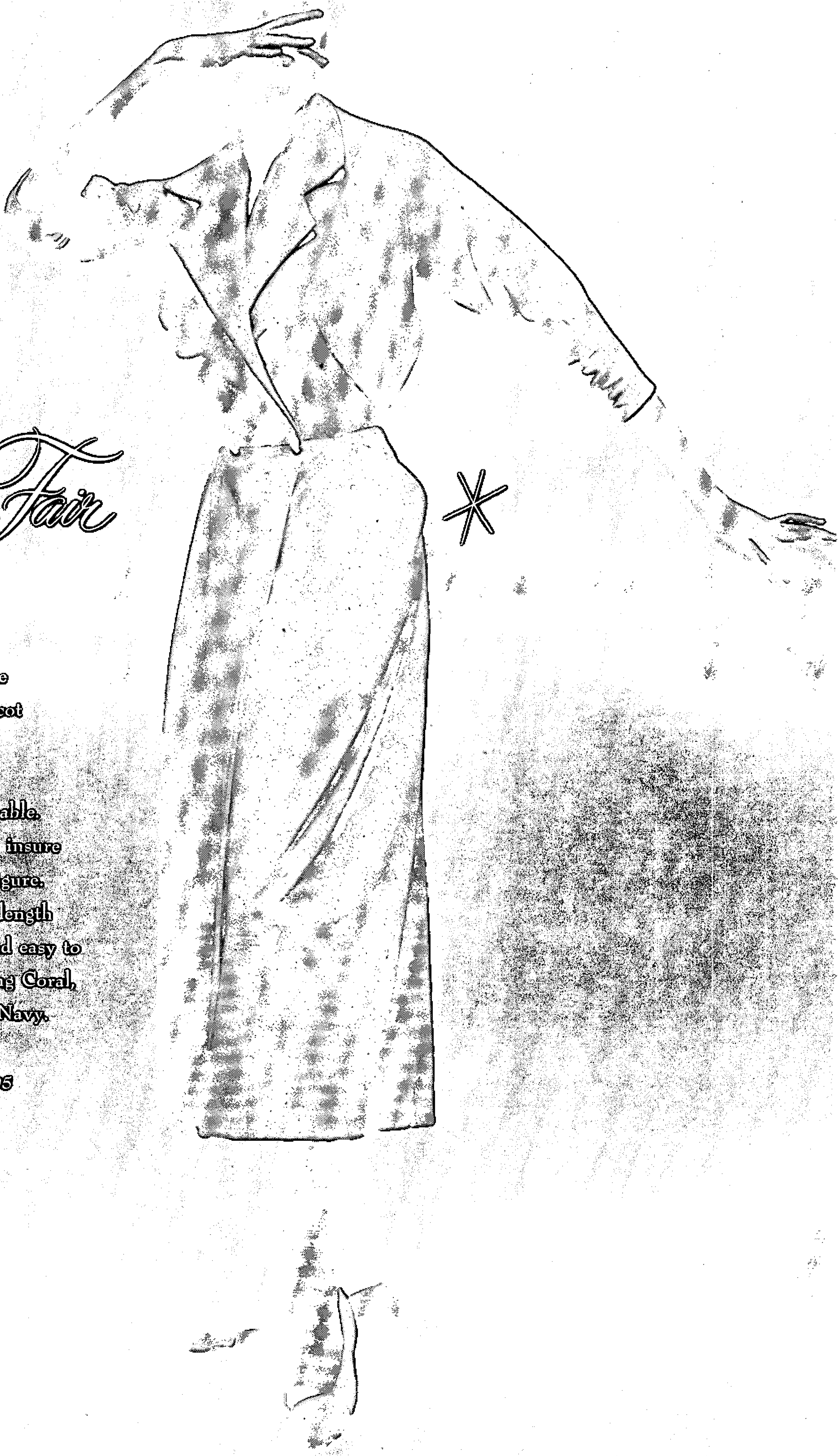
IT is nice, for a change, to see shops burgeoning with ready-to-wear clothes that refuse to be relegated to just one season (at this moment, what passes for spring), one milieu, or one social occasion. They prefer to flaunt a chameleon adaptability, so it doesn't matter whether the wearer is rushing off to encounter what she hopes will be better weather in another climate or is just staying at home, on the ground that nothing can be done about the weather and the mixed-up seasons. In any case, most of the items on this agenda can be worn not only right now but on into summer. All of them, by the way, can be found at shops besides the ones mentioned.

The textile houses are mainly responsible for this improvement in clothes, for they disguise the true nature of their fabrics in devious ways while striving to keep them wrinkleproof and light in weight. (When the stuff they use is very thin, they carefully line the dress it makes, thus insuring that it at least *looks* substantial.) Tweedy, streaked fabrics often turn out to be made of silk, of Swiss rayon, of a combination of silk or wool and rayon, or even—a quaint notion indeed—of wool. Some silk-and-wool mixtures have smooth, hard, dull surfaces; some of them shimmer. Kunel uses silk that looks for all the world like a heavy-bodied organdie to make a perfect day dress in light gray with a darker square dot woven in. Its shirtwaist top is trim and has a fly front descending to the waist; the reverse of the material makes a bow at the base of the turnover collar; a deep inverted pleat at the front of the skirt establishes a crisp flare. (Lord & Taylor and De Pinna, among others.) Some silks that resemble alpaca are called petit point, and their weave puts them in the sharkskin family. And everywhere there are lustrous, heavy Italian raw silks, all of them wearable in a considerable variety of temperatures, all of them impervious to being packed or to being worn in a non-air-conditioned train. It's a trend, all right. For though there are plenty of taffetas and taffetarized fabrics around, there's a rumor that women, a bit tired of materials that stand away from the body, often in the wrong places, suddenly feel like being clung to.

Up to now, suits and coats have been rather rigid about the seasons, but no longer. Bonwit Teller get into the swing by going in for new weaves and mixtures in suits and coats of a fairly conventional pattern. One instance is Jablow's silk-and-wool suits, which are either shadow-striped or dotted. Alpaca-weave mixtures or silk tweeds receive masterly treatment at the hands of Nettie Rosenstein, Frechtel, and Mangone. Mangone has done a suit of black-and-white silk tweed (looks exactly like wool but obviously can be worn in hotter temperatures) with five buttons ascending to the high lapels of a long jacket, and a straight skirt that has a kick pleat in front. Rosenstein combines a short bolero jacket with a high-riding skirt, both of silk tweed, and a white lingerie blouse. Some alpaca-weave mixtures have a mat finish, as in a Montesano suit, collarless, short, and fitted, with smoked-pearl buttons. Slate silk-and-wool with a crisp, hard, polished surface makes a nice Jablow coat (he calls the fabric Rizona) with a deep, pointed collar, easy, sloped shoulders above raglan sleeves, and a straight-hanging line.

There are many dresses and ensembles for the woman who tends to be thick through the middle but not elsewhere. The sheath, easily molded and often beltless, is more prevalent than ever, sometimes becoming what is practically a shift, though artful (and imperceptible) seaming through the ribs and under the bosom gives it an Empire line and a suppleness that nestles as the body moves. Such little nothings can help a woman with a sense of serene high style make every other woman in the room look overdressed. Jane Derby does several examples, including one (Lord & Taylor) of slate wool with four self buttons below the demure collar and unobtrusive seaming that molds it under the bosom and persuades it to undulate slightly all the way down. A deep, inverted pleat descends the back and is caught in at the low waistline by a self bow. Another, a straight chemise of sheer wool, sports a tab across the front and back to indicate a Kate Greenaway waistline; its printed tie-silk blouse has short sleeves and a deep, oval neck. (The adult jumper, as you can see, is a top fashion now.) Oleg Cassini, a cult at Rosette Pennington, presents, among his Empire creations, a sheath nightgown dress of gray wool with a buttoned-in silk-linen dickey under the turnover collar. Trigère, who always plumps for the gamine with the innocent air, does wonderful dresses of





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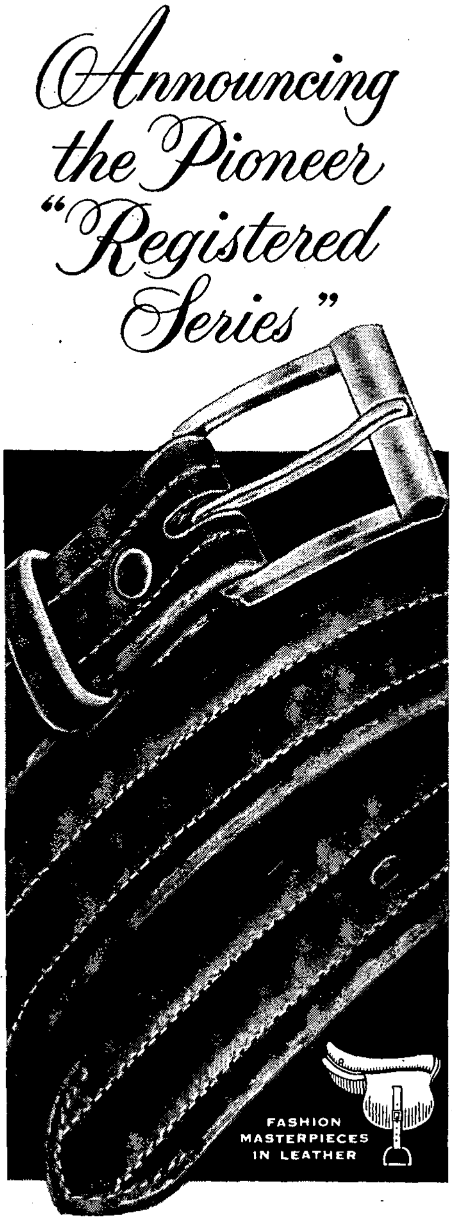

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this type, such as little sheer jobs with a self tie at the round neckline, wide sleeveless armholes, and a willowy look. One beauty of hers appears in black-and-white checked wool, the checks diagonal on the body of the dress and straight on the deep yoke that starts just under the low, oblong neck she favors, though she fills it in with a white handkerchief-linen dickey (Lord & Taylor). Then, Traina-Norell make chemise-nightshirt-shirtwaist dresses of silk linen, wool, or whatever. A round piqué collar, a buttoned band just below it, and dolman sleeves starting at the waistline are the talking points of one, an easy, belted, slim sort of thing (Lord & Taylor). Another, of tan raw silk, with self buttons and a turnover collar standing away from the neck, is to be wrapped any which way and anchored by a tailored self sash. The customers of Hattie Carnegie, who stocks it, wrap it high on the diaphragm and low in back.

THERE are numerous mature and de-luxe examples of the jumper in town. Pattulo's dressy sheath one is of thin black wool, with a white chiffon blouse that has cowl drapery across the throat and long, slightly belled sleeves; the elbow-length cape jacket, of the same wool, has big white pearl buttons starting at the collarless neck, above which the chiffon shows (Bergdorf Goodman and Mimi Tuthill, among many). Trigère uses her favorite sheer wool in a scoop-necked, sleeveless jumper with a short-sleeved linen dickey and box pleats starting at the hips. (Lord & Taylor are among its admirers.) Talmack's handsome effort—navy taffeta covering a white organdie blouse that has big puffed short sleeves tying in bows—is at Rosette Pennington. Adele Simpson's jumper is of black petit-point alpacalike silk; the deep oval neck is filled in with a white organdie dickey, there are puffed sleeves, and the skirt is somewhat circular, for a change (Saks Fifth Avenue and Carnegie's Blue Room).

The jumper-dress vogue is so big that suits are following suit, and many of them are showing considerably more blouse than before. Anna Miller makes one of gray wool with wide, fringed armholes and a deep cape collar; the blouse is a charcoal-and-white surah print, and plenty of sleeve is visible (Mimi Tuthill). And Maurice Rentner often finishes off his succinct little nipped-in suits with tops from which wide, deep Vs go out almost to the tips of the shoulders; folds at each side wind up in a turnover scarf between the breasts. In gray, brown, or cocoa wool,

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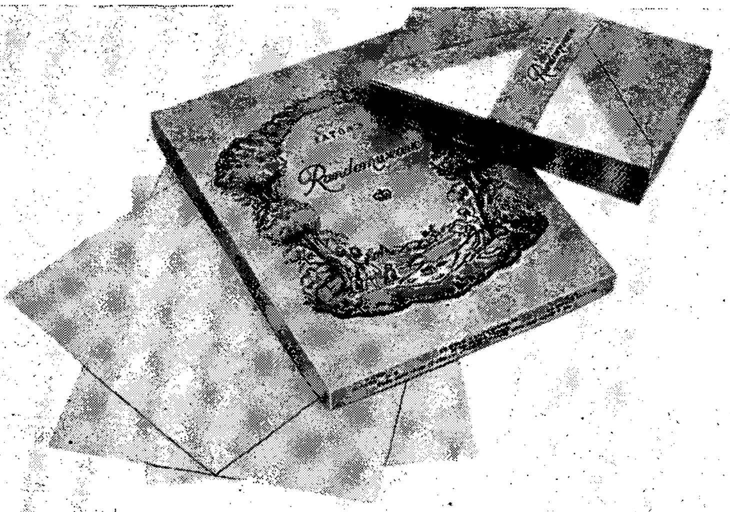

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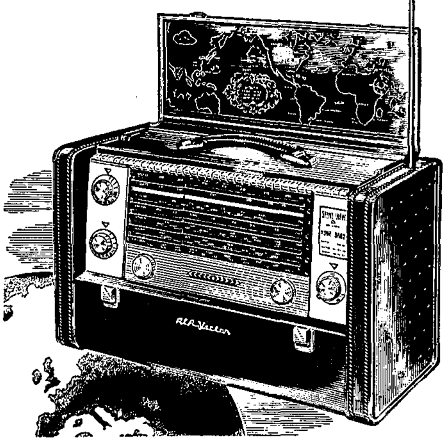

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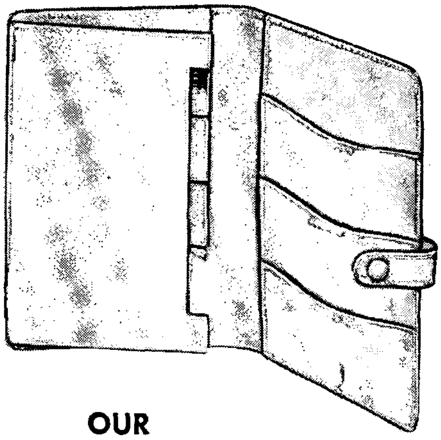
and they're among the prides of Saks Fifth Avenue. These suits sometimes embody Rentner's newest bit of detail—sleeves darted in and tapering below the elbow, with a self binding finishing off the edge and then tying in a string bow in lieu of a cuff.

In lots and lots of ensembles, the very short jacket, usually hugging the body, gives emphasis to the simple, curved structure of the dress beneath, and also often covers a low, sleeveless décolletage that is suitable for dinner and the theatre. Talmack has played both ends against the middle by designing an ensemble, of black raw silk, whose longish fitted jacket has detail under the arms to make it appear that a short bolero goes on over it. The illusion is heightened by giving the pseudo-bolero buttons of its own high in front. There's a slim, square-necked sheath underneath (De Pinna). Another double-dealing jacket by Talmack is of navy silk linen or of navy-and-white checked wool (for the jacket) over navy wool (for the U-necked sheath dress). The jacket has a cape collar in back, and there's a knot with dangling ends smack on the spine at the base of it (Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room). Suzanne Augustine uses black, tweedy wool with white streaks (it's part rayon) for a dress with a jacket that's fitted and waist-length in back and briefer in front (Bergdorf). Samuel Winston has done several short jackets for Lord & Taylor that are worth anybody's attention, such as a cutaway bolero boasting a wide, wide white piqué overcollar and adorning a white-flecked charcoal chiffon sheath. Harvey Berin, always a great hand at youthful wools, combines a straight-hanging short jacket with one of his perennial round-necked, short-sleeved dresses—this year with an Empire band under the bosom (Rosette Pennington). Then, he shows a double-breasted jacket of black-and-white checked wool over a dress of black wool with an oval neckline lined inside with a band of white linen. (Bergdorf Goodman are also daft about Berin.) On the whole, this season, piqué and lingerie details on jumpers are completely separate, and almost every dress looks fine without the lingerie touch, in case you're momentarily out of soap flakes.

Hip-length jackets, however, are still around. An exceptional black one (since it flares widely) comes from Balmain, and it should look beautiful over practically any print dress in your wardrobe. Its long, tuxedo lapels are edged with black satin ribbon, and there's a black satin bow at the base of one of them; its



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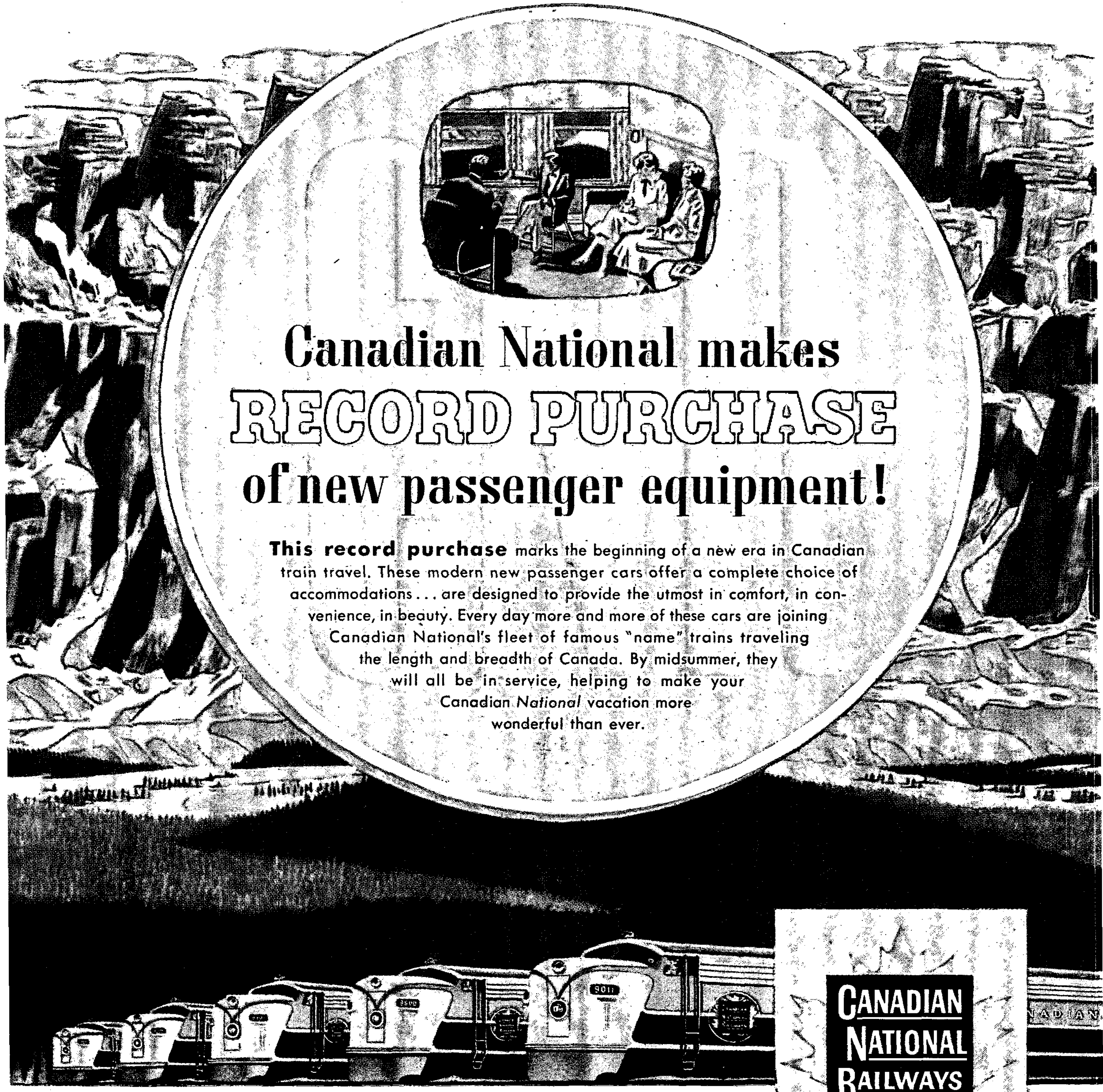

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elbow sleeves flare like modified cape sleeves. The dress it goes with, of an alpacalike silk, is square-necked and edged with satin (De Pinna). Ben Zuckerman is doggedly holding to box jackets. Some of his are semifitted, hugging the hips in a slight barrel effect. Several appear in a gray silk-and-wool combination (Bonwit Teller, being infatuated with sleek silk-and-wool mixtures, took several of these jackets, in cardigan form or with small collars.) Other Zuckerman box jackets have Norfolk detail above the hem, and are lined with a print that matches the ascot (Bendel). And Zuckerman's, too, is a triumphant separate, all-purpose coat—semifitted, a turnover collar, bone buttons down the front, and a band just under the bosom, Empire style. (It's made of the raw Italian silk called Pesante by Sophie Gimbel, Zusante by Zuckerman, and all manner of names by the rest of the pack.) As for seven-eighths coats, Zuckerman has done one of ottoman-ribbed faille with a string tie at the stark neck, short sleeves with a crisp, kimono look, and a stiff, flaring pyramid line. This goes over a bombazine dress with a high, surplice neckline and a tight midriff. (Bergdorf has the pair.) Trigère shows a costume involving an absolutely straight-hanging seven-eighths coat of silk-and-wool beige ottoman, with four patch pockets, as well as a high-waisted skirt of the ottoman and a beige shantung blouse to match (De Pinna).

A JUST about perfect ensemble is the work of Adele Simpson (Saks Fifth and De Pinna, to name two adorers). The three-quarter jacket, of gray-and-white checked wool, is straight, and there are four patch pockets, equipped with flaps; the gray wool dress is neatly molded, and two tabs cross and button high on the chest. Ensembles that include long wool coats lined with print to match the accompanying dresses are, as always, in abundance, masterfully done by Anna Miller (Mimi Tuthill makes a great specialty of her wares), Mollie Parnis, Adele Simpson, and Talmack, the last of whom has brought forth a fitted, buttoned-down, beige princesse coat with a widish hem and an inset Empire band that encircles the body beneath the arms and is released to tie in a bow between the breasts (a typical practice this season), from which point a casual shawl collar ascends. The accompanying dress is of printed surah that matches the lining of the coat (De Pinna).

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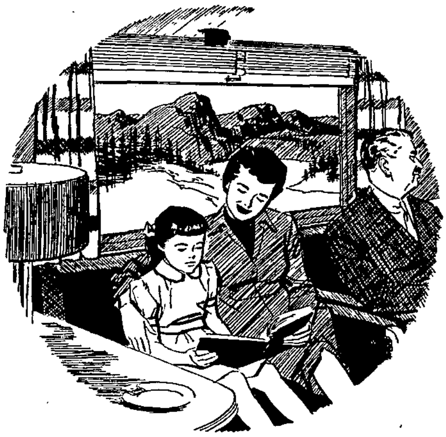

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tenderness. (Jay Thorpe are particular addicts.) Ben Reig makes grandes-dames productions of it. One of his, of black raw silk, is buttoned down the front, and folds emerge from under the arms and end in a tie high on the center front; others are of the finest gabardine, with triple clusters of buttons all the way down the front—oh, he has done all kinds. Women of any known figure should be able to wear a Pattulo shirtwaist dress of navy crêpe with matching grosgrain ribbon a bit to one side down the front to conceal the zipper closing. A piqué collar tops this.

And now (at last!) we come to women who have small waistlines but tend to spread below. Rosenstein is especially solicitous of the breed (this probably goes under the heading of being kind to Majorities) in *her* shirtwaist dresses, which include petticoats that are stitched round and round so they'll lie fairly flat on the hips, below which there is gathered fullness. A dress of gray sheer with a dark stripe and a white lingerie collar has deep pleats over the hips to further the rounded look there, but this is merely one of many versions for many occasions. Rosenstein is also responsible for a gray silk dress with a muddled white print; wide scarves that begin at the sides of the V neck cross on the chest and then wrap around the middle, ad-lib. All these Rosensteins are at Jay Thorpe.

There are still other goodies for the wasp-waisted but hippy woman. Kunel's coat-dresses, of a silk-alpaca sort of stuff, sometimes have a narrow slash in front, an expendable white dickey inside that, and a sharply gored skirt. (Bergdorf's version is constructed with a detachable cape collar; Hattie Carnegie's is collarless, and the slim skirt folds forward at the sides to give the illusion that there's a back apron.) And Traina-Norell put the most elaborate Aunt Jemima petticoats underneath silk and cotton dance dresses of every description—huge skirts of black or red silk organza below draped bra tops with shoestring straps meeting in a V at the center front; dresses of Italian cotton in little-girl style (blue flowers on a white ground with appliquéd yellow butterflies scattered on the skirt and massed below the concise, round-necked, sleeveless top); skirts of violet polka-dot silk with more prim and sleeveless tops. The skirts are all deeply side-pleated and overlap to an incredible extent. Lord & Taylor, Hattie Carnegie, and Bergdorf are among the takers. Bergdorf also went for Traina-Norell's dress of raw beige silk with a red or navy

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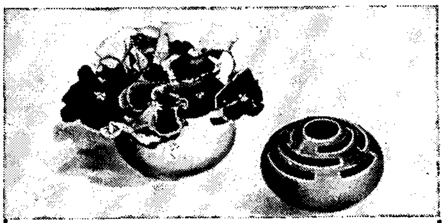

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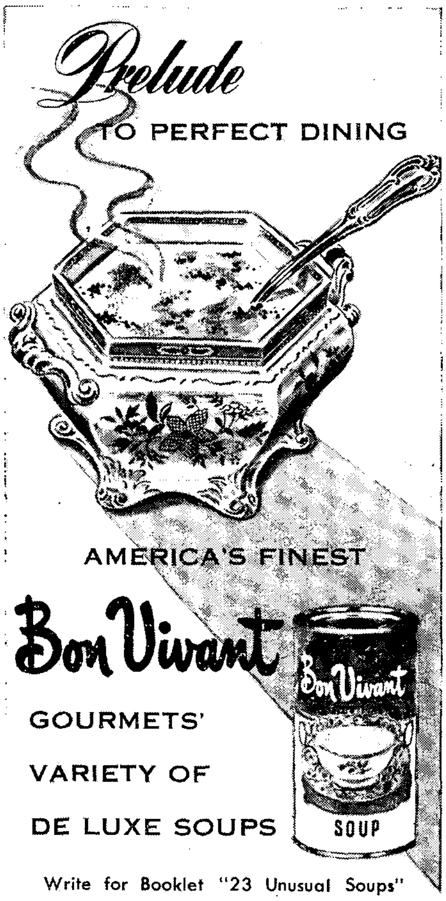
polka dot, whose sleeveless top has a sailor collar and a tie. This, too, is very full-skirted indeed below the tailored self belt.

Traina-Norell are not the only ones who feel that pleats are kind to the lower part of the figure, but most designers use them with more moderation. Dior's newest suits have blade side pleats that widen toward the hem (Rosette Pennington is a big investor). Dior's talent for suits also manifests itself in one with a straight skirt and a rather special jacket—a wide fold crosses the chest to fasten on one side with a single button at the waist, below which the jacket is split down the middle, in a sort of Edwardian effect (Saks Fifth Avenue).

And, getting back to shirtwaist dresses, Sondheim offers pleating on his navy, black, or parchment chiffon ones, with tailored revers, box pleating below the yoke, and a box-pleated skirt (De Pinna).

SCATTERED, LOVELY ODDMENTS: The cool, urban coat-dress turned out by Jacques Fath-Joseph Halpert, of a sheer rayon-and-silk, all horizontal streaks, with unpressed pleats at the sides of the skirt, and lining throughout, so the sheerness will be opaque. . . . Hulitar's purple linen dance sheath with realistic purple violets making a strapless Empire top and a circle around the armhole of its one-armed stole (Mimi Tuthill). . . . Suzanne Augustine's dance dress of a gray Italian cotton that resembles silk, with a sleeveless top (whose round neck is encircled by glistening embroidery), rounded hips, and a jauntily flaring hem. Thin, matching Italian silk makes a one-armed stole for this (Tuthill again). . . . Sybil Connolly's simple suits of Irish tweed, usually with a bit of canvas embedded in the hips for curves (Bendel and Lord & Taylor). The latter shop also has her formal cocoa-and-white pleated chiffon evening gown, the skirt, in alternating panels of the two colors, cupped under at the hem into harem drapery. . . . John Carter's strapless dance dress of black lace over pink taffeta, which is complemented by a waist-length sweater of black cashmere (this fashion has real stamina) adorned with a band of black lace over flesh crêpe around the armholes (Bergdorf Goodman). . . . Kondazion's ensemble to end all ensembles, which is actually two dresses in one—a black taffeta coat-dress with a scalloped V closing in front above the buttons and a double string belt; a dress, which, like the coat, is important enough to stand on its own, of a scrawled,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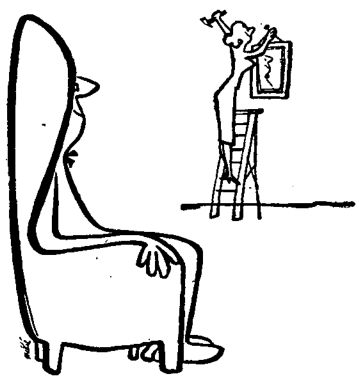
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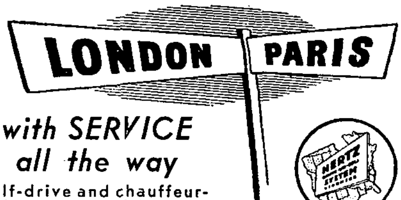

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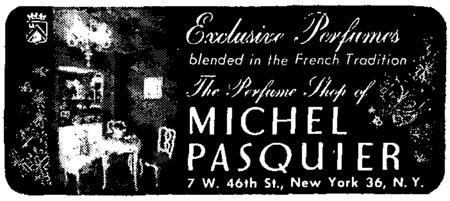
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doodled print crêpe (black and white), with a graceful circular skirt and a slashed-V neck terminating in a bow at the base (Bonwit). —LOIS LONG

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Blooms in the Spring

ABOUT this time every year, the last survivors of the house plants that arrived so fine and brave at Christmas skulk dispiritedly in their corners, reminding me that something should be done to improve the health, or at least the ornamental standards, of flora in the homes of those of us who, if we are not cursed with the thumb of death, have a thumb of only the palest green. To this end, but with the attitude of one concerned less with the mysteries of horticulture than with decoration, I have recently visited a couple of the most splendid—and certainly the most remote—greenhouses in this area (remoteness seems to be an inevitable condition of splendor in greenhouses), where enough unusual house plants are available to abash anyone who has been jogging along with just an indestructible aspidistra or a tired snake plant.

My first visit was to Rutherford, New Jersey, home of the Julius Roehrs Company, one of the major cultivators of foliage plants in the country. People who are pondering the idea of replacing a moribund rubber plant may find the Roehrs setup overpowering, for here are a hundred and twenty-five greenhouses, all filled with plants in the most exuberant health. As for the flower lover who merely wants to be thrilled by a fine display, I wouldn't advise her to make the arduous trip to Rutherford, imposing as the installation is. The acres and acres of greenhouses out there have the air of an enormous and busy warehouse, and the hundreds of thousands of plants, in every stage of development, give the impression not of being on display but, naturally, of making a temporary stop on their way somewhere else.

Since many of the good New York florists are Roehrs customers, you might think that our living-room horticulturists could get whatever plants they wanted without going any farther west than Madison Avenue. It doesn't work out this way; even the grandest florists in town carry few of the new or unusual plants that took my breath away in Rutherford. These grand places can, of course, provide larger and handsomer philodendrons, showier begonias, and fancier peperomias than you are likely to find in other shops, but that is about all; the plants are generally the familiar

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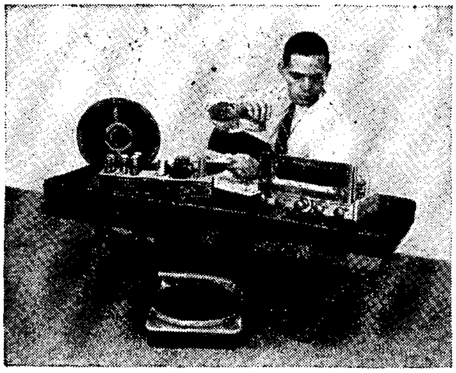

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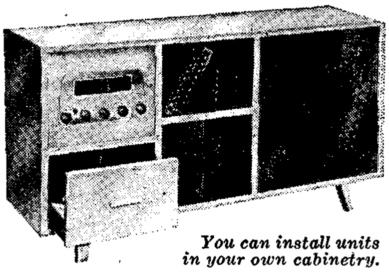

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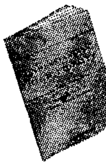

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potted ones—though blown up to impressive opulence—that have been adorning window ledges for a long time. Naturally, the Rutherford greenhouses are bursting with magnificent specimens of the old standbys (to give you an idea, seven greenhouses are devoted to African violets), but I propose to report on just some of the plants that are new in this country or are infrequently stocked by local florists.

Since this exercise is dedicated primarily to the apartment gardener, who operates under conditions that are far from ideal, I couldn't, I think, choose a more suitable starting point than the *Dieffenbachia hoffmanni*, which has been brought here from Central America and sells for $10 a plant. This ornamental dwarf species—it stands about twelve inches high—has pointed velvety leaves of clear green blotched with white, and a white midrib; not only is it much more striking than the common, or hotel-lobby, dumb cane (*Dieffenbachia seguine*), to which it is related, but it gets along without direct sun and doesn't mind a comfortably overheated New York apartment. (Perhaps I had better say that every plant has so many vernacular designations that using the Latin one is the only safe procedure.)

Another that caught my eye is *Anthurium veitchii*, a rare and remarkably showy plant from Colombia. This, too, requires no direct sun and tolerates a cozy living-room temperature. It has spectacularly long leaves (on the plant I saw, they were well over two feet) of a dark, metallic green, with deeply sunk and curiously curved veins; it's the sort of plant to make your horticulturist friends sick with envy. A thriving young growth of it, around ten inches high, costs $20.

Roehrs can supply at least ten specimens of Episcia, ranging in price from $1.50 to $2.50, and an exquisite acajou sport from Florida, which stands four to six inches tall, that costs $2.50 and would do a lot to beautify any indoor garden. This charming creeper has a leaf very like a velvety-leaved begonia's—fat and heavy and reddish-brown, with silvery veins. It does well with a minimum of direct sun and is gratifyingly easy to root.

If it's flowering plants you want, there are two particularly delightful new ones—a dwarf species of impatiens, from the island of Celebes, and a hybrid *Streptocarpus*, or Cape primrose, from South Africa, both of which require some sunlight. The impatiens is in continuous bloom—small, bright-orange button-shaped flowers with red centers, contrasting splendidly with the

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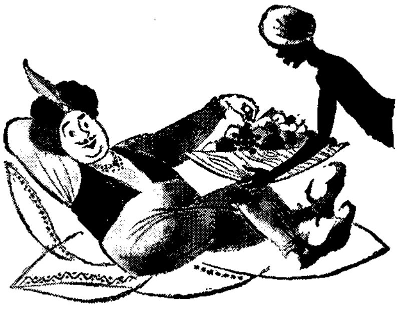

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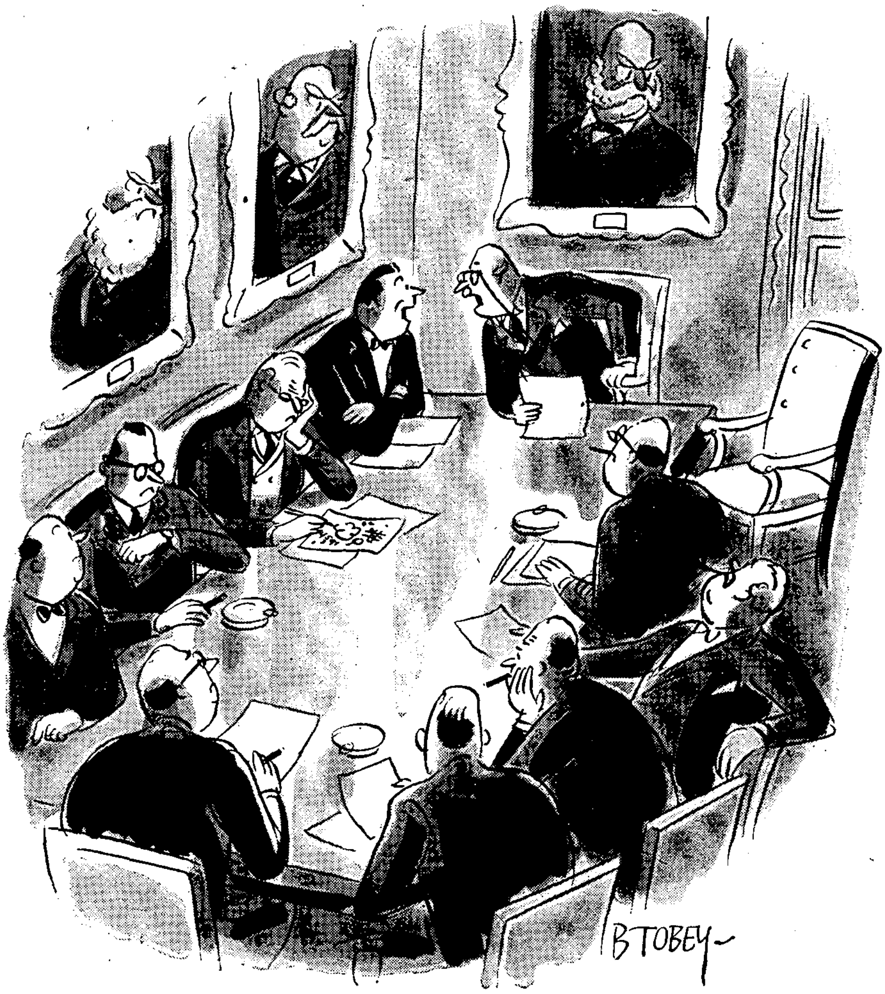
light-green leaves. An eight-inch plant is $2. The Streptocarpus has long, corrugated leaves and trumpet-shaped flowers, which come in a variety of pretty colors but have a tendency to drop off, a failing that nurserymen deal with by shamelessly inserting a drop of glue where the stem joins the flower; $2.50. A much more extravagant flowering plant ($10) is the *Vriesia splendens major*, the Flaming Sword you occasionally see at the florists'; it has blue-green foliage with strong blackish cross bands, out of which rises a sword-shaped spike of brilliant crimson covered with tiny yellow flowers.

Among the large shrubs and small trees are *Ficus religiosa*, the sacred bo tree of India, which needs heat and a certain amount of sun ($5 gets a tree a foot tall and $10 gets one twice that size); *Schefflera actinophylla*, the Australian umbrella tree, which is no novelty but attains such handsome proportions, at least in the Roehrs greenhouse, that I can't resist mentioning it ($4 for a five-inch plant and $20 for a four-foot one); and *Nicodemia diversifolia*, whose oak-shaped leaves have a metallic-blue sheen ($2.50 for a foot-high plant and $5 for an eighteen-inch one). There are also many examples of the exotic ferns known as davallia, all of which are strange and some of which are beautiful, and anybody faced with the problem of choosing suitable flora for an ultramodern room might examine the collection of weird staghorn ferns (especially *Platycerium alcicorne*, from Polynesia), which seem a natural for such decoration. I could go on almost indefinitely, but there wouldn't be much point, for Roehrs puts out a booklet called "Exotic Plants," compiled by Alfred Graf, the chief horticulturist of the greenhouses, who is an authority in his field. It not only contains photographs of the more than thirteen hundred plants grown at the Roehrs establishment and describes the characteristics of each but gives its habitat and the technique of cultivating it in the home. It is hard to see how anyone interested in the subject can do without this book. It costs $2.50, and a price list comes with it. Roehrs won't ship orders amounting to less than $3, but smaller purchases can be made at the greenhouses.

WHILE visiting the New York Horticultural Society, on West 58th Street, not long ago, I came upon an ingenious lighted plant stand so much more decorative than anything of the sort I had seen before that I paid a call on its inventor, Walter Green, at



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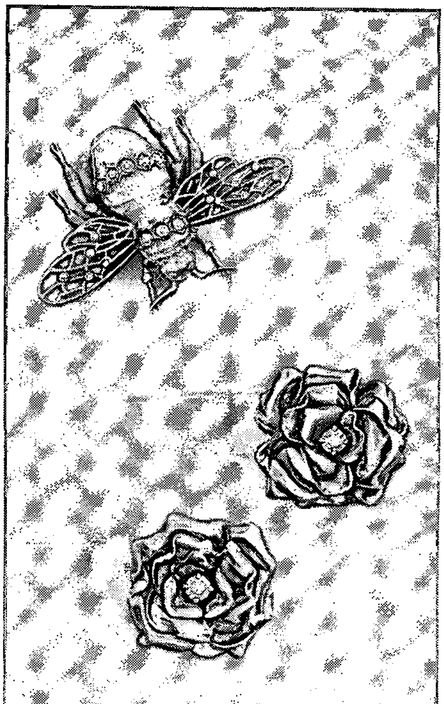
BROADWAY AT 38TH

Green's Plant & Flower Market, 149th Street and River Avenue, in the Bronx. Various models of the stand, which is known in decorating circles as a room divider, are on view. Their shelves, whose height can be adjusted, are made of a composition of cement and asbestos and are supported by four uprights of aluminum pipe. On the underside of each shelf are two fluorescent tubes, which are an adequate substitute for sunlight. For the home gardener with more enthusiasm than room, this contrivance tremendously enlarges the scale of operations, and if you compare the plants and cuttings flourishing under the fluorescent illumination with those getting on as best they can in a north window, you will surely be convinced that it is a great aid to floral health.

More surprising, perhaps, is the success of the stands as decorations; indeed, it is hard to describe the grace and lightness they bring into a room. The one I admired most, designed for a more or less ambitious collection, is four feet long, five feet high, and two feet wide, and costs $90. It has three shelves but accommodates four tiers of plants, the bottom one sitting on a low pedestal. A small, two-shelf stand, which I should think would be ample for most home gardeners, has hexagonal shelves two feet in diameter and a fluorescent ring instead of two straight tubes. It costs $25.

Customers will find plenty of other things to interest them in the shop. The collection of foliage plants is not to be spoken of in the same breath with the one at Rutherford, and doesn't include many real rarities, but there is a large assortment of unusual exotics, the stock is in the very best of health, and prices are considerably lower than they are in Manhattan. Moreover, Green carries numerous old-fashioned plants, such as pickaback (*Tolmiea menziesi*) and artillery plant (*Pilea microphylla*), as well as a complete line of garden supplies—aluminum window boxes, clay pots, every kind of fertilizer, peat moss, vermiculite, sections of tree bark for training climbers, and so on—which may be had in small quantities, if necessary.

IF I had understood that the nursery run by Mr. Milton Arndt on his property, Carlton Villa, in Hightstown, New Jersey, didn't ship its plants but sold them only on the scene, I might not have thought it worth while to make the long trip out there merely to inspect a famous collection of geraniums. Having seen this fascinating



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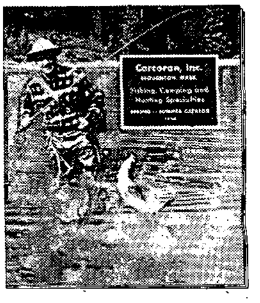

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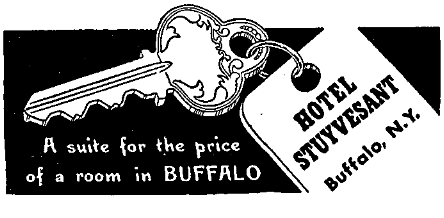
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display, however, I would advise anybody with the slightest interest in the cultivation of flowers to *walk* to Hightstown, if that's the only way of getting a look at these plants. There are four greenhouses and upward of a thousand varieties of standard-size geraniums, not to say four hundred and eighty miniatures developed by Mr. Arndt. Perhaps the most noted of the hybrids here is the recently produced Velma, which holds a top place not only at Carlton Villa but wherever geraniums are cultivated. And well it might, with its beautiful variegated foliage—no two leaves are alike—of purple, green, yellow, red, and orange, and a showy salmon-colored single flower. But just as lovely is the Olivia Kuser, hybridized a year ago by Arndt; this has an enormous, startlingly white single blossom, said to be the only chalk-white geranium in captivity that holds its petals. A young Velma in a three-inch pot is $2, and an Olivia Kuser with a bud or a blossom, in a four-inch pot, is seventy-five cents. The miniature geraniums are enjoying a vogue in garden-club circles equalled only by that of African violets. The most sensational is Tiny Tim, which grows a bare two inches tall, puts out a profusion of deep-purplish-green leaves, each not much bigger than a fat pea, and sports a large red single flower. The price is a dollar. Another astonishing Arndt dwarf is the Brooks Barnes, which grows to about the same height. It has rich blue-black leaves and a salmon-colored single bloom. This one is $2. In addition to its hybrids, the Villa grows practically all the fine standard varieties, as well as the old-fashioned scented geraniums, which originated in South Africa and were cultivated in eighteenth-century English gardens.

Since anybody who wants to buy one of these geraniums will have to make the trip to Hightstown, it is useless for me to go into further detail about this collection. From now through May, the greenhouses are open daily (nine to five), including Sundays. —S. H.

•

INTERLUDE

Be idle on this day of rain.
Look through your streaming, misty
pane
Into a world resigned and still.
And then, mistrust all human will.
The Ides of March will come and go,
The hemlock branch let slip its snow,
An age of void return again.
Be idle on this day of rain.

—Richard Aldridge

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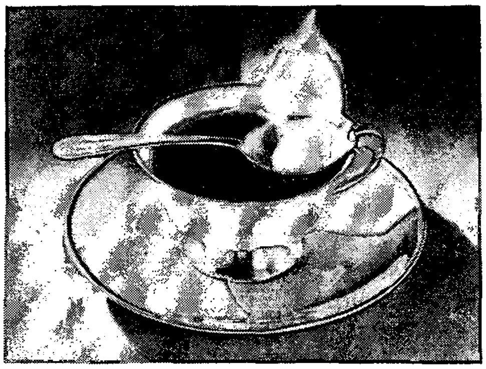

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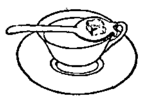
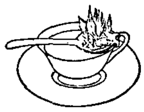
How to make Flaming Café Hennessy



1. Hook Burning Spoon on rim of cup of black coffee. Place lump of sugar in spoon.



2. Pour 1 oz. Hennessy Cognac over sugar and blaze the Cognac with a match.

3. When heat melts the sugar, pour contents into coffee and stir.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 4

THE extremely important debate on the Berlin conference that occupied the House of Commons for two full days last week touched off a heated argument among ordinary citizens that will probably go on for months. The debate, as it had been expected to, brought the public sharply face to face with the inevitability of West German rearmament, presumably as soon as possible—a prospect that gives many Englishmen a nasty sensation in the pit of the stomach. The Government and the leaders of the Labour Party were as one in declaring that Germany must be rearmed and that the best chance of controlling her fatal historic tendencies is to put her soldiers inside the uniforms and the framework of the projected European Defense Community—if and when. What did come as something of a surprise was the strength of feeling on the subject among the rank and file of the Labour Party, who, clearly, were far from being as one. It had been known that a fairly stiff section of Labour members was against German rearmament, now or ever, in the E.D.C. or out of it, but how close this group is to dominating the Party hadn't been known. When the Labour members of Parliament met before the debate to try to thrash out their differences, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison, and their supporters squeezed through with a majority of nine votes on a resolution to the effect that, since the Foreign Ministers had got nowhere toward solving the German problem, Labour would now support rearmament. A Bevanite amendment to delay plumping either way until it was seen what fish, if any, would be hooked out of the lake at the forthcoming Geneva conference was beaten by just two votes. The large minority, which takes the view that if you plant dragon's teeth in German soil, armed multitudes will spring up overnight, stood by a resolution, passed at the Labour conference at Margate last year, that came out against German rearmament until "further efforts have been made to secure the peaceful reunification of Germany."

It was thought that the failure of the

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Berlin conference would, at least, have one salutary local result—to knock on the head the conviction, held by many Englishmen of all parties, that the new firm in the Kremlin is easier to talk business with than the old firm was. The Labour leadership, to be sure, has now officially rejected that theory and stated that the "further efforts" stipulated at Margate were made, thoroughly and fruitlessly, in Berlin, but a good many Labour M.P.s still do not seem to believe that all possible efforts have been made. In their speeches in the House last week, none of these sanguine parliamentarians outlined what the next try ought to be, though that is something the Western Foreign Ministers might be glad to know. Under the circumstances, it was remarkable that the Labour leaders went firmly ahead, while thousands of Labour voters obviously were not cheering them on, and planked squarely down on the side of the Government on German rearmament. A year or two back, it is doubtful whether Mr. Attlee could have mustered on this issue even the tiny majority he got last week. Those who stood against him included not only all the Bevanites—they have seemed lately to lack a good, popular platform, and they will certainly hop up on this one with thankfulness—but men of the Party's Right Wing like Hugh Dalton, who is as far removed from Aneurin Bevan as it is possible to be under the same party roof; a sprinkling of trade-union representatives, who are not usually to be found in Bevan's company either; and a number of pacifists and veterans of the last two world wars. Altogether, a peculiar-looking slice of Labour opinion.

The debate in the Commons, which was notably restrained, worried, and, even in the speeches of the Opposition, unrancorous, did not end in a vote—it was not meant to—but it did clear up several things. One point that emerged, and that is now coming in for a good deal of discussion in the press, is that with all the hubbub about whether Germany shall or shall not be admitted into the E.D.C., people are forgetting that the edifice itself is hardly one brick high. Several speakers recalled Sir Winston Churchill's laconic formula for the British part in Europe's defense, "We are with them but not of them," and his later declaration that British troops would remain on the Continent "at least as long as the American troops," and went on to suggest that France might be nearer to ratifying the E.D.C. treaty if she felt more certain about British backing. According to informed

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opinion here, there is not much likelihood that Britain will increase the strength, or the length of sojourn, of her present military forces in Europe. What there is is a growing amount of talk about another sort of European defense organization, less federal and looser than the E.D.C., that might have to be set up if the E.D.C. project ever collapses, and that Britain might join as a full member, though many Britons would probably be indignant if she did. If last week's debate smelled of history to many anxious Britons, it evoked chiefly 1914 and 1939 and memories of German armies, but it also seemed, to some people at least, to offer a faint hope that 1954 might turn out to be a historic European year in a different, brand-new way.

THE grandest, most glittering eyeful in town is the royal plate from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, which the Queen has lent, during her Commonwealth tour, to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The arrangements for guarding the precious stuff are much like those for guarding a royal person, though a Raffles would have to arrive with a chain and a winch to cart off any of the larger pieces. The plate is of every shade from pale gold to marigold orange, and by candlelight, against a background of fine gowns, jewels, and fancy uniforms, it would no doubt look stunning. In the cold gray light of a Kensington afternoon, however, it seemed rather garish. All the pieces have been acquired by the Crown since the accession of Charles II, who returned from exile to find the royal cupboards bare of plate. One of the prettiest exhibits is a little gilded-silver bellows marked with Charles' cipher and reputed to have been made for the fireside of his pretty Nell Gwyn. The most overpowering object is a perfectly enormous and hideous gilt caldron of a punch bowl that was made for George IV, who was such a prodigious customer of the goldsmiths that Parliament eventually had to foot his bills, at a cost of eight thousand five hundred pounds. It will hold seven dozen bottles of wine, or so they say, and would probably accommodate an unwary guest or two as well.

THE London stage has been having a bout of childishness, to judge by three recent arrivals, which mystifyingly opened just after the school holidays ended. A few weeks ago any of them would have been a gift to many a hard-pressed uncle, but now all three seem

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only to point up the sad dearth of modern playwrights. These are revivals of two hoary standbys for juvenile Christmas outings, "Charley's Aunt" and "The Private Secretary," and a new version of that weirdly elusive classic "Through the Looking Glass," in which Alice, as always when she is shown in flesh and blood, fails to come to life. "Charley's Aunt" was produced, unexpectedly, by Sir John Gielgud, who has treated it to style, pace, and wit, as though it were vintage Wilde, and has provided it with an excellent cast, headed by John Mills, and with charming period furbelows made by Motley. It seems a waste of many superior talents.

THE news from Washington is being read and discussed here with ever increasing bewilderment and dismay. It would probably be no exaggeration to say that Senator McCarthy's latest activities, which people follow in their papers like a fantastic serial about things that can't happen there but go right on happening, are doing more serious damage to America in English minds than anything that went before.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The exercise I am giving today is fun for the mother and daughter to do together. They sit facing one another. Each partner wraps her toes about the ankles of the other partner. The knees should be well bent. Keep the legs in this position and lie down on the floor with the arms resting on the floor overhead. Lift the trunk and clap hands. The right hand of the mother hits the left hand of the daughter while her left hand hits her daughter's right hand. Both lower their trunks to the floor, arms overhead. The legs and feet remain in the same position throughout this exercise. Continue raising trunk and clapping hands, and lowering trunk to the floor, arms overhead.

This is a splendid abdominal exercise and as you can see will be fun for the mother and daughter to do together.—*The Post.*

Or, better yet, the three Gabor sisters.

•

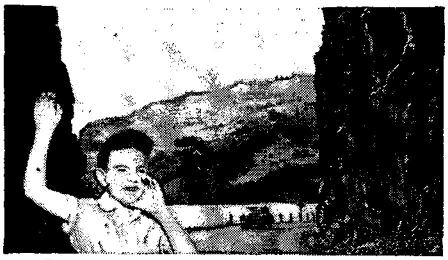
WHAT PAGE OF THE "TIMES" GARDEN SECTION D'YA READ?

First of all, there are just a few requirements that must be satisfied for success with gloxinia. They do not like direct sun, for their native home is in heavily shaded rain forests of the tropics.—*February 21st issue, page 32 X.*

If there is no window sunny enough to raise symmetrical gloxinias, try them under lights. Sun-lovers, they should be placed about eight inches below the center of the lights.—*Same issue, page 31 X.*

Puget Sound . . . Ferry in Background

Vacation's great in Washington State



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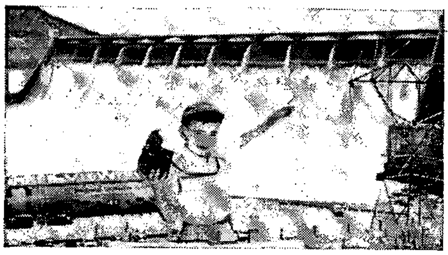

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A TECHNICAL CHARGE OF HOMICIDE

ON the evening of Sunday, January 10th, I had dinner with a friend at a Chinese restaurant on upper Broadway. My seat was opposite the restaurant clock, which read half past seven the last time I happened to look at it. Within the next quarter hour, we paid our checks and, out in front of the restaurant, I said good night to my friend. I hailed a green-and-white taxicab and gave the driver my home address, in the Village. Rain had been falling intermittently all day, and though it had stopped now, the asphalt was slick. The night was raw, and the slightest drop in the temperature might glaze the streets with ice. "It's a mean night," I said to the driver as I settled back into the seat.

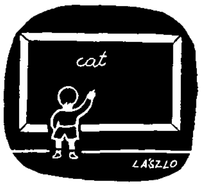
"Better than it was," he replied, and put his flag down.

I glanced at the frame inside the cab that held the driver's hack license and picture and saw a pleasant, spectacled, middle-aged face. After the habit of many women who use taxis at night, I repeated the driver's name and number to myself, fixing them in my memory. As it turned out, the precaution was superfluous. This was one cabdriver whose name I am not apt to forget.

At 110th Street we turned east, and then south into Central Park. In the northern end of the Park, where the road winds treacherously, the driver slowed down for each turn. I'm in luck, I thought, to have a careful driver on a night like this. Leaving the Park at Fifty-ninth Street, we headed down Fifth Avenue. The traffic was negligible; below the Fifties, it dwindled to next to nothing. I sat back, relaxed. At Forty-second Street the traffic lights stretched green ahead, and there was hardly a moving car in sight. I glanced at the illuminated department-store windows on the east side of Fifth Avenue as they went past—Peck & Peck, then Arnold Constable. I had just noted idly that the cruise fashions were featuring bright pastels this year when the cab swerved, quivered with a sharp impact, and stopped so abruptly that my head struck the partition between the front and back seats. When I looked up and around, I saw that we had just passed a street intersection. On the pavement of the intersection lay a man, sprawled face down, motionless.

Human behavior varies at such times. Some people scream, some faint, some leap into action. I became a spectator, seeing and hearing even the most minute details but completely incapable of initiative—either helpful or heroic or self-preserving. The cabdriver's reflexes were otherwise. He pulled on his hand brake, jumped from the cab, and ran toward the body on the pavement. A man came dashing over from the direction of Madison Avenue. The driver shouted something to him, and then turned and ran down Thirty-eighth Street toward Sixth Avenue, where there would undoubtedly be a phone.

I opened the taxicab door, intending to get out and go to the side of the fallen man in the street, but I found that I couldn't bring myself to leave the cab; it was a shield between me and the horror of that nameless individual lying face down on the wet, all-but-deserted thoroughfare. The driver returned and reached in and clicked up his flag. "This cab won't go any farther tonight," he said. "I just called an ambulance." Instinctively, I opened my purse and paid him, including the tip I would have given him had he delivered me to my door. While doing so, I had a feeling that I was giving way to a rather absurd distortion of values, and in the dim light, as he accepted the money, I saw the trace of a smile on his face, as if he, too, thought my conventional behavior at a time like this was somewhat silly. Then the driver pointed to his right front fender. "He ran straight into me," he said. He asked me to write my name and address on his trip-record sheet, and when I did, he thanked me with a nod, and again left me alone in the cab.



A crowd had begun to assemble. It stood in a silent semicircle around the motionless form in the street, offering no help whatever. Then I saw that a patrolman, round-cheeked, with rimless spectacles and a glistening rain cape, was speaking with the cabdriver. Finally forcing myself to get out of the cab, I walked over to the two men. "I was the passenger in the taxi," I said to the patrolman. He seemed surprised. "I gave the driver my name and address," I went on.

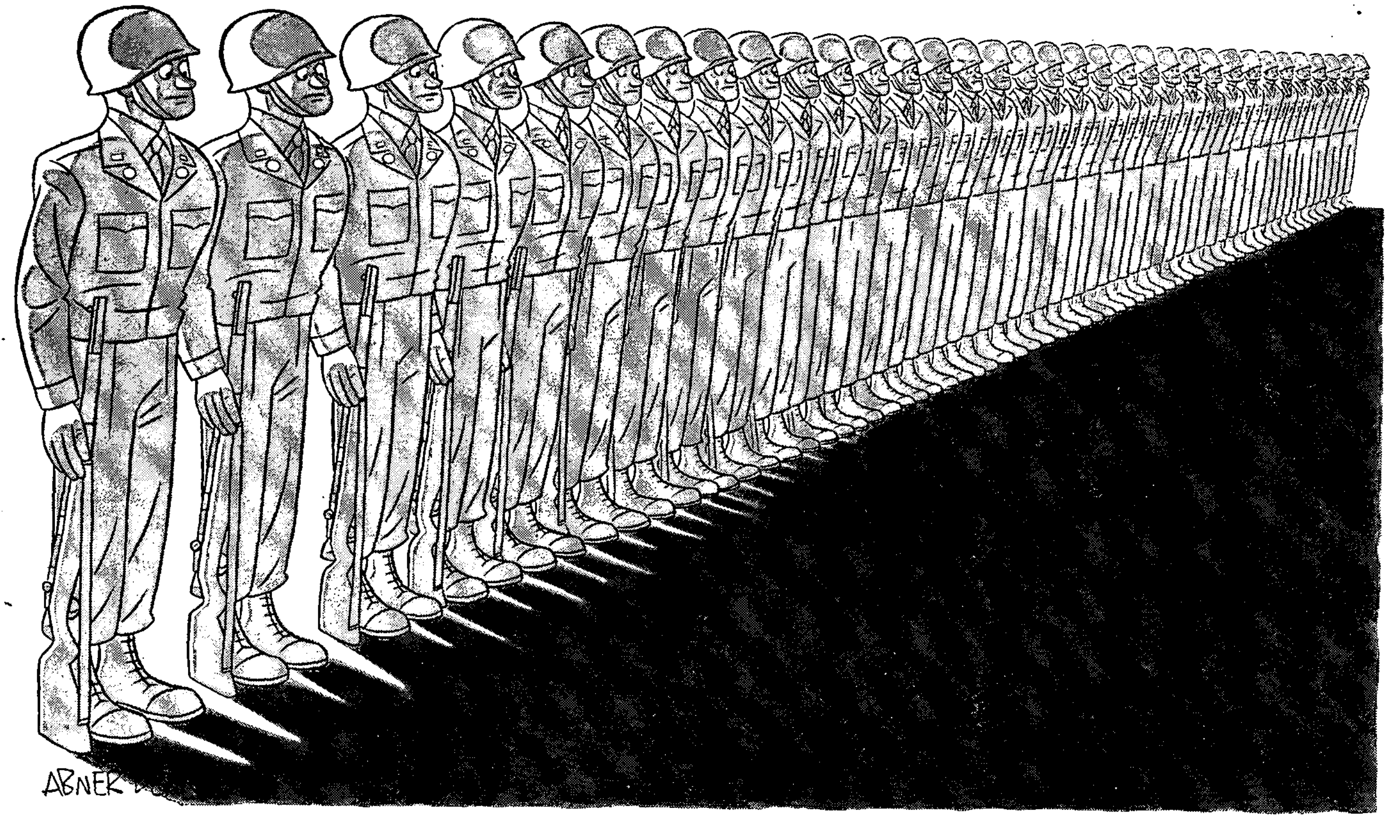
"He says the man ran into the cab," the patrolman said, and indicated a dent in the fender as large as a man's fist. "Was that so?"

I said I had not seen the man struck, and added, "Is there anything else you want to ask me?"

He looked at me dubiously for a moment, and said, "No."

I moved over to the semicircle of

Revolt Against Monotony



WHEN Kilroy and those who helped him win World War II regained their civilian status, one of the constitutional rights they promptly and vigorously asserted was the privilege of dressing as they pleased. The result was the flowering of sports clothes in wide and wild profusion.

It was a case of revolt against monotony and the assertion of individualism on a large scale. More frequently, such movements are limited to a few bold souls who have the courage of their convictions and dare to be different. Witness the current search for a whiskey with true individuality.

As yet, the participants in this quest are a mere handful of sophisticates who have supreme confidence in their own judgment, and whose sole criterion is to find a whiskey with the individuality that suits their personal taste. From this spirit of independence is springing a new trend towards John Jameson.

The flavour of John Jameson has variously been described as tantalizing—subtle—rich—hearty—honest—distinguished—positive—full-bodied—friendly. Which word will seem most accurate to you, you alone can decide. The one point on which there appears to be universal agreement is that the flavour of John Jameson will not bore you.

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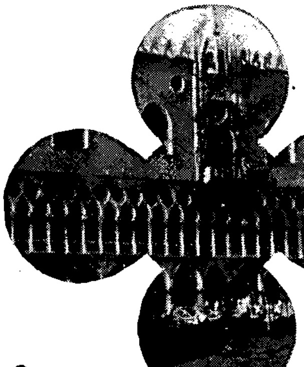

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spectators. The victim lay untidily in the street, with his toes toward the curb, his hat still on his head, its brim crushed against the pavement, and a light sports coat flaring open on either side. He was large and plump, but, looking at him face down that way, I could not guess his age. No one approached him, to so much as feel for a pulse beat. His shoulders twitched slightly, or it might have been the wind ruffling the cloth of his coat. He's coming to, I thought; he was merely stunned. He'll be all right. Then I realized I was shaking and on the verge of getting sick. I stepped away from the crowd, hailed another cab, and asked the driver to take me home.

"Quite a crowd back there," this driver said casually.

"I was the passenger in the taxi that hit him," I said.

"Yeah?" His interest was mild.

"I left my name and address with the driver," I said.

"Nice of you," he replied.

"Why?" I asked.

"Most people don't," he said.

"Why?" I asked again.

"Don't want to be bothered," he said.

I wondered what sort of bother he meant, but I let the subject drop.

I OPENED my door at half past eight, exactly an hour after I had glanced at the restaurant clock. It seemed so much longer. I felt sick and full of self-accusation, reproaching myself for having left before the ambulance arrived and for not having tried to do something for the man on the pavement. But what could I have done? I remembered now—and only with difficulty brought myself to admit that I had not remembered earlier—having read somewhere that the victim of an accident should not be touched until a doctor arrives, since inexpert handling is likely to cause more harm than good. Then it occurred to me that I should not have deserted the driver—the man with the pleasant, spectacled face. What would happen to him, I wondered. Would he go to jail or lose his license and livelihood? I told myself that I could have been of no earthly use to him there, but the fact, of course, was that I had not even considered staying; I had simply fled. Again, I wished I had waited to find out about the victim. How had I known he was only stunned? I hadn't, naturally; I had just wanted that to be the case. I looked up the number of the police precinct nearest the scene but could not bring myself to dial it.

Shortly before midnight, my phone rang, and I learned what I had been afraid to find out. A woman's voice,

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gentle and sweet, said, "I am the mother of the young man who was killed by the cab."

I answered dully, "Then he's dead?"

"He died in the ambulance," she said.

"I didn't know that," I said. "I had hoped he was only stunned."

"How awful it must have been for you," she said. "My husband got your name from the station house. I thought you might be able to tell us how it happened."

"I didn't see it happen," I said. "All I can tell you is that the driver had been driving carefully and the lights were with us. It was the sort of thing that might happen to you or me, rushing across a street on a dark winter night."

"My son must have been in a hurry to get home," the mother said. "We had a cup of coffee waiting for him. He went over to the garment district to pick up some important papers, as a favor to his boss. He was always doing favors for people. He was always so kind and good. Just think, he got killed doing someone a favor. He was my only son. He was twenty-one." She paused, and I tried desperately to think of something consoling to say—the something that would surely come to me the minute she had hung up. And then the gentle-voiced woman went on, "Thank you very much for talking to me at a time like this. And please excuse me for bothering you. Good night, and thank you again."

AROUND six o'clock Monday evening, a tall young man rang my doorbell and introduced himself as an investigator for the taxicab company. He said that he had been to see the mother of the victim and that she had given him my name, and he spoke admiringly of her attitude—not a bit vindictive, he said. He asked me to recall what had happened. I said I had not seen the accident, only the aftermath, but my impression had been that the driver was a careful and skillful one. The investigator sat down at my living-room table and wrote out the substance of what I had said, and asked me to sign it as a statement. I made only one correction, crossing out "slow speed" and writing in "normal speed." The investigator said that there would be a hearing in Vehicle Accident Court and that I would receive a subpoena, adding that he hoped I wouldn't mind being a witness, the way some people did. The driver, he told me, had been in jail overnight, on a technical charge of homicide.

A subpoena to appear at ten o'clock

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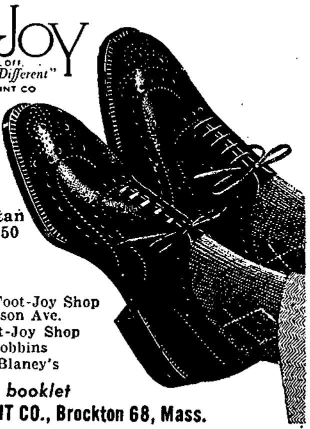

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That drove us to Webster. There we read that the palate is "the roof of the mouth." We knew that all along. Then we came to a second definition of palate: "Taste—from the mistaken notion that the palate is the organ of taste."

Well, what *do* you taste with? What part of you tingles with delight, for example, upon contact with the rare mellowness of 12-year old Chivas Regal, Scotland's Prince of Whiskies? We had heard of "taste buds," so we looked them up, too. They are "certain epithelial end organs occurring in the papillae on the surface of the tongue..." All clear now?

That little lesson in physiology set us to brooding. Those "epithelial end organs" in a lot of people have put us, the importers of Chivas Regal, on an embarrassing spot. For we simply have not been able to bring over enough of this noble whisky for all those whose taste buds have been pleased by it.

The supply of a whisky so rare as Chivas Regal is limited by nature. It is a triumph of the distiller's skill and the blender's art—for, as is well known, a fine Scotch whisky is "more than the sum of its parts." The final product is a subtle harmony of Scotland's noblest treasures, which are not found in abundance. If Chivas Regal has met the approval of *your* taste buds, be assured of our thanks for your patience as we try to maintain the supply.

We want you to know that we are doing everything possible to keep your dealer stocked. The affinity of American palates (sorry, taste buds) for Scotland's Prince of Whiskies surprised us, and spurred us to do all we can to meet the demand. But there is no way of hurrying 12 years of aging.

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on Monday morning, January 25th, in Vehicle Accident Court of the Borough of Manhattan, Room 1526 of the Criminal Courts Building, at 100 Centre Street, as a witness in a criminal action prosecuted by the People of the State of New York, arrived on Wednesday. Two nights later, at a cocktail party, I found myself chatting with an attorney who has had considerable experience with vehicle-accident cases and told him what had happened. I described the mother's heartbreaking telephone call, and then went on to say I hoped that the driver would not lose his means of livelihood as a result of the outcome of the case. At this, the lawyer became very grave. "Bear in mind that behind every criminal action of this sort lies the shadow of a civil suit brought by the family of the victim," he said severely. "And behind every taxicab company is an insurance company, loaded with money, that stands a chance of having to pay up. After all, since no public fund has ever been set up to reimburse families for death or injury by motor vehicles, the families feel there is no reason whatever why they should not receive compensation from the coffers of an insurance company. Thousands of people are killed outright this way every year and thousands are badly injured. It can happen to you or to me, tonight, tomorrow. Even assuming that the driver had the right of way, it is still his business to look out for the pedestrian. And don't take too seriously your assumption that you were the only witness. There will be others, and they will discredit your testimony—not at the criminal proceedings, maybe, but at the civil suit that's sure to come later, unless the case is settled out of court. Any insurance company worth its salt will produce witnesses—out of the woodwork, if necessary." Then, with disarming gentleness, he asked, "How fast was the taxicab travelling?"

"About twenty to twenty-five miles an hour," I said.

"Were you watching the speedometer?"

I said I hadn't been.

"Then how can you know it was twenty to twenty-five? It might have been thirty to thirty-five. Do you drive a car?"

I said I didn't.

"Then you can't qualify as an expert on speed." The lawyer shook his head. "Don't be soft," he went on. "You owe no loyalty to the driver—and certainly none to the insurance company. Give the family a break. Their son was killed, wasn't he?"

The next day, I called up another

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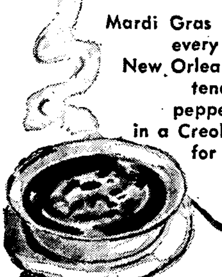

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lawyer, an acquaintance of mine, and told him about the advice I had been given. He disagreed flatly. "True, the young man is dead," he said. "But no amount of money can bring him back. And another man still has a living to earn. If the driver is found to have been at fault, the dead man's family will probably collect more, but the driver may lose his license to drive a cab. Tell the truth as you know it. Don't try to shade it at all. You owe no loyalty except to your own conscience."

As the hearing approached, I found my confusion growing. By some mysterious process, the very thought of courtroom and witness chair began to give me a sense of guilt, even though I kept telling myself that this had been an accident—only technically a crime—and a commonplace accident, at that. I looked up some statistics on the subject, and found that, in cities, more pedestrians are killed by motorcars between six and nine in the evening than during any other three hours of the day or night, that the winter months are the most dangerous, and that a common place for such accidents is at street intersections. Still, I felt uneasy.

Two days before the hearing, the shadow of the civil suit began to appear, though the criminal responsibility was still to be assessed. At eight o'clock in the morning, a tall, fresh-faced man rang my doorbell. He turned out to be a private detective sent by the attorney who represented the family of the deceased. He asked what I knew. I told him substantially what I had told the cab company's investigator, and he, too, wrote down the gist of it. He, however, had the cab moving at a rapid rate of speed, and when he gave me the statement to sign, I crossed out that part of it and substituted, as before, "normal speed." He asked whether I had paid the driver. When I said I had, he said I hadn't needed to, since when I entered the cab, I had, in effect, made a contract with the driver to take me to a specific address. The driver had voided the contract by becoming involved in the accident; I hadn't owed him a dime. The man seemed fascinated by this aspect of the case. Suddenly, he asked, "What was the driver's name?"

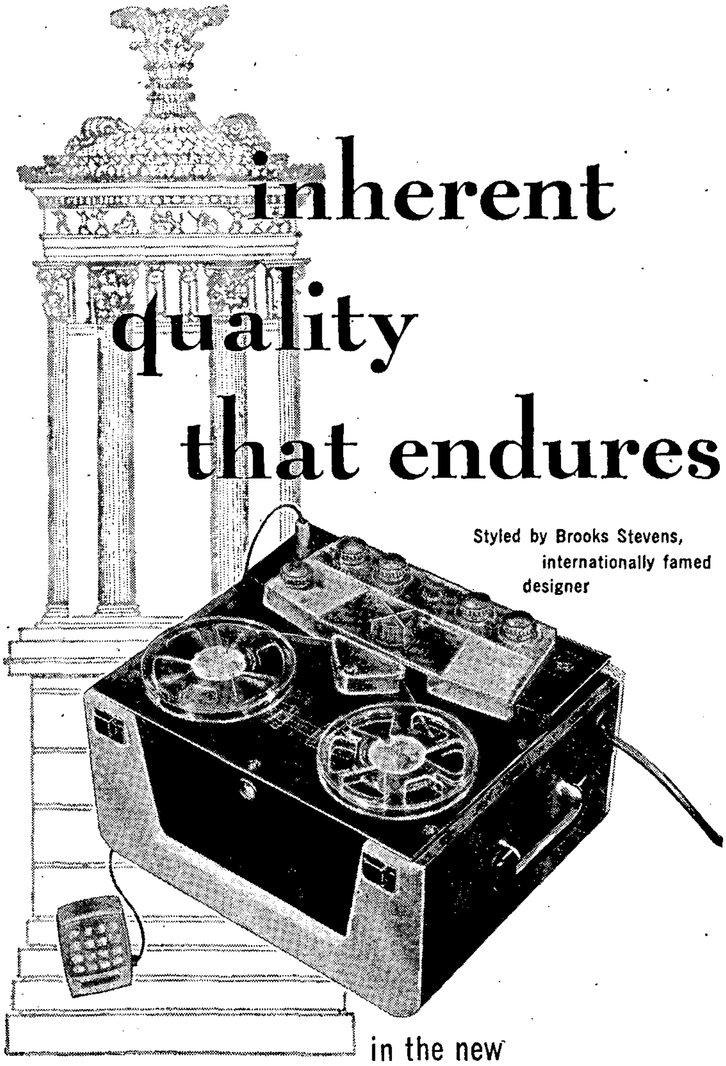
I told him.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"I remember it from looking at his hack license on the ride downtown," I said. "And anyway, it was on the subpoena. Why?"

"Just testing your powers of observation," he said. "You'll get lots of subpoenas before this is over."

The face of the accident had cer-



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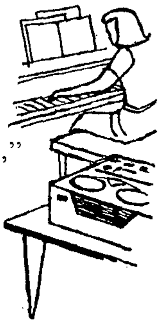

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tainly changed. The bleak tragedy of the streets was already becoming a wrangle over cash.

THE Criminal Courts Building is made of granite and is a block long and fifteen stories high; the room in it assigned to Vehicle Accident Court is large, high-ceilinged, and handsomely panelled. I arrived early. For five minutes, I sat alone in the spectators' part of the room, awed by the atmosphere of impersonal solemnity. Then a side door opened and my cabdriver came in. The other time I saw him, he had been wearing the cap and windbreaker favored by so many of his calling, but now he was dressed in a gray felt hat and gray overcoat and looked more like a man who might own a small business of some sort. Behind him trailed the patrolman with the rimless glasses who had appeared at the scene of the accident. Although neither man had seen me more than fleetingly that evening a fortnight back, they both recognized me. We all said "Hello," and smiled in a friendly but reserved fashion. The patrolman took a seat inside the rail that enclosed the bench and the lawyers' tables, and the driver came over and sat near me. While the courtroom filled slowly with litigants and witnesses in other cases, he and I conversed casually. He had been locked up overnight, he said, without even a chance to make a phone call. A detective from the Homicide Squad had taken him out of his cell briefly to test the cab's brakes and had then locked him up again. The brakes were O.K. The driver said he had been released the next morning, without having to post bail. He had gone home, told his wife what had happened, and then taken a walk to settle his nerves, and after that he had had a nap. I asked him how old he was. Fifty, he replied, adding that he had been driving for thirty years and hacking for the last nineteen of them. This was his first accident. He said that his hack license had been revoked pending this hearing, and that when he asked the Hack License Bureau for a temporary permit to drive they had told him to "take a vacation."

"How can I take a vacation?" he said to me. "I have to feed my family. Right now I don't have ten bucks to my name."

The magistrate entered, and an attendant called the first case. As it was getting under way, a sepulchral-looking man made his way over to me and whispered, "Please come outside." When we were in the corridor, he introduced himself as one of the lawyers

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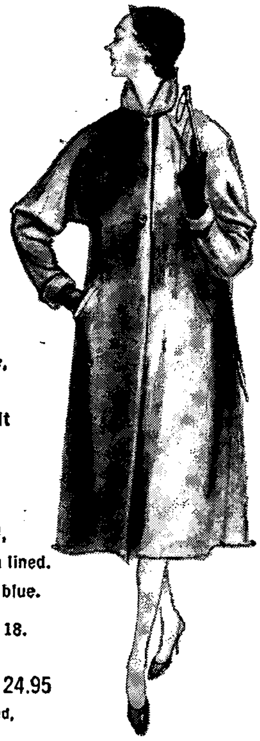

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representing the family of the dead man. He had not a single hair on his head—not even eyebrows. I said I did not expect to be of much help to either side, since I had not seen the accident occur, but he didn't appear to be interested in that. He merely wished, he said, to tell me about the family. They lived in a cold-water flat under the "L" on Third Avenue. The father worked only sporadically. The boy had had a factory job and had been going to night school. He and I agreed that it was indeed an unusually tragic situation. At that point, someone came out of the courtroom and said our case had been adjourned for a week.

WHEN I returned to the court a week later, the bald lawyer greeted me in the corridor. "I'm having the mother come here today," he told me. "I wish you could have gone with me to see how that family lives. Poorest of the poor. By the way, were you there when the priest gave the last rites? And when the ambulance came?"

I said I had left and gone home.

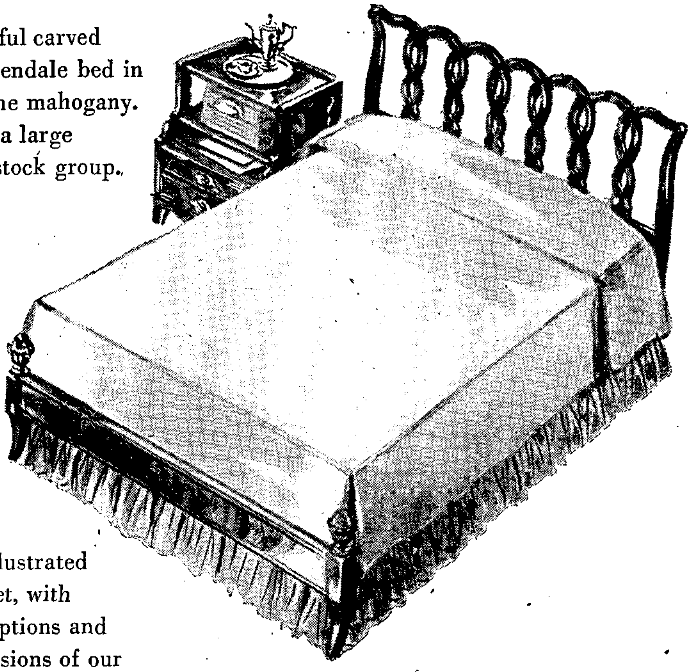
"You were in a hurry to get home, eh?" the lawyer said. "You'd been in a hurry right along? Asked the driver to speed? An appointment, or people waiting for you?"

I said no, I hadn't been in any special hurry.

The lawyer looked at me oddly. "Have pity," he said. "That's all I ask. Have pity."

It was becoming plainer and plainer that the matter of establishing the guilt or innocence of the cabdriver was only a ritualistic preamble to the main contest, the contest over money. And in that contest, the cabdriver—and even the dead man—was an insignificant supernumerary.

I took a seat up front in the courtroom. The cabdriver was two rows behind me. He nodded to me and I nodded back. A man who had been pointed out to me as the cab company's attorney was sitting across the room. He glanced at me and looked away. The patrolman with the rimless glasses came in and sat down stolidly. In the next seat but one from me was a woman in black, a shapeless mass of sweater, skirt, and shawl. I had barely sat down when the bald lawyer slid into the seat between us and introduced the woman to me as the mother of the dead youth. We shook hands across his lap. Then the lawyer rose and left us alone together. Without further preliminaries, the woman reached into her handbag, took out a wallet, and opened it. "This is his picture," she said, holding out two



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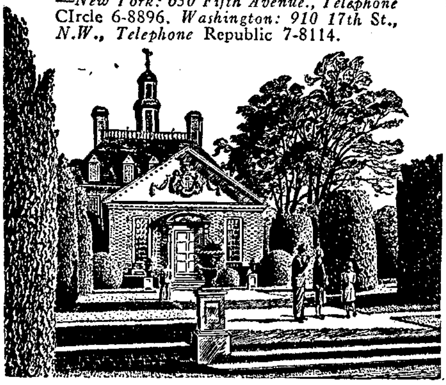

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tinted photographs. The form at last had a face. She held the pictures out long enough for me to study the young man's attractive features and then put them back in the wallet.

The magistrate strode in and took his place on the bench. The first case was called; two cars had collided near London Terrace, and the driver of one of them had allegedly been drunk. The bald lawyer again sat down beside me. "We'll be delayed," he whispered. "The detective from Homicide got tied up. He was the one who measured how far the body was found from the cab. Seventy-six feet. They just reached him on the phone at his house. He'll be down in an hour."

I went out into the corridor to smoke, and the lawyer followed. "Seventy-six feet," he began. "That cab must have really been travelling. How fast would you think?"

"I'm not an expert on speed," I replied. "My impression was that he was not going fast. My impression also was that the body wasn't more than twenty-five feet from the cab."

The lawyer frowned. "I have other witnesses," he said. "My men are out rounding them up."

"I thought there was only one other witness," I said. "Right after it happened, a pedestrian came running over from Madison Avenue. He may have seen more than I."

"What did he look like?" the lawyer asked eagerly.

"A man in dark clothing."

"Tall? Short? Young? Old?"

I shrugged. For one thing, I wasn't sure, and, for another, it seemed to me that the lawyer was too pointedly interested. "I'm testifying that there was such a person," I said. "You find him. I suppose he may not recognize me when you do." I ground out my cigarette butt on the floor and went back to the courtroom. A new case was on. I worked at the crossword puzzle in the *Times*. Across the aisle, the taxi company's lawyer was working on one in the *Herald Tribune*. The new case ended, another was called. As the people shifted about, going up to the bench or leaving the room, the dead man's mother moved into the seat next to me. "I keep asking myself why did it happen to him," she whispered. "The neighbors say it's God's will. They say He takes the good." A court attendant looked warningly toward us, and she stopped whispering.

The morning dragged on as case after case was called and disposed of. The room was emptying. The air grew dry and stale. At one o'clock, the magis-

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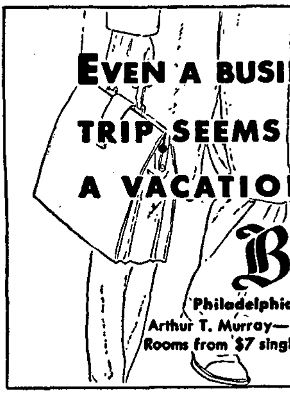

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trate adjourned court for an hour, and I went down alone to a crowded, hot counter lunchroom for a sandwich and coffee, bought an afternoon paper, and went back upstairs. The dead man's mother took the seat beside me again. She propped her chin on a bony wrist. "I called you on the phone that night because I wanted to know did he cry out for me."

I told her I hadn't been near enough to hear.

"It doesn't make any sense," she went on. "That Sunday afternoon, he went out and bought himself some comic books. He was lying on his bed, reading them, when his boss called up and asked him to please go to the garment district for those papers. If I had stopped him, if I had said, 'Don't you go,' or if he hadn't been home to get the phone call. Or if he hadn't called us up after he'd got the papers—it was just about eight o'clock. 'Have a cup of coffee for me, Mom,' he said. 'I had to wait quite a while, but I'll be home right away now.' If he hadn't stopped to make that phone call or if I'd have kept him talking on the wire a few minutes more . . ."

It was almost three when the case was finally called, and the only people left in the room were those concerned with the death of the young man who had spent his last afternoon reading comic books. The detective from Homicide, the patrolman with glasses, the taxicab driver, and the two lawyers lined up before the bench. I was called to the stand. I did not look at the mother or at the driver as I gave my name, address, and occupation, and raised my right hand.

"On the night of January 10th," the Assistant District Attorney began, "were you, at approximately ten minutes after eight, at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue?"

"I was."

"And what were you doing at the corner of Thirty-eighth and Fifth?"

"I was a passenger in a taxicab."

For the next five minutes, he asked questions and I answered them. Where had I engaged the cab? Where were we going? Where had the taxi made its last stop for a light? (I didn't know that.) What was the weather like? Did I see the man before the taxi hit him? Well, what department-store windows was I looking into? How fast was the taxi proceeding? Did I drive a car? Where was the man lying? What happened then? The questions were cold, my answers necessarily brief. It was hard to realize that the principals in the case were an only son who had met

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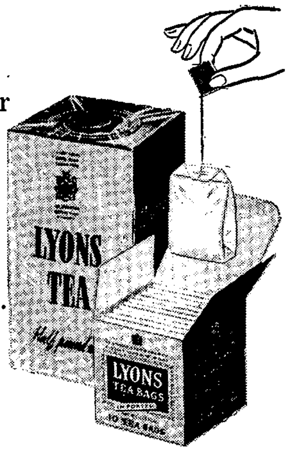

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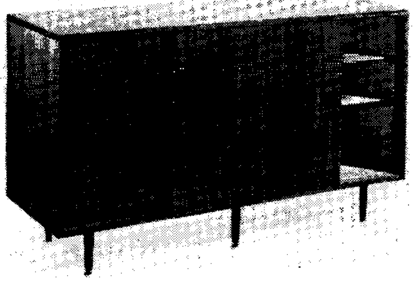

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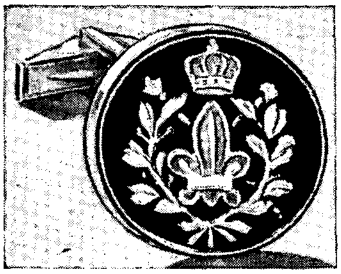

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sudden death and a middle-aged man with a family to feed.

The taxi company's lawyer approached the stand. "The lights were green?" he asked.

"Yes."

"The cab was travelling at a normal speed?"

"Yes."

"That's all," he said.

"Step down," the magistrate told me.

The detective from Homicide took the stand and proceeded to reconstruct the scene. The body, he said, had been found seventy-six feet from the cab. Upon being questioned by the magistrate, however, the detective testified that he had arrived to take his measurements three hours after the body had been removed and by that time whatever markings there may have been could have been erased by traffic and rain. The detective conceded that he knew only what others had told him and what he had deduced from that information. He stepped down.

"Case dismissed," the magistrate said. The driver was exonerated. I knew what that meant to the dead man's family.

When I left the courtroom, I ran into the mother in the corridor. "I'm sorry that I couldn't be of more help to you," I said.

She did not answer.

"You have a good lawyer," I said. "He'll help you, I'm sure." I was struggling with my coat, and she came to my assistance. I thanked her. "I'm sorry we had to meet under these circumstances," I said, and held out my hand.

She took it. "We part friends," she said.

In the elevator, I found myself standing next to my taxi-driver. "Well, my vacation's over," he said grimly. "At least I can get my license back now and start earning a little money, for a change."

I left the courthouse fully expecting that I would be called back to testify for one side or the other in the civil suit that was so obviously impending. A week or so later, my phone rang, and when I picked up the receiver, I recognized the voice of the mother of the dead man. "The case was settled out of court," she said. "We didn't get much, but we got something. I called because I didn't want you to worry."—ZELDA POPKIN

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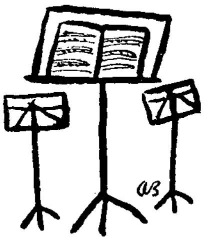
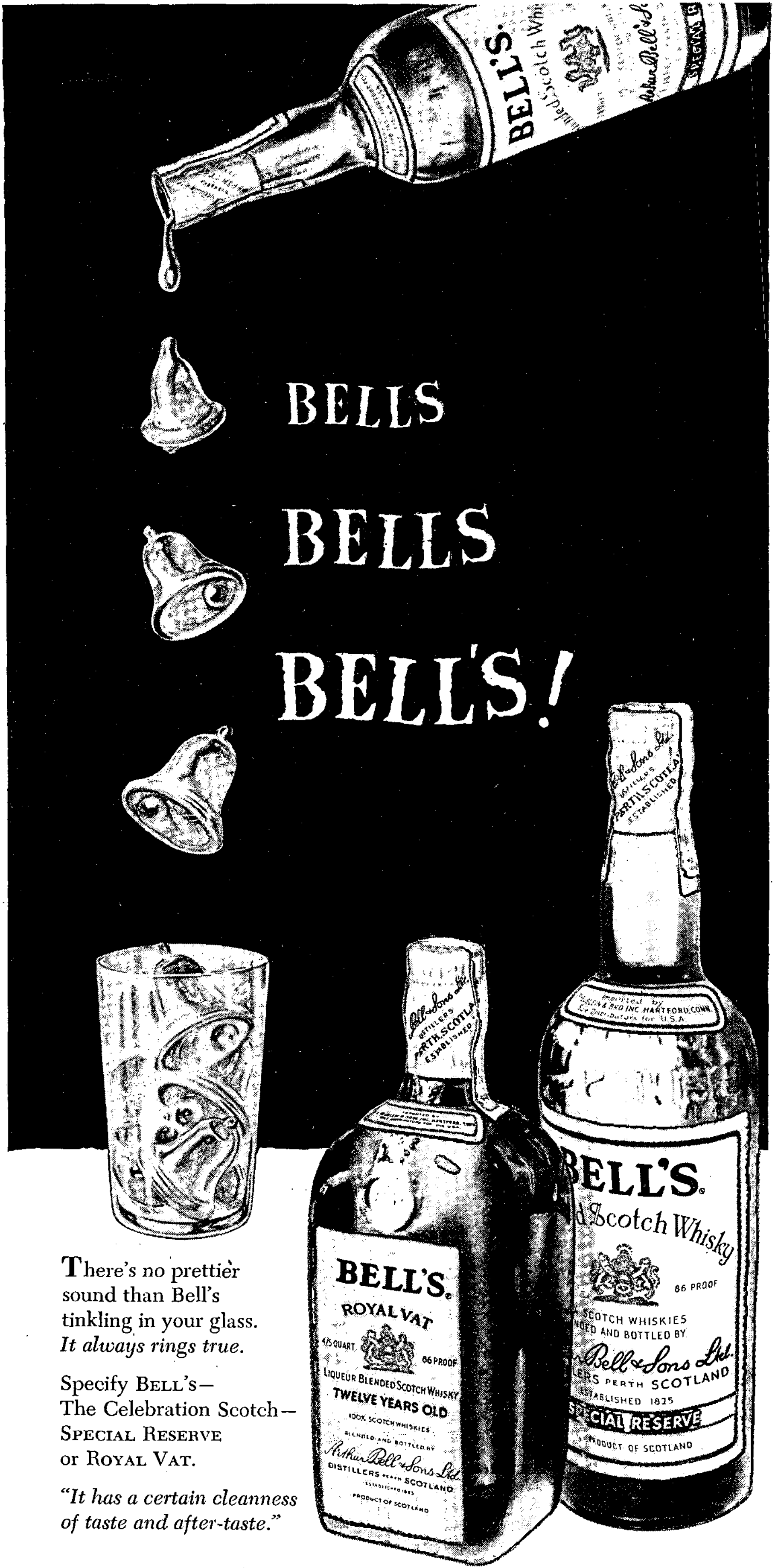
MUSICAL EVENTS

Cantelli



WATCHING Mr. Guido Cantelli for the second time, as he conducted last Thursday evening's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, and listening to the sounds he drew from the orchestra, I was able, I think, to arrive at a more adequate impression of his capacities than I had reached at his concert the week before. Together, the two programs offered so great a range of musical styles that one was able to see precisely how he copes with the problems attending nearly every type of music a concert audience is likely to come across. His Bartók of the previous week had been both expert and meticulous, showing an easy command of the technical tasks involved in performing difficult modern scores with lucidity. I had not been quite so impressed by his performance of Brahms' First Symphony, and the reasons for this became clearer to me last week.

Mr. Cantelli, it seems to me, plainly has certain virtues, including youthful vitality, a sense of proportion and climax, instinctive musicality (by which I mean an acute sensitiveness to the beauty of elegant melodic line), and the ability to make an orchestra play the way he wants it to. These were evident in Rossini's little overture to "La Cenerentola," which was done with immaculate polish, and in Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," which was done with considerable spirit and smoothness. When Mr. Cantelli got to Debussy's "La Mer," however, he began to exhibit a peculiar weakness that had, in a somewhat different way, characterized his Brahms performance. In "La Mer" he was tackling music of fairly indeterminate and elusive melodic structure, music that makes its appeal through subtleties of coloring, so to speak, rather than through sharply etched line. And in this particular type of music Mr. Cantelli does not seem to be at home. He conducted "La Mer," in fact, as if it were a work of the vigorous, propulsive variety, whipping its more obvious melodic features into sharp relief and obscuring much of the sensuous web of intricately juxtaposed sound effects that is the essence of Debussy's style. Com-



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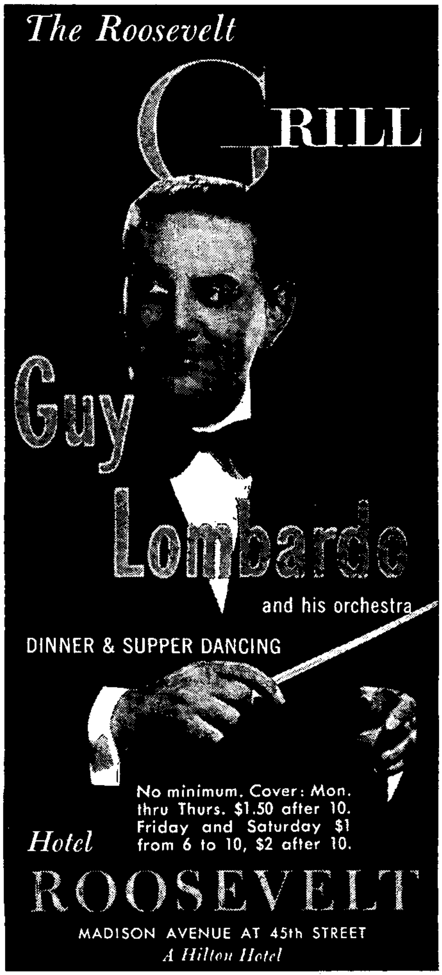
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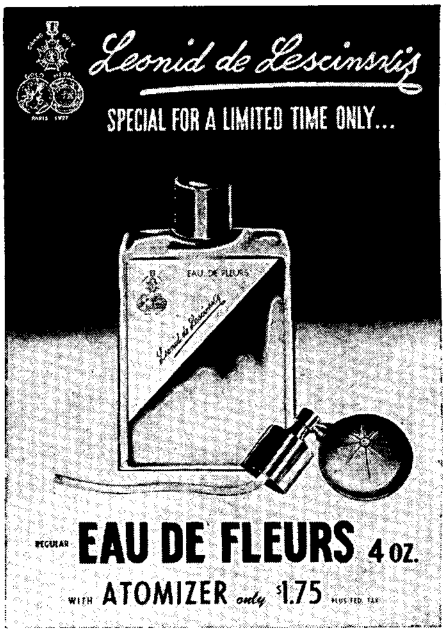
paring this performance with that of the Brahms First, I could detect a similarity of approach. It led in this case to a slightly different set of flaws; in Brahms, Mr. Cantelli had neglected the complex lacework of inner voices in favor of the over-all line of the composition. The fault of the approach was basically the same, and it made me conclude that Mr. Cantelli is the kind of conductor who shines brilliantly in music of simple and precise outline but that he is still a little baffled by music of the contrapuntal, weblike sort, in which a lot of subtle things are going on at the same time.

The novelty last Thursday evening was a suite of symphonic fragments from the ballet "Marsia," by the contemporary Italian composer Luigi Dallapiccola. According to the program notes, Mr. Dallapiccola is a modernist whose musical ideas have been influenced to a great extent by the late Arnold Schoenberg. If this is true, "Marsia" would not appear to be very typical of his work. It is music completely in the Debussy tradition, pleasing, sensuous, and impressionistic, and, I daresay, highly effective as a ballet score. As a concert composition, however, it seemed a trifle thin and unoriginal, and its obvious derivations from Debussy were made doubly striking by the circumstance that it was immediately followed by "La Mer."

ON Tuesday evening of last week, Eugene Ormandy appeared with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall in a program consisting of two large works for chorus, solo voices, and orchestra. The first of these, Rachmaninoff's symphony "The Bells," I arrived too late to hear—a fact that caused me almost no concern, since I had heard it several times before and had always found it a piece of tired romanticism, somehow lacking in the melodic fecundity characteristic of Rachmaninoff's best work. The other item on Mr. Ormandy's program, which he conducted with his usual stolid efficiency, was Sergei Prokofiev's cantata "Alexander Nevsky," a composition of rather greater interest. "Alexander Nevsky," which recounts certain incidents of thirteenth-century Russian history, culminating in the defeat of a group of Teutonic invaders, dates from 1939 and represents a period when all good Soviet composers were embarked on an energetic and somewhat self-conscious policy of patriotism. It was originally written to accompany a film of the same title, directed by Sergei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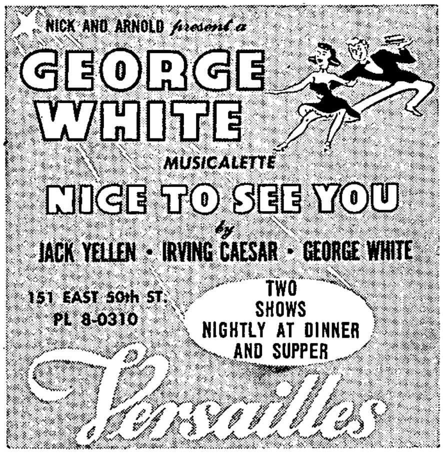
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Eisenstein, and even in its considerably reworked concert form, it has the character of theatrical music. Personally, perhaps because I am not a Russian, I found its patriotic fervor a bit hollow. But it is written with the sure professional touch that distinguishes all of Prokofiev's work, and it contains some moments of real musical drama. The members of the Temple University Choirs sang its choral parts with eloquence, and a mezzo-soprano named Lorna Sydney did its solo adequately.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

MR. HUMPHREY. Mr. President, will the Senator yield further for a question?

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. I yield.

MR. HUMPHREY. Did I understand the Senator to say—and I should state that the Senator from South Carolina has had many years of service on the Committee on Post Office and Civil Service and is intimately acquainted with those matters—that the New York post office actually produces a surplus in revenue?

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. That is my understanding.

MR. HUMPHREY. A surplus over expenses?

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. Yes; of approximately $30 million a year.

MR. HUMPHREY. Is it not correct to say that the people of that great metropolitan area, therefore, are entitled to good service?

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. Yes; they certainly are entitled to good service.

MR. HUMPHREY. And to speedy service?

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. And to speedy service.

MR. HUMPHREY. In rain or shine?

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. In rain or shine.

MR. HUMPHREY. In summer or winter?

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. In winter or summer; in sleet or snow.

MR. HUMPHREY. And in sleet or snow?

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. That is correct.

MR. HUMPHREY. I just wanted to be sure about it.

—*The Congressional Record.*

Looks like it's cooking up for a shower right now.

•

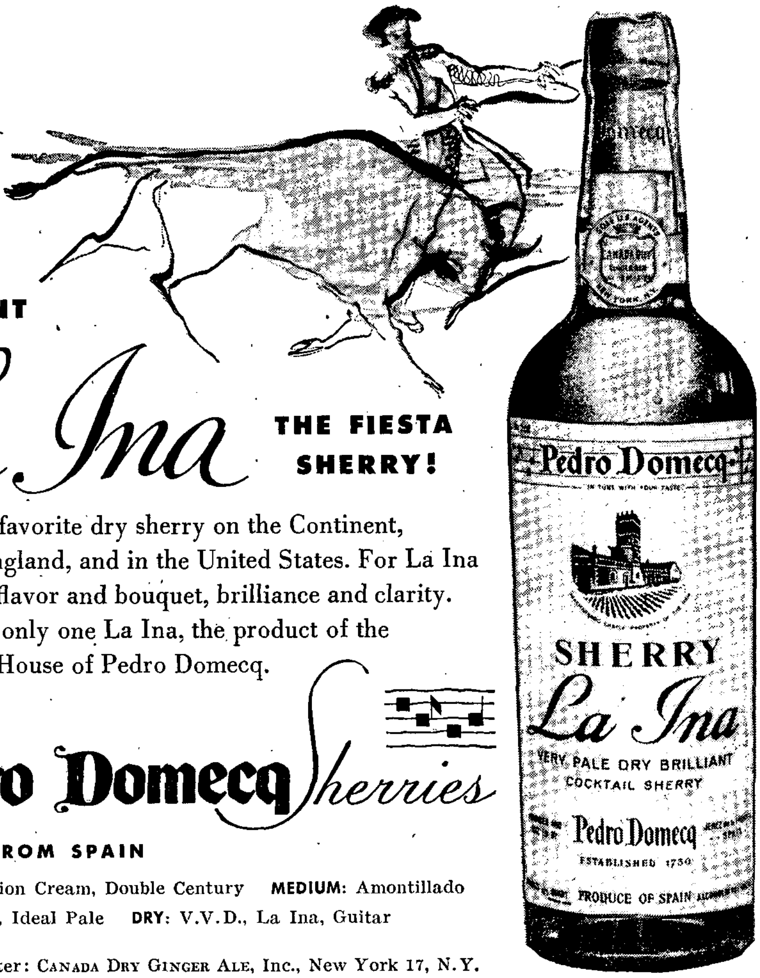
OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Dardanelles Derelict," by Van Wyck Mason, Pocket Books edition*]

He was noticeably chiefly because of his powerful build, crew hair-cut and a crooked scar. . . . "I'm Steve Petrie," he announced. —*Page 53.*

Steve scratched his crisp, brown-topped head. —*Page 87.*

His gaze sought Stephen Petrie, resembling a football god more than ever because a lock of his curly blond hair had tumbled low over his eyes. —*Page 117.*



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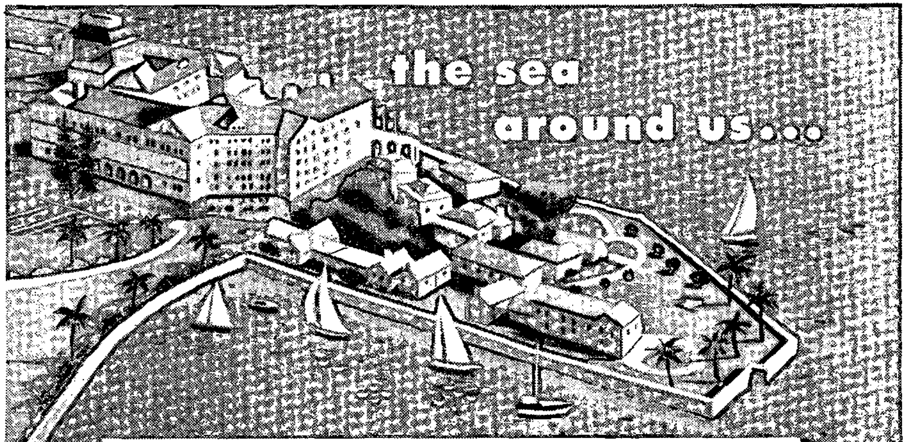
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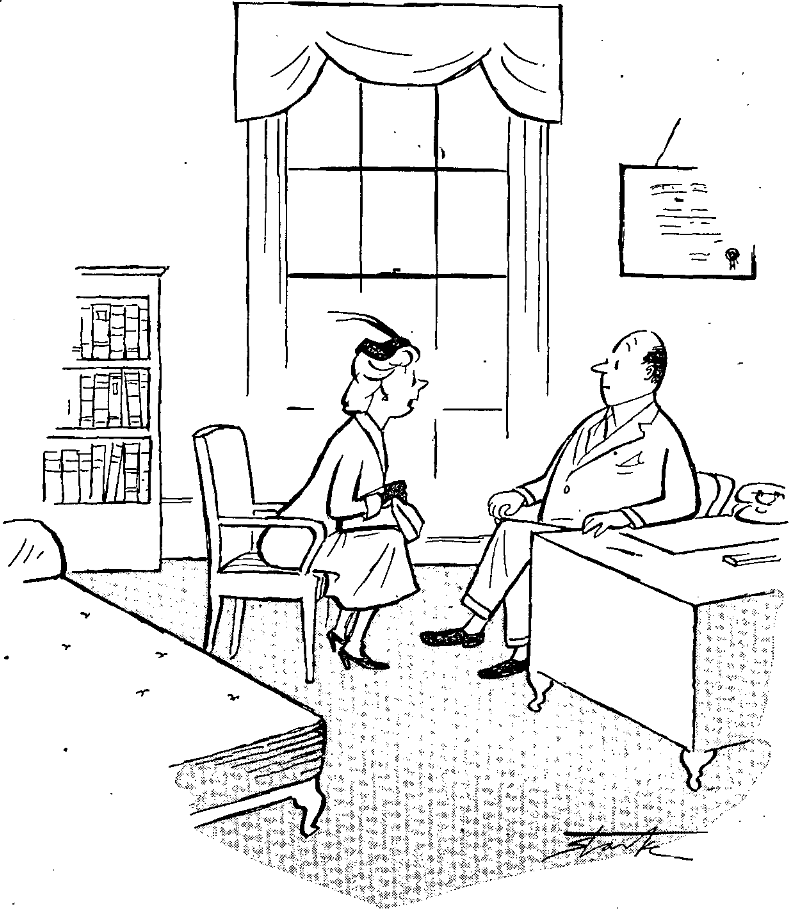
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 4

NOTHING, not even the lunatic carnage in the House of Representatives early this week, has diverted Washington's attention from the latest McCarthy case. Now that the President has defined an attitude, however, the largest single element of suspense has been removed, and it may be that people will be able to turn their minds back to other affairs, many of which are pending and many of which are pressing. Thanks largely to McCarthy and his dentist, very little attention has thus far been paid to the approaching conference at Geneva, to the troubled meetings currently taking place at Caracas, and to the difficulties confronting Western policy in France, England, Italy, India, and an appalling number of places in the Middle East. The President's legislative program has receded so far from the center of consciousness here that it is doubtful whether one person in five recalls any longer what it is. It is possible, now that Mr. Eisenhower has told what he thinks, or part of what it is commonly hoped and believed he thinks, and McCarthy has replied, that the next few days will see a return to something like the normal rhythms and preoccupations of Washington life, but it would be imprudent flatly to forecast such a development. Senator McCarthy is a man of large abilities; the depths of his imagination have never been plumbed, and if his strategic resourcefulness knows any limits, they have not thus far been measured. Washington is now waiting for *his* next move, pretty much as in other times and circumstances it has waited for Hitler's next move, or Tojo's, or Stalin's. There is less doubt about what sort of move it will be than there was while the President's words were being awaited, for McCarthy, to the surprise of no one, has insouciantly brushed aside the President's statement and announced that he plans to resume the offensive right away. The remaining uncertainty concerns not his strategy, which he has explained in detail, but his tactics, and these will be on display next week, when he reopens his controversy with Secretary of the Army Stevens.

The general feeling here now is that the President, in yesterday's statement, made a slight advance in what can only be regarded as the war being waged on him and his office by Senator McCarthy. While everyone is agreed that this first hesitant assertion of leadership leaves McCarthy about where he was, it is believed that it may embolden the Republican press throughout the country to handle the issue with less equivocation, and it may, though this is more doubtful, prompt some Republican leaders out in the provinces to conclude that McCarthyism is not a necessary item in the credo of Party regularity. Hope for this development received mild encouragement from the statement issued a couple of days ago by Leonard Hall, the Party's National Chairman, who, plainly the bearer of instructions from the President, said he didn't think McCarthy was always right. But nothing the President said apropos of McCarthy was as useful, as welcome, as badly in need of saying as his declaration—apropos of Mr. Dulles's demotion of Scott McLeod, the F.B.I. man who last year became the State Department's arbiter of morals and philosophy—that the responsibility for anything that happens inside any of the executive departments belongs to the heads of those departments and to no one else. What was distressing and destructive about the Zwicker case was not simply McCarthy's brutal handling of the officer but the fact that General Zwicker was called to account in the first place and the fact that it was McCarthy's plan to call others, both above and below General Zwicker in the chain of command, to account for their roles in the granting of an honorable discharge to Major Peress. As Secretary Stevens implied in the celebrated statement of defiance that he composed last week but never got around to delivering, the only man truly accountable to the legislative branch in such a case is the civilian head of the department. Under any other arrangement, chaos and madness would prevail, for if an officer or administrator who is subject to departmental discipline when he fails to carry out orders is to be subject to Congressional discipline when he *does* carry them out, then all government is bound to find itself in a state of catalepsy. This has already come very close to happening in agencies concerned with foreign affairs, and the Zwicker case, coupled with McCarthy's generalized assault on the Army, threatens a similar development in the military establishment.



"Do I start talking now, or do I wait until I get on the couch?"

BY endorsing the first principle of sane administration, the President has undoubtedly gratified his subordinates all through the executive branch, and if the principle is adhered to—if, that is, Cabinet members and agency heads insist at every opportunity on being held personally accountable for what happens in their departments, if they instruct their aides to pass every buck along to them—some of the damage done in recent years may be repaired. The assault on the executive branch is, however, only one aspect of McCarthyism; the largest, most important aspect is the Senator's existence as a sovereign force in American political life. The administration has come to take a less amicable view of McCarthy than it did in the past, but the measure of his force and the measure of the administration's fear of it is the President's unwillingness to lend a hand in attempting to reduce it. The administration is resting what hopes it has in this regard on a reform of the rules and procedures governing Congressional investigations. White House pressure has been brought to bear on the Senate Republican Policy Committee, whose chairman is Senator Ferguson, of Michigan, and the committee, to whose past indulgence McCarthy owes much that he will never acknowledge or repay, has announced that it will sponsor a study, with a view to possible change, of current codes and practices. Eminent lawyers and political-science professors will be called in as consultants, and proposals will be welcomed from all quarters. Of suggestions for change, there will be no lack. A spate of proposals, some of them tarnished by years of exposure, has already been made: that hearings be held only when authorized by committee and subcommittee majorities; that testimony be taken only in the presence of a majority; that all witnesses be accompanied and advised by counsel; that the witnesses or the witnesses' counsel be permitted to cross-examine accusers; that testimony taken in closed sessions be made public only after a majority has approved the release. It has also been suggested that Congress relinquish altogether the investigation of subversion and that the job be turned over to a nonpartisan commission drawn wholly or in part from outside the government. This revives another idea that has cropped up from time to time. In 1950, Henry Cabot Lodge, then a senator and a member of the Tydings subcommittee, which conducted hearings on the first charges McCarthy made, urged the immediate disbanding of the subcommittee and the delegation of its work to a body similar in authority and composition to the much admired Canadian Royal Commission that investigated and brought to justice nine espionage agents who had been transmitting information about

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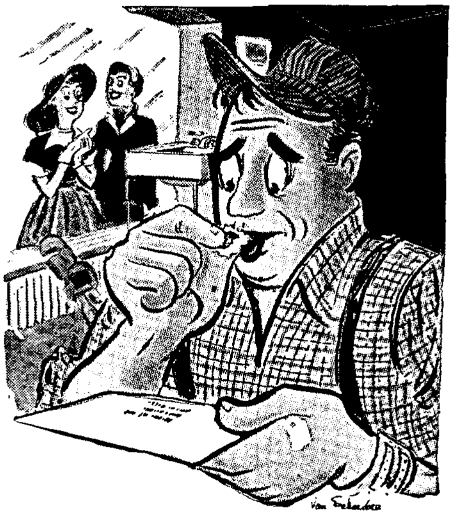

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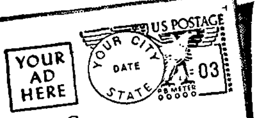

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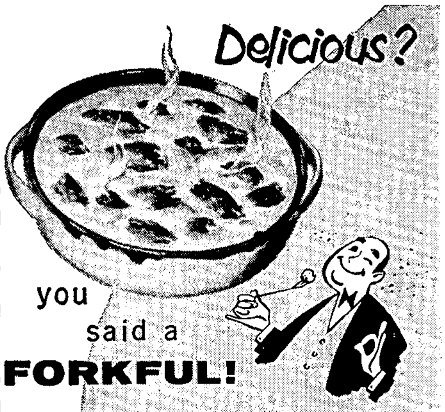
atomic energy to the Soviet Union. A like proposal was made at the same time by Dr. Lindsay Rogers, of Columbia, and was seconded by Senator Ives. Dr. Rogers recommended legislation modelled on the British Tribunals of Inquiry Act of 1921. He proposed that Congress, when it felt the need, should authorize, by a joint resolution requiring no approval from the executive branch, the setting up of a commission whose members would be chosen by the Chief Justice of the United States and would be empowered with all the rights of subpoena and of the initiation of contempt proceedings that are normally vested in Congressional committees. Neither Dr. Rogers nor Senator Ives took into account the possibility that a Chief Justice might be embarrassed in choosing men to investigate the loyalty of others by the fact that his own loyalty had been called into question and made a subject of Congressional inquiry. At the time, such a possibility would no doubt have seemed absurd.

Senator Ferguson has given it as his opinion that if and when new rules are worked out, it should be left up to the chairman of each committee to decide whether or not they ought to be applied; he expressed this open-minded, democratic view of the situation immediately after yesterday's meeting of the Policy Committee, in which Senator McCarthy was an interested and attentive participant. Still, with a certain amount of pressure from the White House and the public, it is possible that changes will be forthcoming in this or the next session of Congress and that in theory, at least, they will be binding on all congressmen. It would be hard, though, to find anyone here who has any confidence that the problems posed by McCarthy can be solved or appreciably diminished by any mere tinkering with the rules. For one thing, McCarthy has never given a fig for the rules that already exist; there is no reason to believe that new ones would impress him more favorably than the old ones. He has broken Senate rule after Senate rule, violated convention after convention, forgotten promise after promise; for his vast accumulation of infractions there have been few in the Senate to censure him and none to discipline him. The very committee that has now, under prodding from the White House, undertaken a reconsideration of the rules refuses to acknowledge that its action is in any way related to McCarthy's bullying of General Zwicker, despite the fact that the alterations that are being sug-



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gested make little sense except as a means, dubious or otherwise, of curbing McCarthy. (Most of them would actually, in the view of many people here, be positively detrimental to useful Congressional investigations. The abolition of one-man hearings, for example, would hamstring a number of committees that are doing valuable work, particularly in fields where the sources of information are likely to be far from Washington. Moreover, the average witness before the average Congressional committee would be encumbered rather than aided by a legal adviser; in many cases, witnesses would be better served by a consulting economist or accountant than by an attorney.) What would happen, it is being asked here, if McCarthy declined to be bound by the rules intended to restrain him? In view of the fact that only a few weeks ago the Senate voted eighty-five to one to give him the full appropriation he sought this year, it is impossible to believe that anything at all would happen.

Nor can it be assumed that McCarthy would be much affected if his subcommittee was put entirely out of business. It has been a long time, in the opinion of many here, since McCarthy's power has rested on any institution not of his own making. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there ever was such a time. His fellow-senators developed their mortal, paralyzing fear of him not after he became a committee chairman but in the Eighty-first and Eighty-second Congresses, when the Democrats were in control and his committee assignments were of no importance. His role in the Tydings investigation was merely that of a witness, but he played it effectively enough to drive the chairman out of public life. He had earlier, while still an obscure figure to the public, driven Senator Raymond Baldwin, of Connecticut, out of the Senate by a skillful disruption of the work of another subcommittee to which he did not belong—a subcommittee that was investigating the Malmédy war atrocities. Nearly all the triumphs that make him so formidable and so dread a figure in the Senate today date from a period in which he held no conspicuous office and was possessed only of what power he was able to generate on his own. He could subpoena no witnesses, deprive no brigadier generals of the right to counsel, release no closed-hearing testimony, send no disagreeable young men abroad to ride herd on American diplomats; he managed, nevertheless, to win a following that seemed to number in the millions, to become an issue in a Presi-

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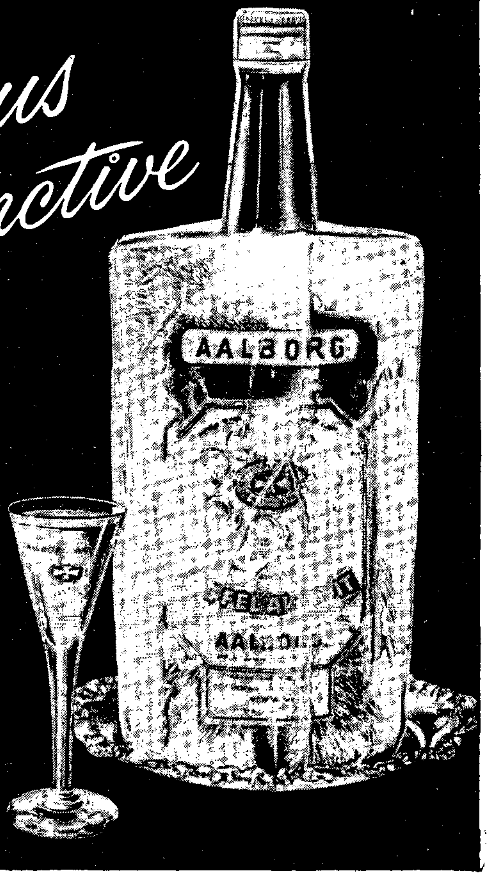

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dential campaign, to determine the outcome of several campaigns for lesser offices, and to make his name an eponym for a doctrine known and discussed around the world. During the past fifteen months, McCarthy has neglected none of the opportunities for political mischief offered by his position as chairman of the Committee on Government Operations—and as self-appointed chairman of its Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. But the melancholy feeling here is that it is idle to suppose that he would be seriously handicapped if subversion became the province of an impartial commission and he found himself stripped of his authority to conduct what he calls his investigation of Communism. In all probability, he would make fat political capital of the loss. It requires no great gift of prophecy to foretell the kind of language he would use before the first American Legion gathering he was asked to address following such an event.

In other words, if the prevailing view here is sound, the country has in McCarthy no ordinary demagogue but a political figure of the first rank, a man cast in a large, unique mold, quite possibly an authentic genius, and, at the very least, the most daring and original political innovator since Franklin D. Roosevelt. His following is large and fanatical; an awareness of its existence and a belief that it occupies a pivotal position in hundreds of American communities have led many public men to keep their opinions of him to themselves and to vote as he would have them vote. It may be that the lead given by the President, the one man in the country able to match his prestige against McCarthy with confidence as to the results, and the one man who can get the ear of the people any time he wishes, will encourage others to resistance. But the lead was pretty feeble, and it was a very long time coming. The expectation of most people here is that it will have to be beefed up and given time and again if it is to achieve the results the President evidently desires.

AMONG the many other political noises the McCarthy uproar drowned out was the quacking of the migratory ducks in the last days of the Bricker debate. It also stilled, or reduced to inaudibility, the voices of those critical of the Secretary of State's agreement to American participation in the impending Geneva conference on Asiatic affairs. It had been expected by everyone that these voices would constitute a swelling chorus, and Mr. Dulles

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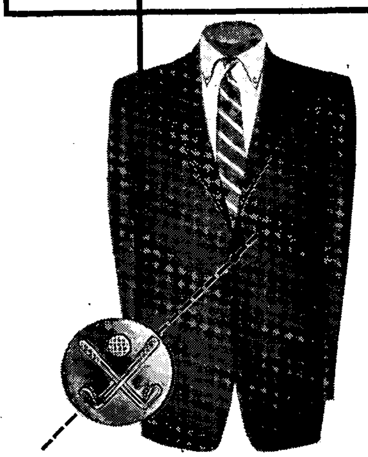

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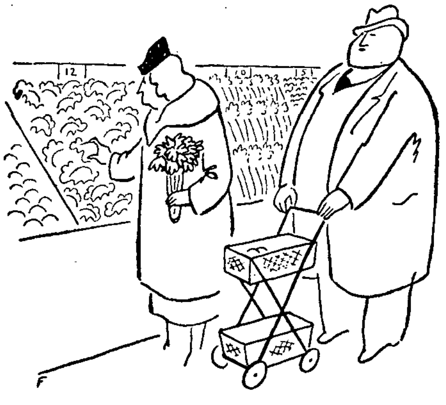
was warned while he was still abroad that he was going to have to devote the week following his return from Berlin, which was the week preceding his departure for Caracas, to justifying his ways before Congress and the public. He did so dutifully and, if his pleading before the closed sessions of the appropriate House and Senate committees was on the level of his television appearance, with the tact and eloquence that have characterized most of his recent performances. The feeling here, though, is that it was not the cogency of Mr. Dulles's arguments but Congressional preoccupation with McCarthy, the dentist, General Zwicker, and Mr. Stevens that kept the anticipated clamor from developing. There was little open criticism of Mr. Dulles's course; the only minatory note of the week, so far as foreign policy was concerned, was Senator Knowland's statement that "the American people will not consent to a Far Eastern Munich." Senator Knowland did not intimate that anyone was proposing any such settlement.

The Secretary had, on the whole, an easy time of it, but it is widely believed in Washington that the clamor has been put off rather than averted, and that sooner or later—and probably sooner—Mr. Dulles and the President will come under heavy criticism. For while the general policy that Mr. Dulles has laid down—the switch from the "containment" theory that governed the Truman administration to a diplomacy deriving its authority from the capacity of our bombers for "instant massive retaliation"—may have the approval of a Congress that has strong isolationist yearnings and reveres the unspent dollar above all other things, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Dulles is pursuing certain political strategies that have a tested ability to provoke the wrath of senators and representatives. He is unquestionably in earnest when he says that it is no part of his present plan to recognize Communist China or to yield without protest to its seating in the United Na-



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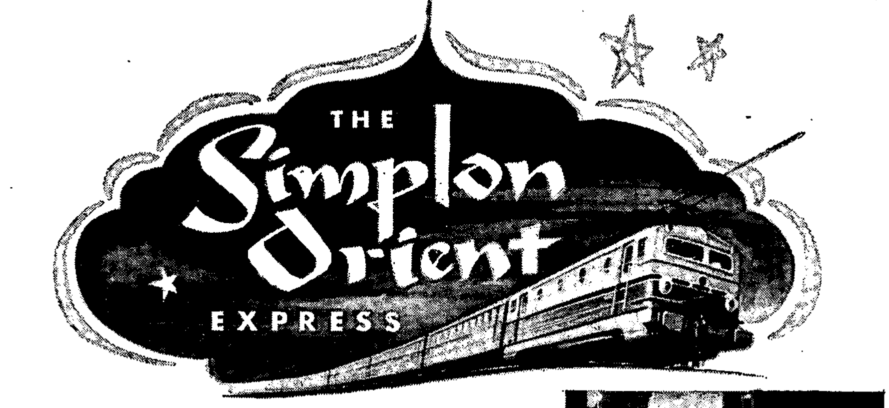

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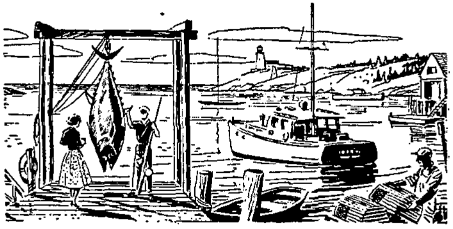

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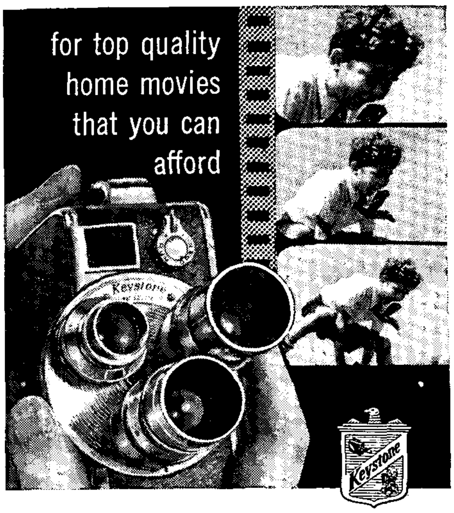
tions, but even those here who feel that he deserves well of the republic for the skill with which he stated the American case in Berlin think that he was being at least a trifle disingenuous when he argued that Communist China would come to Geneva not with any status of equity but as a kind of scapegrace power reluctantly being forced to reveal its shame before the world. This is not the view taken in Peking, which just yesterday announced its acceptance of the invitation to the meeting, nor is it the view taken in Moscow. (And it is manifestly not the light in which Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee see the forthcoming conference.) Both Communist powers feel that Geneva offers them a chance for advancing Communist interests, and Mr. Dulles, who has never lacked astuteness, took his decision in full awareness of this and all the other possibilities inherent in it. He was under heavy pressure, from the French in particular, to agree to negotiations in which his side has nothing of value to offer except an improved international status for Communist China. That offer is already being made by other Western participants in the Geneva conference. "We can help her [China's] entry into the concert of nations and resume economic relations," Pierre de Chevigné, the French War Secretary, said in Hanoi last week.

It is by no means certain that this would be enough to satisfy Peking, but it is about the only high card the West holds. It may be that the negotiators Mr. Dulles is sending to Geneva will be instructed not only to oppose but to veto any accommodation of the sort envisaged by M. de Chevigné, but if that is so, it is difficult to see why Mr. Dulles should go to the bother of sending any negotiators at all. The most widely held opinion in Washington is that the State Department feels that it has no choice but to join its Allies in holding out to China the hope of eventual diplomatic and economic acceptance. (It is also widely believed that some of our negotiators will entertain the private hope that the Communists will *not* regard this as a sufficient inducement.) At any rate, the American strategy will have to be made fairly clear at some stage prior to the opening of the Geneva conference, and if it appears to bear even a familiar resemblance to the de Chevigné strategy, it will set off explosions from one end of Capitol Hill to the other. As far as Congress is concerned, it will be no defense whatever to plead the lack of acceptable alterna-



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tives to such a policy. In matters affecting China, Congress has never considered itself bound to operate within the framework of reasonable alternatives. It adheres to the proposition that any and all concessions to China are absolute evils, political crimes for which no moral justification could possibly exist, and it also holds to the proposition that the United States must refrain from involving in the Asiatic struggle a single technician and a single dollar more than those already involved there.

If Mr. Dulles is called to account for his actions in Berlin and his plans for Geneva, he will be asked about a lot of other things, too. Administration economists are reported to be conferring with British officials, who are eager, as the Prime Minister pointed out last week, to bring about an expansion of East-West trade, including trade with Peking. Congress in general takes a poor view of East-West trade (though it may take a somewhat more tolerant view if it turns out that the "rolling readjustment" must henceforth be described as a "recession"), and it also, as a corollary to its views on the China question, resents any real or imagined affronts to Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee. Both these Asiatic leaders now feel that they have been as badly affronted by Mr. Dulles's State Department as by Mr. Acheson's, and even their critics here are persuaded that they have every reason to. From all appearances, the Secretary of State, who has already spent about as busy a winter as any American diplomat in history, is going to put in a busy spring.

ON December 15th of last year, the White House, in a move welcomed on almost every hand, promulgated Executive Order 10501, a document intended to make government information easier to get at. The order abolished the "Restricted" category for papers in the possession of federal departments, thereby reducing from four to three the number of rubrics under which information could be classified and withheld from circulation. At the same time, it reduced from forty-five to seventeen the number of agencies authorized to use any of the remaining categories—they are, from least to most arcane, "Confidential," "Secret," and "Top Secret"—and placed the responsibility for ordering classification on the head men of the seventeen agencies still empowered to sequester. "This is one of the things the President feels most strongly about," a White House spokesman explained to a repre-

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by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

NEW IN THE HANGOVER DEPARTMENT is an oxygen bar for installation in office buildings, cocktail lounges and other handy spots. Inhalation of pure oxygen has long been recognized as a pretty good tonic for that morning-after feeling. The oxygen bar supplies a one-minute dose of the stuff for a quarter . . . Palm Springs is gasping at a platinum blonde who always wears white, drives a white Jaguar and rides with a white poodle at her side . . . Have you heard about the guy who went broke because he started loving beyond his means? . . . A millinery expert tells me women's spring hats will have that "on the level" look. Hats will be small, leading color will be white, with navy, citron, fiesta pink following in that order. The careless look is gone and hatlessness is on the way out . . . You can book Sen. Joe McCarthy for a speaking engagement for mere expenses, which must include Mrs. McCarthy, or for a flat $1,500. The senator works without a booking agent.

★

MARILYN MONROE'S DECLARATION that she wears "a dress and nothing but a dress" to enhance her physical properties has aroused the women's wear magazines to a "battle of the bustline" and this comeback: "If all the bras bought by American women last year were laid end to end, they'd stretch across the country from Hollywood to Manhattan 26 times—or three times around the world. Startling thing to me about the feud is the fact that the brassiere industry is now calling itself "the moulding group" . . . Now for a piece of information I know will astound you: Cows with long heads generally produce more milk than those with short heads . . . Somebody defined confidence as the feeling you have before you know better . . . Sign in a variety store window: "Customers Wanted—No Experience Necessary" . . . Add this to your differentiation between the sexes: women prefer shopping on the sunny side of the street, while men prefer to do their business on the shady side.

★

YOU HEAR A LOT ABOUT horse-power in these days of sleek auto engineering, but let's for a minute consider another great force—boy-power. Do you know it takes 10,262 boys to carrier-deliver the Minneapolis Star and Tribune? This whopping young army serves homes in 1,249 towns in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and western Wisconsin. That shows better than anything else, I think, what I mean when I tell you that the best-read, best-liked newspapers in the Upper Midwest area are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 620,000).

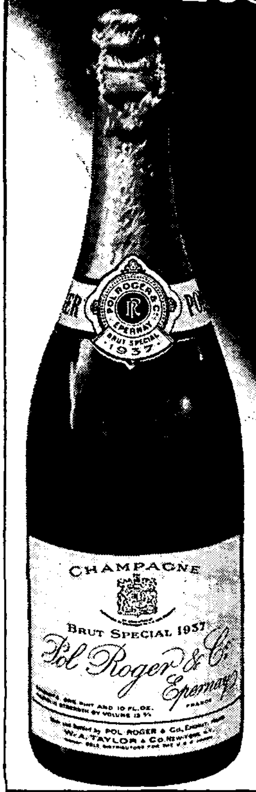
★

YOU GIRLS SHOULD really know the background of your cashmere sweaters, if you don't. Cashmere wool is the soft winter underfleece of a small, semi-wild goat that ranges from the Caspian sea to western China. Although it gave the wool its name, the Himalayan state of Kashmir itself has comparatively few of the goats. White cashmere is scarcest and in most demand. Gray and brownish gray are the other natural shades. Each goat yields two to four ounces, compared to the 12-pound fleece of some sheep. A cashmere sweater may represent the wool of six or more goats, while the yield of 30 may represent the wool of an overcoat. The wool is never shorn but plucked or combed out very painstakingly by hand during the goat's spring molt. Understand why the price may seem a little high?

sentative of the Washington *Daily News*. “He believes the taxpayer has a right to know all he can be told safely.” The explanation itself had a ring of bureaucratic arrogance, but it was hoped that the new policy would, as the President so clearly hoped, liberate some information and relieve some of the congestion in government files.

No one has conducted a systematic inquiry on the workings of the new order, but, according to reports circulating here, its consequences appear to have been rather different from those that were intended. Most government security officers, when asked what has become of the information for which no category of classification exists, have said that they upgraded the “Restricted” documents to the category of “Confidential.” In some other cases, they have stamped the legend “For Government Use Only” on documents formerly marked “Restricted,” which means that they have simply replaced the word with its official definition. In no known case has a document unavailable to the public under the old rules become available under the new ones. To be sure, some have been declassified and not placed in any new categories, but, according to a recent account in the Washington *Daily News*, the word “declassified” has taken on a new meaning. The *News* quoted a Navy Department directive as saying, “The declassification of information does not constitute authority for its public release.” The text of this odd directive was obtained by the *News* from the trade journal *Aviation Week*, which, in turn, obtained it from a manufacturer of equipment for Navy airplanes. Both the magazine and the *News* pointed out that its publication was probably illegal, since the manufacturer received it in an envelope marked “Unclassified.” According to the *News*, the effects of the declassification have been all but disastrous to some manufacturers. One Navy contractor was almost driven out of business in the aftermath of Executive Order 10501, because he was instructed to upgrade the security rating of all his products, including those that went to buyers other than the Navy. He suddenly found, the *News* reported, that “everything he had to sell was classified.”

Executive Order 10501 has unclogged few files. Before it, information that was marked “Restricted” could be kept in desk drawers, closets, or just about anywhere else. Information marked “Confidential” had to be, and still must be, kept under lock and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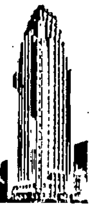
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key in steel cabinets. So large is the amount of information that was supposed to be made available to a wider public but was actually made available to a narrower public that one firm has found it necessary to spend three hundred thousand dollars for new safes and cabinets to hold all the unclassified material in its possession.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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[*Notice on a bulletin board at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.*]

EVENING PROCEDURE TO BE FOLLOWED AFTER TEA DANCES 1953-1954

1. Boys not on restriction may take their girls to the movies, but they must *secure tickets for their guests from Mr. Bennett on Friday during regular office hours.*
2. On a Saturday evening following a tea dance, unless otherwise announced, Graham House will be open *after* the movies. It will not be open during the movies.
3. No boy may leave the movies with his girl before the end of the movies, except to make earlier transportation connections.
4. After the movies those boys with girls taking trains or leaving by car, *and only those boys*, must go directly from the movies to Graham House and there sign in with the Faculty member in charge.
5. Boys taking girls to the station may not leave Graham House with their guests before 10:15 P.M. The train for Boston and points south leaves at 10:36 P.M.; the train for points north leaves at 10:42 P.M.
6. Boys taking girls to the station may not use taxis except in extremely bad weather.
7. Boys taking girls to the station must report to their dormitories directly after the departure of their guests' trains, except Seniors and Uppers who must return immediately to approved places on campus and who have until 11:00 P.M. to report to their dormitories.
8. Boys whose guests will be picked up by car at Graham House must arrange for them to be picked up by 10:00 P.M. These boys may remain with their guests until they depart and thereafter they must observe the usual Saturday evening regulations.
9. Boys taking local girls to the movies are granted 30 minutes to take them home and be back on campus. *They may not take them to Graham House.*
10. Juniors, who normally must report to their dormitories immediately following the movies, and Lowers, who normally must report by 10:30 P.M., must, of course, advise their housemasters that they will be out later than usual.
11. Boys with guests should retain the guest tickets and turn them in to their housemasters on reporting to their dormitories.

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Montana, Here We Go

IF, by any chance, you've been looking forward to a vacation in Glacier National Park, a government operation in Montana, the movie called "Dangerous Mission" may give you pause. Within the first thirty minutes of this work, which was invented by such sinewy prose stylists as Horace McCoy, W. R. Burnett, and two or three other manly types, a clutch of citizens trying to get a breath of fresh air in the Rockies have to face up to an avalanche, some incidental displays by power lines running amuck, several pigeon-toed Indians charging around in a lunatic rain dance (the streams, meanwhile, are brimming), and the fact that a solemn redskin killer named Katoonai is on the loose in the park, waiting for his daughter Mary to win her letter from a cow-town university for smoke-signalling or something. Just in case this isn't enough excitement for the visitors, a forest fire breaks out, in the course of which a trio of volunteer firefighters are damn near fried.

Apart from these disturbances, Glacier National Park, as described here, offers, in the way of divertissement, a spate of barn-dancing and an opportunity to meet all kinds of people in the hay-and-feed business. But let's not go jumping to the conclusion that our associates at old Glacier are the simple folk they seem to be. There's a childish blond girl behind the souvenir counter in the hotel, for instance, who is wanted desperately by a Manhattan district attorney as a material witness in a murder trial, and there is a photographer with a voice as gentle as a west wind who is a hell of a man with a sudden gun, and there is a Manhattan police operative full of bravery, intuition, tenderness, heartache, and simple-mindedness who announces plaintively to the souvenir girl, "Women usually aren't afraid of me." "I'm just tired," says his vis-à-vis, looking vaguely at the mountains. The romance of a New York cop and a young lady in the Indian-notions line is, Lord knows, a dull

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it don't mean a thing . . .
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business, but when the daughter of Katoonai, the Glacier Park menace, gets to billing and cooing with the lethal photographer, the dialogue comes perilously close to the "me-like-white-boy" school.

As the dubious Pocahontas in "Dangerous Mission," we have a young woman named Betta St. John, probably one of the Newfoundland Sioux, and as her father, Katoonai, a man named Steve Darrell, who wears his coffee stain with quiet dignity. With so many Indians scuffing their moccasins out as they shuffle along Sunset Boulevard, I have no idea why Hollywood couldn't find some relatives of Sitting Bull to play the roles now acted by Miss St. John and Mr. Darrell. As a matter of fact, I have no idea why the boys couldn't find some actors to play the parts now performed by Victor Mature, Vincent Price, and Piper Laurie in the current venture. Mr. Mature, as he goes along here, has the pained look of a man compelled to keep a disagreeable date; Mr. Price offers a contrast to this attitude by behaving as if his buckskins were something run up for a ball given by the Marquis de Cuevas; and Miss Laurie treats the scenery as if it were interfering with her ambition to land a nice berth in a beauty parlor on the Eastern littoral. I must say, though, that William Bendix is a fine, stalwart forest ranger. Not bright, admittedly, but hard-working. I notice that the innumerable authors of this affair are grateful to the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior for its coöperation in making the picture possible. I'm afraid that the Department has been sold an unlikely bill of goods. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE MYSTERIOUS, PASSIONATE EAST

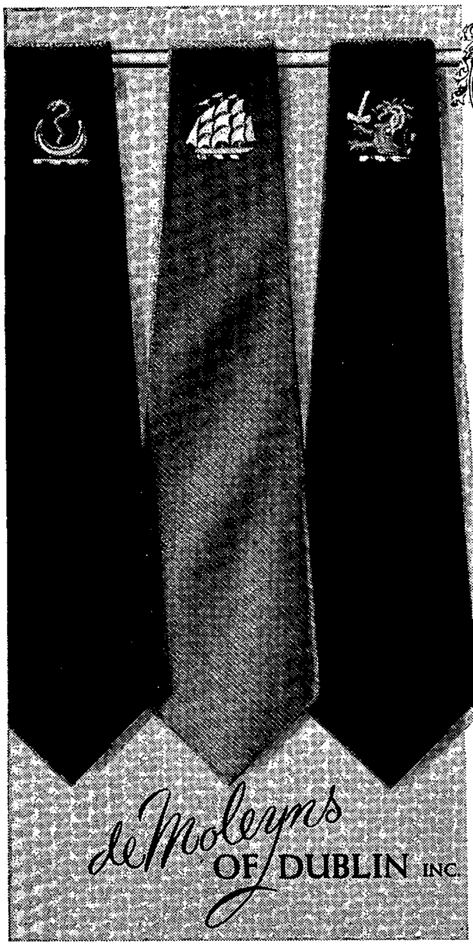
[*From the Tokyo Journal of Finance and Commerce*]

It would be wrong to size up Mr. Fujiyama merely as an out-and-out businessman without a taste for anything except business. He is a painter with membership in the Churchill Society. He is no hater of the softer passions, and his affair of the heart with Miss Chikako Hosokawa, an actress, is still fresh in our memory.

•

All three persons rose as the first part of the vote was completed. The woman began firing a revolver at the ceiling while the two men started firing apparently at Random, into the crowded house below.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

He's a Democrat. We forget what state.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BOOKS

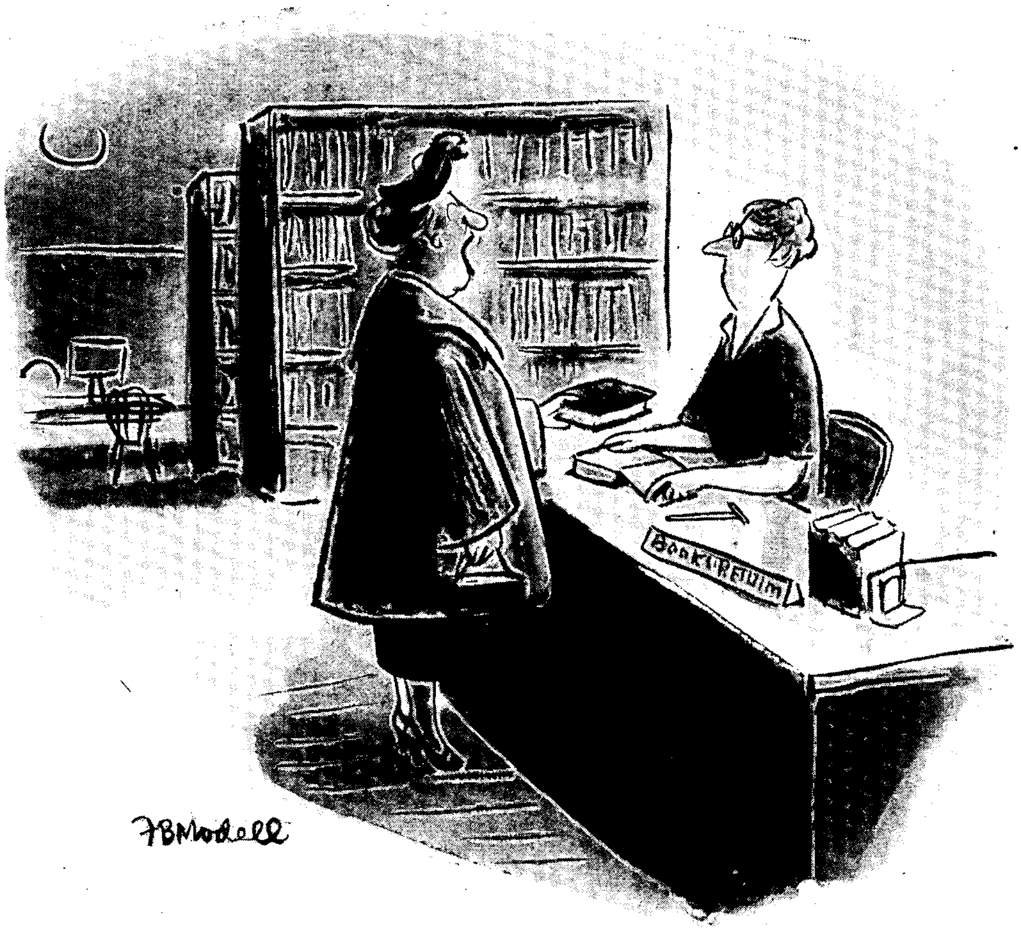
Matters of Principle

HERE is a long, complex, and ambitious novel—"The Death of Kings," by Charles Wertenbaker (Random House). The note of sober purpose, of a resolve to see into and through things without once blinking or turning aside, is struck in the opening paragraph:

> As Berkeley pressed the bell of a top-floor apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, New York, a small knot of fear began to tighten beneath his breastbone. Seeking to master it before his interview, he reminded himself that few Americans could be without apprehension in this dark November of the year of the mid-century; only the degree of his anxiety was personal. Berkeley had come to one of those crises of life which a man must surmount or be lost. And his crisis could be surmounted only through a supreme effort of understanding.

This is getting off to a fast start; it is also fair warning that we are not merely to be entertained. The author is no mountebank. He is taking his story hard and so must we. He respects himself and us and what he has to say and how he says it. If, now and again, he overwrites, if the Novembers are sometimes darker than need be, it is from an excess of conscientiousness. His demeanor is grave, for he risks much. At a time when so many novels deal with people whose powers of abstraction grind to a stop somewhere just beyond food=good, fire=bad, Mr. Wertenbaker is determined to write about people who reason as well as feel. They are men and women who weigh alternatives, who accept responsibility for their acts, who are capable of remorse. Clearly, Mr. Wertenbaker has an old-fashioned idea of the novel. It is so old-fashioned, indeed, that it comes close to being a discovery. These attributes inimitably human, these responses not in the least those of goats and monkeys—how refreshing they are! What a marvellous subject for novels the awareness of a choice between good and evil conduct turns out to be! And the author has other virtues. Having long since served his apprenticeship in fiction, he knows that its first law is to keep things happening. The result is that in his novel, as in life, actions speak louder than words. Though at bottom "The Death of Kings" is concerned with matters of principle, it is a rousing melodrama. In the forging of a hundred stout links of plot and counterplot, we lose friends, gain enemies, help fight the Second World War, are caught up in a Communist conspiracy, and slip in and out of no counting how many beds, and up to the very last chapter the question of whether we are to lose or save our souls remains adroitly unresolved.

The kings of the title are the six men who have most to do with putting out an immensely successful American news magazine called *Beacon*. (Mr. Wertenbaker has worked for an immensely successful American news magazine that is called neither *Beacon* nor *Newsweek*, but "The Death of Kings" is no more to be read as a novel with a key than "David Copperfield.") One of the six men is Louis Baron, who, through his old friend Robert Berkeley, has bought *Beacon* from its idealistic founder. When the founder jumps out of a window, Baron decides to become its editor as well as its publisher. Four of the young editors ask Berkeley to arrange a meeting with Baron. They have some questions for him. Intellectuals more earnest than perceptive, they are anxious to know what, if anything, he believes in. "It's not personalities we want to talk about," one of them says to Baron. "It's the buts, neverthelesses, and on-the-other-hands that seem to be creeping into the magazine. *Beacon* stands for something, or else it's not worth working for. What are we going to call that something?" Baron gives them a big bowwow of an answer. He is, he says, for the continuing revolution of the past two thousand years—"the revolution to put man in a position to realize his dignity." Of all the separate revolutions inside the big one, the best has been the American Revolution, because it has never stopped. As for the six of them, "We're the kings of the present time," he says. "And I'm not mixing my political metaphors because, remember, it was the early kings who



"All I can say is it should never have been under 'Humor.'"

"My beer is
Rheingold
—the Dry beer!"
says ADRIENNE GARRETT
MISS RHEINGOLD 1954

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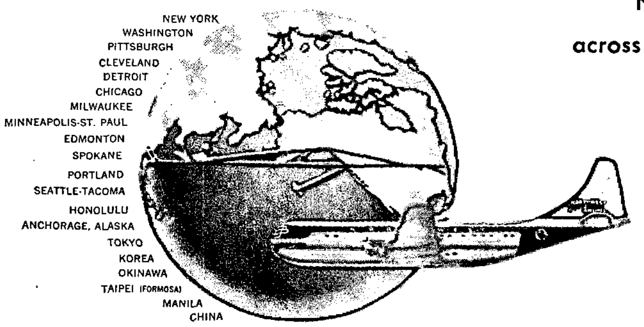
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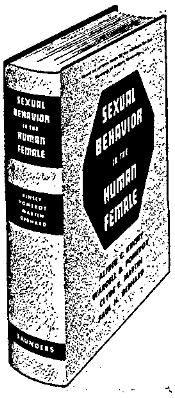
The novel covers the twelve years from the night of that meeting, in 1938, to the final interview between Berkeley and Baron, in 1950. Baron's phony eloquence was enough to satisfy the young men of 1938; at any rate, it kept them working on *Beacon*, for it seemed to show that his heart was in the right place. But they could not guess then the extent to which his words masked his known greed for power, for any and all kinds of power, nor were they ready then to gauge the extent to which they might themselves be creatures of the same greed. These are the coils that Mr. Wertenbaker is at pains to enter and explore. Being a passionate and yet dogged taker of the moral temper, he manages to make us more interested in the twists and turns of Louis Baron's mind than in who received such-and-such a letter from such-and-such a possible Communist on such-and-such an occasion. When Baron says to Berkeley, at the end, "There are no good things in the world any more. There's only a choice of evils," we feel it like a slap across the face, and when Berkeley, leaving Baron, decides to "declare war on all this man stands for," we can scarcely keep from standing up and cheering. He has made his "supreme effort" to understand and it has been worth making.

JESSAMYN WEST has written a novel called "Cress Delahanty" (Harcourt, Brace), parts of which first appeared in this magazine. Miss West recounts the growing up of a nice, bright girl in a nice, bright family on a ranch in southern California. Her adventures are about what we would expect: she writes poems, she falls in love with a shy classmate, she cultivates "personality," she takes piano lessons, she goes away to college. We have read of such adventures in novels before; what induces us to read of them again? Nothing but Miss West's uncanny reckoning of how much weight of telling each of these adventures will support. They are like so many delicate but strong bridges reaching back and back into our common childhood; the deeps they span are by no means fearful, they are only wide. In the lost country to which they lead, it is ten in the morning and the sun is just above the trees. The one ogre is death, and at the ages of twelve and thirteen we have it in mind that if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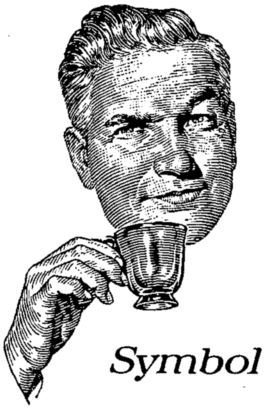

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worst comes to worst, we can sit down and somehow talk him out of claiming us. We don't, in any event, *have* to go, as grownups do. Miss West never tries to be very funny or very sad; she gives us a dear child, lets time take her away from us, and the book is finished. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FIRE-RAISERS, by Marris Murray (Farrar, Straus & Young). A triumphantly simple first novel about some complicated human beings living in a remote township somewhere on the seacoast of South Africa. Miss Murray, whose controlled, almost matter-of-fact style is a pleasure to read, concentrates on the household of Jacob Fieldfare, an elderly bachelor who shares his home with a young schoolmaster, Etienne, and with Agatha, a stray young woman in distress who turns to him for help. The time is the present.

THE COBWEB, by William Gibson (Knopf). New curtains are needed for the community living room of the Castle House Clinic for Nervous Disorders, in Platte City, Nebraska. Four women claim the right to choose the curtains, and the battle is on. The quarrelling women include a female trustee, who wants chintz; a psychotherapist employed at the clinic, who wants muslin handblocked by her patients; the clinic treasurer, who wants faille; and a cold beauty named Karen McIver, who is the wife of one of the staff doctors and also wants chintz. When the smoke clears, the medical director of the clinic is out of a job, one of the patients has come close to committing suicide, Dr. McIver is divorcing his wife to marry the psychotherapist, and the clinic is stuck with two sets of curtains—the treasurer and her faille having gone down early in the struggle. Mr. Gibson, an earnest, humorless, and intensely conscientious writer, strives valiantly but vainly for almost four hundred pages to establish a distinction between his characters and the farcical pettiness of their circumstances, but he has no doubt realized by now that he should have either left the windows bare or made the old curtains do at least until his novel was completed.

THE DESPERATE HOURS, by Joseph Hayes (Random House). Three escaped convicts, all armed and all desperate, hide out in the home of some ordinary middle-class people, who

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***By the travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor:* Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its content. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.**

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de-luxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to a half of the passenger ship fare.

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Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Riijstafel, the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sports clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for $240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

"Travel Routes Around the World" is yours for just $1, and the big 120 page 1954 *edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to* New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost, plus pages and pages of photos and maps.

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are understandably frightened and inconvenienced by the invasion. Mr. Hayes proves conclusively that good intentions alone will never make a writer. This is the Literary Guild selection for March.

JOHNNY FORSAKEN, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan). Johnny Trevose, a middle-aged resident of Felsea, a smallish town on the south coast of England, has a habit of mistaking his dependence on others for indispensability to others. He is often shown the truth of his own nature, but he always manages to recover his illusion about himself until a determined Austrian lady, Eugenia Czelovar, enters his life and takes him over. This rather dim story is seen by Miss Stern from an oblique angle that makes Johnny and his friends more impersonal than they should be, and not as interesting as they might be.

GENERAL

COMPANY MANNERS: A CULTURAL INQUIRY INTO AMERICAN LIFE, by Louis Kronenberger (Bobbs-Merrill). Gresham's law invoked to explain the downward course of civilization in the United States today. In recent years, the author concedes, the ostentatious antagonism to culture of the brassy know-nothings and the brassier know-it-alls who set the tone of our national life during the nineteenth century has pretty well vanished, but, he adds, it has been supplanted by something equally vulgar and far more insidious. Our attempts to establish a sounder economy of aims and morals and taste have resulted, he tells us, in a flood of counterfeit that not only is widely accepted but is rapidly coming to be preferred even on the loftiest levels of society to the genuine minted coin. This is, of course, a familiar charge, but it is also one that can hardly be made too often, and since Mr. Kronenberger's equipment includes good sense, good grace, and a good eye for wooden nickels, his analysis of our sorry, if not hopeless, plight can hardly be too highly recommended.

SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET, by Heinrich Harrer, translated by Richard Graves (Dutton). Mr. Harrer, who is an Austrian mountain climber, former Olympic skier, and a member of the 1939 German team that explored Nanga Parbat, was in Karachi awaiting transport home when the European war exploded. The British promptly clapped him into an

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internment camp at Dehra Dun, in the western foothills of the Himalayas. He almost as promptly set about trying to break out, and in May, 1944, he and an equally rugged companion finally made it and escaped over the mountains to Tibet. In 1946, after two fugitive years in the provinces, they stumbled—ragged, penniless, and disguised as Indians—into Lhasa. How they obtained permission to remain in the country and slowly rose to wealth, eminence, and intimacy with the fourteenth Dalai Lama (whom, incidentally, the author accompanied on his melancholy flight from the invading Chinese in 1950) is the all but incredible subject of this most unusual and most agreeable book. Many photographs, and a cheerful introduction by Peter Fleming. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION, by Aldous Huxley (Harper). This brief book, hardly more than an essay, describes Mr. Huxley's experience after taking a dose of mescalin—a non-habit-forming drug derived from a desert cactus called peyote—just to see how it would affect him. It gave him, he reports, a "sacramental vision of reality" that made everything he saw seem breathtakingly beautiful and significant (Hollywood even became "the New Jerusalem"), but it seems to have done little either for his powers of thought or for his style, where he needed help most. Parts of the book, chiefly its discussions of painters, are perceptive, and a few spots, particularly a comparison of Zen Buddhist doctrine with Groucho Marx's style, are authentically funny, but most of it is the old, weary dance of abstractions named Not-Self, Eternity, Mind at Large, Suchness, and the Absolute. The book's message, if it has one, appears to be that we should all join the Indian peyote cult, and that each of us should "protect his rear by supplementing the fig leaf of a theology with the breechclout of transcendental experience."

BOLDNESS BE MY FRIEND, by Richard Pape (Houghton Mifflin). Another British prisoner of war whom the Nazis couldn't keep tethered. This time, however, for a blessed and a most rewarding change, the author is not our grating old friend the public-school daredevil, to whom escape was either a sport or an aesthetic exercise, but a hardboiled R.A.F. sergeant-navigator who simply wanted

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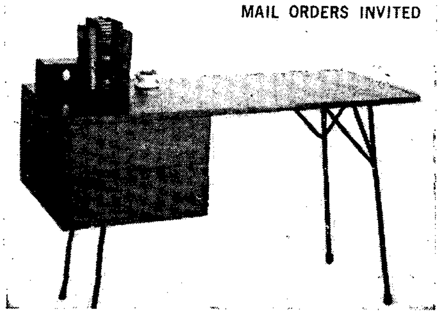

to get back to the fight, back to the pub, and back in bed with his girl. Also, unlike his more fastidious fellow-fugitives, he was quite willing, if pressed, to use his muscles along with his wits. "I always preferred the knife," he remarks at one point. "Strangulation was sweaty and roughshod and shooting has no personality." Later, upon emerging from an Austrian farmhouse, where he had brained the owner and stolen a pair of pants, he reports, "Hell! I consoled myself. There's no justice, sportsmanship, or decency in war or escape." A genuinely bloodcurdling book. Photographs.

SUBSTITUTE FOR VICTORY, by John Dille (Doubleday). In the face of General MacArthur's celebrated dictum, the author of this book, who was a *Life* correspondent in Korea, believes that the Panmunjom truce was indeed a substitute for victory, and that the American people have a right to "feel a little better" about the war. It awakened us to the physical danger of Communism, he says, and taught us many valuable lessons about the unorthodox kind of warfare we may be called on to fight in other odd corners of the world, where our vaunted weapons are sometimes more of a liability than an asset. The book winds up with a quick survey of Chiang's army on Formosa—one of the most optimistic yet written by a responsible reporter—and a fairly pessimistic appraisal of the occupation of Japan. Rather loosely written, but honest and very much in earnest.

SHANTYBOAT, by Harlan Hubbard (Dodd, Mead). "A shantyboat," the author informs us, "is a scow with a small house on it," and to the shantyboater, the river is "a way of life, the only one . . . which answers [an] innate longing to be untrammeled and independent, to live on the fringe of society, almost beyond the law, beyond taxes and ownership of property." Mr. Hubbard, a young Kentucky artist, speaks from experience. He and his wife are qualified river rats, having completed a three-year drift from their home near Covington down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans. In this long, amiable, peaceful book, he tells of the tranquil pleasures and occasional perils that marked that indolent passage through a world of chutes and towheads and sleepy mudbank villages whose only change since Mark Twain's day has been the disappearance of the steamboat. A satisfying glimpse of a not unenviable

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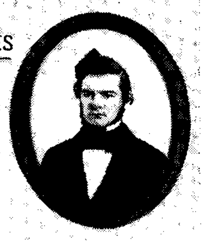

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life, attractively illustrated with woodcuts and line drawings by the author.

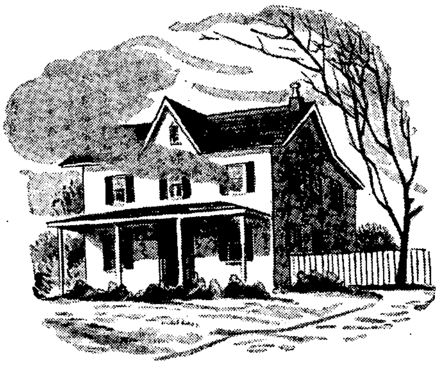
MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BLIND SPOT, by John Creasey (Harper). The conspiracy against Inspector Roger West, of Scotland Yard, starts when someone tries to blind him with acid in the street, but this, as a mysterious note to his wife points out, is just the beginning. A savage dog is set on his children; his best friend, a criminologist, is the victim of ammonia gas; several witnesses are conveniently destroyed; and another attack is made on him in the shape of a letter that explodes. It is quite clear, in fact, that someone has it in for West, but it takes a diligent survey of the criminals in his past and a rather lucky clue to turn up the proper one. A straightforward and entertaining story, without too much distracting ornament.

THE BETTER TO EAT YOU, by Charlotte Armstrong (Coward-McCann). Old Bertrand Fox, internationally known and loved as a British music-hall comedian, is by no means what he seems, and consequently the young lady who has every reason to suppose that she is his granddaughter and heiress is almost the victim of a very elaborate intrigue. The college professor who loves her has some glimmering of the facts quite early in the proceedings, but he is substantially alone in suspecting that anything is wrong, and the girl finds herself in a number of rather trying predicaments, such as being trapped in a burning building, and being almost involved in a fatal car accident, almost poisoned, and almost drowned, before the real meaning of the scar on the old man's chest is disclosed. Miss Armstrong's blending of romance and complex villainy is accomplished in a professional manner, but the book is a far more conventional effort than her excellent works called "The Unsuspected" and "Mischief."

DIAMONDS FOR DANGER, by D. E. Walker (Harper). There are a great many quaint characters in this one—a shy but dogged official in the British Embassy at Lisbon, a gentlemanly smuggler and his beautiful wife, a female reporter full of high spirits and what the author, an Englishman, presumably regards as American slang—and they have a great many quaint adventures. For various reasons, they are all after a shipment of industrial diamonds that may be concealed in a crate of rice or may have

A four-year-old child was up on a roof



A house was on fire

A plumber was needed in a hurry

A baby was about to be born

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been swallowed by an invalid on a stretcher, and there is quite a bit of gunfire and miscellaneous violence before the gems are recovered. Mr. Walker's style is a little arch, but his invention is lively enough, and if a thorough and complicated chase on foreign soil is the sort of thing you like, this sample will probably suit you nicely.

Too Soon to Die, by Henry Wade (Macmillan). It seems that Colonel Jerrod has to live until September 25th, which is a year away, if he doesn't want the Board of Inland Revenue to gobble up most of his estate. His doctor, however, tells him that he will be dead in six months, and so, of course, some kind of impersonation has to be arranged. For a while, this seems to be working out very satisfactorily—a body is found on the proper day, and the Colonel's son is well on his way to inheriting the property intact—but the British tax department is apparently at least as tenacious as our own, and in the end its agents manage to unravel the whole grisly scheme. Mr. Wade's plot is ingenious and, as far as a non-Briton can tell, sufficiently plausible, and his book may easily entertain those whose tastes run to complex, if rather bloodless, puzzles.

•

New York, Feb. 12—(AP)—The parents of Bettine Goodall, 9-year-old granddaughter of Marshall Field, millionaire, have decided she will stay in the United States with her father rather than live in England with her mother and Negro stepfather.

The divorced parents filed an "amicable agreement" to this effect in court yesterday, ending a battle started by the mother, Mrs. Bettine Field Bruce, 34.

Mrs. Bruce, whose husband, Eldridge, 31, is a psychology student at the University of London, sought to take the child to her new home in a "non-segregated community" near London.

The father, Dr. McChesney Goodall, Jr., fought the move on grounds that 1947 divorce terms giving the mother custody of Bettine specifically barred taking her abroad.

Ancient Saxons strewed eggs.—*Seattle Times.*

Just give the news, please.

•

However, the truly memorable portions of the program were Beethoven's "Spring" sonata (played with a refinement of tone, joyousness and intimacy which gave the work a glowing personal quality) and Bach's gigantic "Patricia in D Minor" for violin alone, in which Szigeti's tone was consistently irreproachable, and the earnestness of his playing, inspirational.—*San Francisco Jewish Community Bulletin.*

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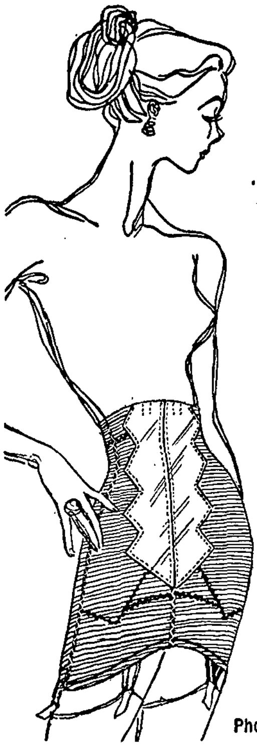
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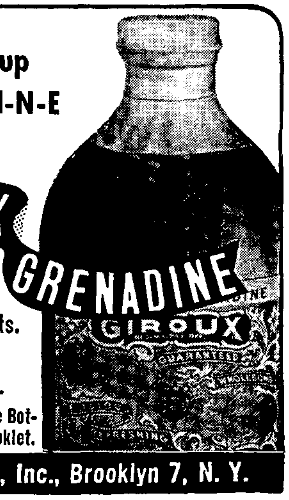

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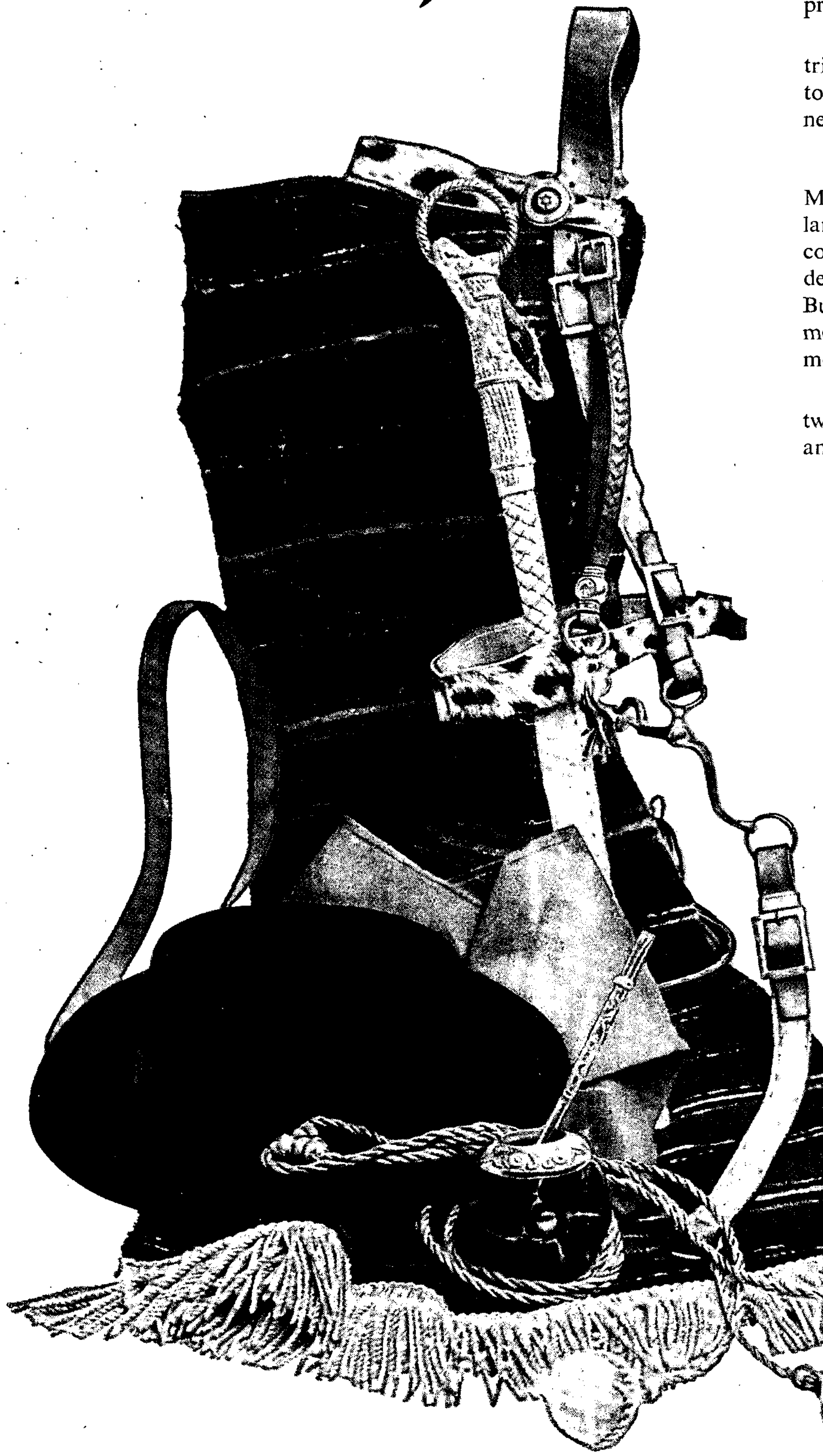

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